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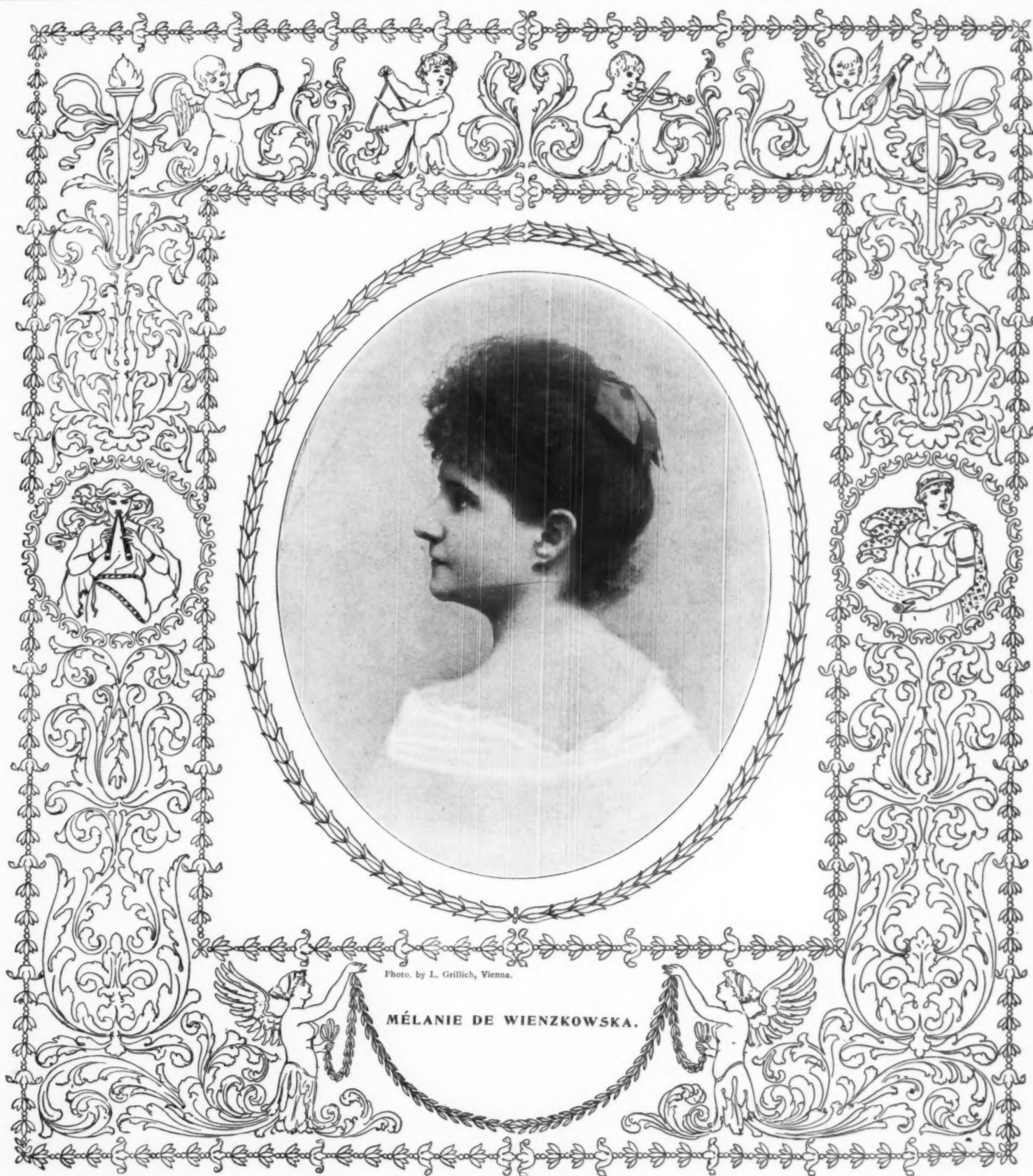
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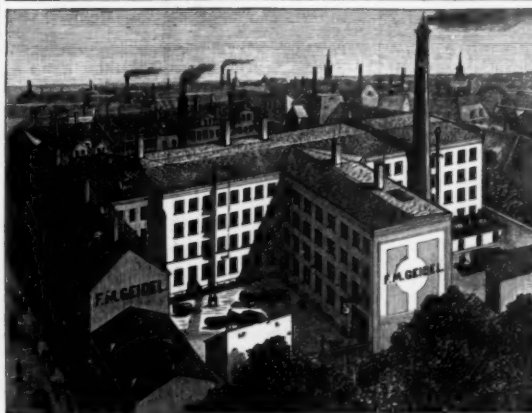
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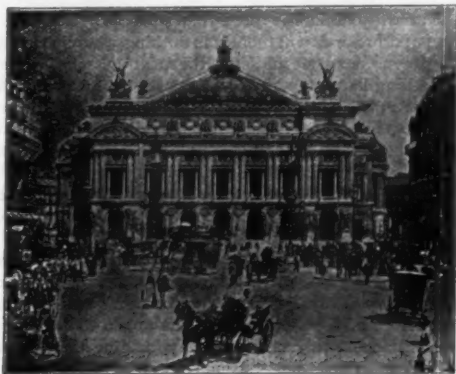
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ORPHÉE.

The only real devotion is that which is given when unappreciated, or even unknown. Dogs, idiots and gods offer it.

NO abatement of interest in this classic venture, which was relaunched amid so much nodding and shaking of heads, so much croaking foreboding of disaster, and so much timid hopefulness one year ago. Since the première there has been no cause to regret the choice. It has but grown in favor and attractiveness and excellence through practice and the incessant rehearsals. The orchestra is by far more homogeneous, each to each as members, and with the play. The chorus is musicianly. The décor, while not as sumptuous as that of the Metropolitan, they say, is nevertheless fitting and artistic. All stage setting is grotesque and inadequate compared with the imagination. Comparatively speaking, however, this is quite good.

Part of the success of this drama has been due no doubt to the music, but not all. In fact, it must be acknowledged that there are tedious and even banal movements in the immortal work, which does not compare in sustained grandeur with *Alceste*, for example. But it contains to a large degree two elements which must always appeal—poetry and humanity.

Humanity but repeats itself. Mythology, fable and legend are but an antique mirror of to-day's humanhood framed in philosophy. Of these *Orphée* is of the human most human, its philosophy the most poetic.

But all of this would not have been sufficient to create and sustain the success that this drama has had without Delna. Of all the charming and interesting humans extant this reigning lyric idol of the Parisians is strongly, charmingly interesting. Her exceptional discovery, development, and record as creator of strong rôles, covering the ground of human emotion almost in a couple of years; her unflinching ardency, tempered with unexpected dramatic restriction; her youth, beauty; the emphatic conviction with which she enters upon the holiest of dramatic grounds without fear, and above all her incontestable power to fill the cash drawer of the administration without fail, have created for her a place exceptionally brilliant. All the more so by reason of the scarcity of stars in this country of small payments. If Delna will but resist the unholy American seductions, and consecrate her talent to her country, she will be an historical figure in France—that is, in the heart of France—one of these days.

To an onlooker the most wonderful part of Delna's success in *Orphée* has been her indomitable fight and unquestioned victory against tradition.

In a country where all people, great and small, are to tradition as corpses to their coffins, nailed down and covered in; that an unknown girl in her early twenties, despising professors, rejecting critics and slighting the ancient of days, should turn in upon her own resources of mind and imagination, and not only create but insist upon important infractions of tradition, and hold her ground against all odds, to the unquestioned triumph of last night's representation, may be considered a climax of emancipation in these days of emancipations most emancipated.

To be sure it must be said that to-day is far removed from the day of *Orphée's* creation, and none of the original spectators are here to give visual testimony pro or con. Besides this, the presentation has tumbled upon an epoch when "nobody cares for nothing noway," except such as offers monetary profit or pleasure; when resistance against invasion of principles has become a lost art, sacrifice for the sake of any nobleness a nullity, resistance as to subtle subjects of right and wrong a mockery, and martyrdom in the smallest degree impossible. What of it if things are not as they ought to be, so long as we are amused? and à bas to strictures, anyway!

Still there was sufficient grumbling, growling and criticism in Delna's case to have daunted a more experienced veteran, and no doubt had her practical usefulness been less her "artistic merits" would have been pushed aside in the struggle, and her "independence" been beheaded. But neither merit nor talent can win as can "usefulness,"

and Delna has been a fine drawing card for the Opéra Comique.

Whether Gluck and his confrères would find in her the just expression of their imaginings is wholly another question, and one not to be touched on here, as there is no possible means of coming to any true decision upon the matter. People who heard Delna in America say that the latter is quite as good an actress. Of course that says nothing. Delna's voice, they say, counteracted whatever there was in her acting, just as does that of Rose Caron at the Grand Opéra here. Delna's voice is superb.

She has, if anything, grown more real in her conception since last season. She seems possessed by it, and never for a moment of the exacting strain loses the sustained nobility of step, gesture, expression or the vibrating passions in her voice. She is deeply dramatic and graceful with it all. She is different from Calvé in the sustained equality of her work. She has more perspective and less savagery, less impulse and more symmetry. You do not realize this symmetry in the representation till after it has closed, and you see what she has been doing. Her voice keeps its astonishing compass, but certain unevennesses speak of a too natural means of emission. (The noblest oaks need a gardener.) People who like low voices rave over the timbre of hers, and over the fact that a soprano superstructure is so well erected over it. Just what everybody is working might and main to attain in this way she has attained naturally. That is her gift.

There is one feature, however, in which her most partial admirers must wish that Delna had not been victorious, namely, the matter of costume.

She did not decide on impulse, nor has her choice been based on ignorance. She spared no pains on research and study to arrive at her idea of just how *Orphée* looked, and she carried that idea into execution despite comment. If *Orphée* looked that way so much the worse for the illusion, that is all, for he goes about in the disguise of a woman from first to last. This, with the peculiar range of voice and the obviously feminine form, give a weird impression to the piece, from which even the most intelligent people cannot shake themselves free. One ignorant of the plot must be simply dumfounded and wholly at sea; there is no rational outlook to the situation. We see the costume in the Turkish bathrooms—of New York, of course—where the maids of service drape about the form an ordinary sheet Roman fashion by pinning certain corners over the shoulders. Under this is the belted tunic, and under that tights. But the extreme pudeur of this musical god forbids even the simple Rigoletto slash over the length of limb, whereby the feminine idea is still further accentuated. Hair in curls and head band do not better matters, and it must be further added that, like Calvé's, Delna's charms are aught but masculine.

Brema's costume, I believe, was belted tunic, laced doublets and tights; but where did she get her idea? and, then, who ever saw *Orphée*, anyway? A funny American girl in the house remarked that the little street bags we wear should assume the form of the lyre, the large round part the sack, with firm mouth in place of the inconvenient shirring string, the curved sides and a line across the top to hang over the arm, to be called the "*Orphée sack*." The idea was suggested by the object pendant from her waist falling against *Orphée's* white robe.

What favored people these two lovers were! Three such splendid chances for happiness given them, when so many poor unfortunates scarce count one. What a brave, loyal, sturdy, little god that *Orphée* was! What a loyal, solid love his was. What did he not do to prove its sincerity! "Tried as by fire," one might well say. What a brave, sturdy fight he made against the petty, selfish vanity of the woman for whom he had done so much and who could see nothing in it all, because, forsooth, he would not violate law, honor and conscience to gaze sufficiently upon her! How like that type of woman that was! How bravely he did fight against it, and how she did badger and taunt, torment, tempt and tantalize him to have her way. She must be gazed upon, no matter for right or wrong, no matter for law, or principle, or conscience, or vow; no matter, indeed, for consequence to him—did not love him at all, you see, she only loved herself. "You look at me, sir, just because I want you to, or it all goes for nothing."

How like that detestable type of woman that was! and that woman's name is legion.

What a good riddance of bad rubbish there would be in the world if every woman, when she had succeeded in causing a good, upright man to turn his back on honor, truth and self respect for the sake of herself, should fall dead in her tracks, as Eurydice did, as reward for her pains. Then there would be some sort of justice for good women, and some encouragement to them to be so. As it is there is none.

You notice, too, that in *J'ai perdu mon Eurydice* there is no word of reproach to her for having been the cause, no "I told you so," or "You made me look." How different from that cringing Adam!

What a terrible fate it was, anyway, to impose on the man—that he should not look upon the face of the woman

for whom he had suffered and braved so much! He must love her, lead her, keep her love, without being permitted once to give expression to what was in him in regard to her. Just what every woman who feels at all has to go through all her life, just exactly. Feel every thing and never look in that direction; that's the law. All the more hopeless that it is the unwritten law of the eternal fitness of things. No doubt *Orphée* in a previous incarnation had abused his privileges and made women suffer; now it was given him to know just how it felt.

I see they have very fine corset makers down in hell; also in heaven indeed. The ombres of enfer and the ballet des Champs-Élysées were most charmingly laced, and one must wonder how their pretty ribbons and wreaths escaped the fire. A superb diamond flashed in the hell light on the hand of a male ombre. I see, too, that they have marrying and giving in marriage or something like it in those extreme places. Nice, comfortable looking men and pretty blonde fantomes paired off in the processions just the same as on the modern Champs-Élysées, or on modern Broadway for that matter. I suppose we will find many things different.

It will be a very bad joke if some of those would-be prima donnas take this fact of Delna's "emancipation" to themselves and so cast off shackles of study and obedience to direction.

Do not imagine for one moment, young ladies, that Delna has not worked and does not work. On the contrary, she is a most faithful and earnest student. The only thing is that she was born with the dramatic intuitions, which spoke to her more distinctly than did the average teacher. (She comes honestly by that talent, by the way), and she knows how to study. That gift of seeing what to do and what not to do is as distinct in the minds of some few people as is a melody in the mind of a Mendelssohn. Such people are only annoyed by the awkward blunderings of those who cannot see, and they cannot obey them. Delna sees many things straight, dramatically and musically. Her control of thousands of minds shows that. She is endowed not with voice alone, that is nothing but faculty. Even so, although well prepared, there are many things in the technical departments for which she stands in need of mature experience. More than one wise person wishes she could have had or could have more extended training in the care and preservation of her superb voice.

But think for a minute where one would be who should, without a spark of that faculty, with no insight, no study sense, no preparation, no born knowledge of how things should be done, launch out on a tour of rebellion! What would become of such a person? Of course that does not mean you, it means the other person, but just think how unwise it would be of her! I would not attempt it if I were her; would you?

NERVOUSNESS IN SINGERS.

This subject has been asked for by a number of people who are teachers and singers, and who missed it when printed on April 15.

It is simply the suggestion of a principle that underlies all skill; namely, that, other things being equal, routine works ease and perfection. The nervous, blundering débutante of three years ago is the graceful, self-possessed young lady of this. The slow, stiff accountant becomes a lightning calculator. The girl who pricks fingers with her needles and spoils patterns becomes the accurate, all-seeing modiste. The boy who passes from the heavy round letters of first penmanship to a speedy and graceful chirography traces the principle of the marvel in the words "Practice make perfect."

If teachers thought more of their pupils' good and less of themselves in the schoolroom they would make this an active principle in the preparation for public career, and keep such pupils incessantly rehearsing from first to last of the study term.

Instead of that there is a habit of indulging only in whirlwinds of excitement and "show off" once a year, under abnormal conditions and artificial stimulus, when self, the professional's bugbear, is stirred, prodded, brought forward instead of being suppressed. The permeating subject, instead of reaching forward to the audience through an unconscious (because well disciplined) personality, is wholly lost. The dreadful nervousness from which such students suffer is nothing but vanity, bloated personality, which, pricked at the least thing, ends in hysterical collapse.

In such case the occasion, the person, is made too important, the subject is wholly lost sight of, and strained incapability is the result. The object is not to train the pupil to self-possession by a sincere representation of the actual studio conditions, but a general effort to show-off imperfectly attained acquisitions. Certain show-off pupils are chosen in the first place, arousing envy, jealousy, discontent and excitement. Then show-off pieces are chosen, and varnished for company, at the expense of a month or two of regular, honest schoolroom work. On the important day there is a bewildering stirring up of the heroines of the hour; such fuss and excitement and unmusical "to do;" such apologies, praisings, excuses, fawnings; such unnecessary talk!

The place seems quite different; the rooms stuffed with

people, the heat, the want of air, the stiff, new dressing and, worse than all, the feeling that it is the one only and last chance of the year to make an impression, all reduce power and kill naturalness in the singers.

Of course the subject has no chance with the mentality. Muscles are cramped, voices strained, nerves congested, thought bedimmed, a feeling of horrible, uncontrollable fear ensues, and it is in no sense, I assure you, "artistic nervousness." No justice is done to talent in such case. It is nothing but a balk. It creates a balky habit and is all exceedingly bad training for public career.

THE CURE.

The other side of this sort of thing could not be better put than by picturing the plans adopted by a most excellent American teacher who made a specialty of usefulness to his pupils, and who united with studio work all the means necessary to cure nervousness under all circumstances liable to the profession.

To begin with he had his auditions often and regularly—once a week.

The first appearance a pupil is dazzled and useless, the second time less so or more so, the third time much less so, the seventh time comparatively natural, tenth time she has some sense to spare; later on can think straight; still later, enjoys the stimulus of giving out, and finally a crowd is an inspiration. Such was the teacher's formula, based on experience.

The stages passed through vary with temperament, but the ultimate control is as inevitable as the passing of the hands over the face of a clock. In this case it never failed with scores after scores of pupils.

In the next place the work done at these auditions was a legitimate outgrowth of the classroom, and not an excrescence, chosen for the express purpose of making a special show and creating a special effect.

There was no dropping of regular work to "prepare for the concert." There was no dislocation of regular study, recitation and practice. There was no unusual stirring up of the nerves by any unusual program. What is good for you to study is good for you to show that you are studying, was his thought. He reasoned thus:

"The way to make an impression in this town is by the improvement in the individual pupils, not in the show-off of my matinees. Nobody is deceived by a general bluster. Everyone is impressed by surprise in improvement. The pupils are the important feature, not the 'concert.' My growth, solidity, value, depends on what pupils can do, not on the way I entertain the parents." So everything went its regular, even way, till the afternoon when the school turned into the concert room instead of into separate class rooms.

There was no choosing of pupils who could best show off the school in a way to create a false effect supposed to throw the "professor" up on evidence. Not a bit of it. There was no tearing up of nerve and feelings and tears in "Will I sing—Won't I sing—I am not to play—I can play as well as she—Horrid old thing—partial," &c. Not a bit of it!

The names of the pupils, with their repertory, not meaning a few show-off pieces, but *everything they had learned during a certain time*, were all put into a box and shaken up, and drawn as by lot with the names of the pupils, by an assistant, who read them off while the master sat calmly by with not a word to say.

No selection was included which was yet difficult, or the least bit beyond the executive capacity of the pupil. Everything must be like an old hat or an old shoe before being exhibited. Everything easy and habitual. This to allow margin for whatever little nerve stir there might be. The A B C is more easy to recite when one is nervous than the conjugation of a Latin verb to one not sure of the latter.

The pupils played scales and arpeggios, sonatines, sang vocalizes and played accompaniments, as well as concertos and sonatas, at these "concerts" right before the people, and they played them well. The monotonous success of their work was a poem.

At a pupils' matinee here recently, when five "selected" young ladies who could not place a tone or sing a scale were screaming *Manon, Elsa and Elizabeth* in the most ridiculous fashion, the teacher on being questioned about the matter said:

"Oh, of course we do have vocalizes in the class, but

you know pupils can't sing vocalizes before their friends!" But which was of the most importance at this séance, the improvement of those pupils or the pleasure of those friends—even supposing they got pleasure? Did they get it in the very bad work done? I saw many smile and others put their fans to their ears. Nobody thought to frown, it was a social function. A lot of people had come there to see their children, to see each other, be seen and to chat. The educational side entered nobody's head, least of all the professors. There was fuss and confusion enough parading those five highly dressed girls to have started an entire afternoon's races. There were giggles and tears, soothing, flatterings, coaxings, as in a private nursery. Every executant was more or less unsettled. "Artistic nervousness" indeed! It was the blustering confusion of a lot of disorderly children getting ready for an improvised walk.

There was no such work in the school above cited. The friends' pleasure was greater in hearing simple, perfect, united vocalizes, with self-possession, musical effect and



DELNA AS ORPHÉE.

the crown of well done upon every effort. For everyone knew that the symphony and aria later on would be done in the same unblemished fashion.

The great feature in these concerts for the training of presence of mind and strengthening against nervousness was the *absolute and utter obliteration of self and personality in the pupils*. They were left wholly out of consideration apparently. Their comings and goings upon the stage were paid no more attention to than were they so many piano stools wheeled in and out.

All personal attention was purposely avoided as only increasing the evil by *cultivating instead of suppressing self attention*. In the case of a very young beginner, or one felt to be nervous, the assistant or master stepped forward, perhaps with some pretext of raising or closing a lid, removing a book or arranging a chair, so as to give a moment or two of grace. But no fussing. All attention was centred on the work—the work—the music—the idea to be played or sung—always the work and its well-being. In that way self and person unconsciously dropped out, and the work was well done.

Pupils were marked on each performance, and that went into the school record, so that all these fiddling and misleading "bravos" "superbes," inane praises and clappings were done away with, and the rare "well done" from the master referred always to the work done, and was an echo of the pupil's own consciousness.

At certain intervals pupils were called whose business it was to criticise the execution of a certain composition

after schoolroom traditions. What grace and authority crept into the manners of these young people!

If a pupil broke down, there was nothing whatever made of it. He or she went off, and the next was performing as if nothing had happened. What of it! It was not the last opportunity, nor the biggest. Her name would be drawn again in a few days, and again and again, till all became easy and habitual as talking. It was all a matter of course, and came all right, as all things do which are made habit. Above all, the idea of *doing good work, not of making an impression*, was kept uppermost. And this is the essence of all impressive public performances.

Pieces were always played a trifle slower than in schoolroom tempo, to allow margin for nerves, and all was done from memory always. There were certain days when all the repertory of the year was shaken up, so that nothing was ever allowed to rust. You may imagine the effect of this stock in trade at fingers' ends on the minds of parents and friends. Such a lot of useful and capable players and singers never existed in a town as those of that excellent teacher. No matter where they were found, they were always ready to do what was asked of them. There were no "can't play without my notes," no "pieces at home on the piano," no "never could play before anybody," or "poor, dear child, she's so sensitive, you know, she's a musician."

Proof positive that it is not sensitiveness but bad teaching that leaves pupils helpless was in the fact that term after term score after score of all classes of temperament, age and ability were transformed inevitably into capable, efficient, steady, self-controlled, rational beings, who could always do the best that was in them, according to the talents they possessed.

Aside from all better or finer feelings it should be the "policy" of teachers to follow a similar course to the above. They should do it with a view of creating useful, reliable pupils, than which nothing that could benefit the teacher's influence to a greater degree. The incessant cry of parents everywhere is the impracticability of their children's musical education, and they point in despair to the stacks and piles of useless music which represent the immense amounts of moneys paid out to teachers. It is discouraging and it is wholly unnecessary. It is wholly the result of stupidity and lack of educative intelligence on the part of teachers. Nobody can create genius. All who exercise common sense and become live and vital teachers in place of wooden sign posts can produce skillful and efficient pupils by the score. Parents should demand it.

Furthermore the effect of such training in the early stages would be invaluable in later professional work, and would reduce much of the waste of effort, talent and nerve force, of which all musicians complain. The artistic tumult of a creative nature and the hysterical vanity of a self-conscious, undisciplined nature are two wholly different things. If teachers do not see those things and do them, what hope is there for the pupils?

HOME FOLKS.

Here is another young man, American, who has come over here so inflated with his worth as "vocal artist," and with such a keen sense of what the world owes him on that account, that he has coolly walked off leaving certain tuition bills unpaid, and not a word of excuse or apology to the victims of his great art sense!

THE MUSICAL COURIER, as universal confidant and recipient of all sides of all questions, hears all these things of course, and I greatly fear that in the interest of international opinion the paper will be obliged to publish a list of these high art disciples who come over here and carry off all they can lay their hands on for nothing. The fast growing idea over here, that all Americans are like that, cannot be allowed to spread beyond a certain limit. It must be made clear that all the ordinary, everyday citizens deprived of the sublimated germs of great and telling genius in vocal cords do pay their debts and recognize the laws of return for value received.

Mrs. Grunwald and her little party have returned from their Swiss-German trip. They cannot speak too highly of the graceful cordiality of Madame Minnie Hauk and her husband, Baron von Wartegg, to them in Lucerne. Through the kindness of these musicians they were afforded many pleasures; among others attendance at the national ball, where, "for the fun of the thing," the girls

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danced every number with "titles." They also attended the Casino, where Mlle. Anna Held was singing. In Heidelberg they gave their attention to the language and the mountains, but they did walk around on the big pass.

It is very funny to hear them tell of the droll American tourists they met, who were taking their sights like medicine. One girl on her way to Florence to study music, already on the verge of nervous prostration from trunk worries and delays, was in a perfect agony of anxiety to get all her places seen, because people always asked at home, "Have you seen this and so?" and one must have seen them, you know! She did not care for them at all herself, but she must—oh, she must—she must—see each object on that list; and her money was not going to hold out, and she must get to Florence on such a day, as she had just such a program arranged for her teacher; oh, must—must! And she was all pale and trembling, and her eyes bulging out of her head. It is pitiful to think of the depleted condition in which she will reach study (?).

Other American pupils of this professor are Miss Armstrong, Miss Colbran, Miss Fairfax, Miss Durfee, Miss Wilkinson, Miss Caldwell, Miss Marie Garden, Miss Ara Reade, Miss Reese-Davies, Miss Schroeder, Miss Flavel, the Misses Elizabeth and Judith Minor, Mrs. Singer, Mrs. Jacobowski, Miss Kalender, Miss Start, Miss Edith Sanderson, Miss Murphy, Miss Wymond, Miss Shindler, Miss Carter, Mr. Anderson, Mr. Brening, Mr. Lionel Hayes, Mr. Peabody, Mr. Ray Yongman, Mr. Joy, Mr. Murphy, Mr. Chapman and the young brother of a celebrated artist who has a remarkable tenor voice.

Mme. Eames and Miss Sibyl Sanderson are both passing their rôles with him for the coming season. These great artists will both have interesting seasons.

Mrs. Etta Edwards has left for her home and studio in Boston (see page 3). It is a pleasure in the midst of so much ill advised action and study to record the wisdom, common sense and sturdy fidelity of this little lady. The impression she has made upon everyone she met in Paris has been most excellent, and she may count on an earnest and sincere welcome on her return. It is very seldom that a woman unites so much system, forethought and common sense and remains at the same time sweet and gentle as a flower, sympathetic and kind to all people. Her educative intelligence is second to none, and her own executive talents are of a high order. She returns well prepared to be a blessing to students of music and of French. A talk with her will well repay anyone for a visit to her, and she is one musician who will never weary you with herself.

Mr. and Mrs. Eddy give a dinner this week in honor of Miss Della Rogers, who, with her mother, leaves at the end of this month for her engagement at the Royal Theatre, Jassy. The company expects to stop and play at Athens on the way. By the way, Mr. Algiers, the orchestra leader of this company, was the leader of the Hinrichs Opera Company, which played in Philadelphia last year with Nevada, Minnie Tracey, &c., in the company. He cannot speak too highly of these singers. He is a rigid disciplinarian and experienced musician—Italian; he had more than one tempting offer to remain in the States, but I fancy his experience was not a very happy one. To a foreigner the first year in the United States "business" is not one fraught with delight.

Marie Barna has been singing at concerts at Vichy and Genève, Switzerland. She was enthusiastically received, especially on singing a group of songs by Mr. Sebastian Schlesinger, in which the Song of the Night was especially applauded. After a month or two in Italy Madame Barna returns to Paris en route for London.

Miss Anna Ruth Bradley writes from her home in Wisconsin accounts of a charming voyage and return. She sang many times on board ship and always with encore, and added many to her well-wishers. A slight error crept into a recent little talk in THE MUSICAL COURIER by which Miss Bradley was robbed of an octave of her voice. It spoke of her compass as from lower F to high C sharp. It should have been to C sharp in altissimo.

Miss Adelina Hibbard and her mother also left for home this week. Good luck to her! That is another teacher who loves her work.

In this month's *Munsey* is a fine portrait of Mr. Charles Galloway, organist, of St. Louis, who is studying in Paris.

Mr. Charles A. Valentine, the young violinist, relative of Mr. William R. Chapman, of New York, has returned to London. Miss Driver, of Cambridge, Mass., is in Paris with her father, making detailed arrangements for her return next year to complete her musical education under Mme. de la Grange, of whom she is an ardent admirer. What a fortunate girl to be able to come over and make the arrangements first! It would pay every student to do that who could. It would save quantities of time, money and disappointment.

Mrs. Millet, of San Antonio, brings a superb soprano voice, flexible and strong, with a dramatic sentiment that few experienced Paris students possess. She has entered on study with Delle Sedie, to even up certain portions of the scale, after which she will be a superior vocalist. She is a handsome woman and sees her way sensibly, is in earnest and minds her work and her little boy, who is with her.

A great beauty about Delle Sedie is that he never puts people back at the beginning for the sake of vindicating his own method or credit. If ready he lets them go right on, and only seeks to correct the faults of the unprepared without seeking to extinguish their former teachers. Miss May Curtin, of New York, is a recent example of this. The young lady is getting along famously. Very attractive and sweet personally, she makes friends of everybody.

Mrs. Louise Gerard-Thiers has just returned from a summer in America to continue the good work of last year. She is well, and bravely determined to make the very most of her opportunities.

Mrs. Lucile Capehart, of Washington, is at Steyr, Austria, recovering taxed nerves. Her home is in Brussels, where she returns in two weeks. Miss Mabel Phipps has returned home. Mr. Howard Jaffray has returned to Paris to continue study with Delle Sedie.

A regular budget of letters of congratulation have been received by Mr. Curwen, of London, on the occasion of the opening of the twenty-first annual holiday course of study for teachers of the tonic sol fa method at the college. Many of them were read to the students at the inaugural soiree.

I see that the leader of a company of strolling minstrels in England recently sold his baby for a shilling (that is, about 1.25 fr.), or the price of a Butterick paper pattern. Those babies do bother a musician's career awfully, you see. There should not be any babies to bother careers!

PARIS.

At Carlsbad there is a music tax, if you please. All who enter the town have to pay so much, according to their station in life (students half price). Whether anyone wants to hear music or no, all have got to, and they must pay for the pleasure it gives others. What would Zola do? He says music is "nothing but distressing noise." Poor Empress Eugenie used to say: "I would give anything if I could appreciate music."

It is good for people to hear music, anyway. No one knows what may come of it. It is proved now that there is a heredity in music, even in birds. The children of birds that have been specially trained, either by humans or by putting a superior songster into the cage, are better singers, more susceptible of training than their parents, and possess already many of the trained tricks.

Madame Pauline Viardot is still in the mountains of Savoie, and will not be in Paris before the second week in October.

Madame Armand Richault, mother of the esteemed and regretted music publisher, recommences on October 1 her classes in diction, preparatory to Conservatoire examinations. Mme. Richault is a lady of the highest culture and intelligence; she was an artist of the Odéon, and friend of the famous Rachel.

M. Andre Gresse, first prize of the Conservatoire of this year, makes his début in Don Juan at the Opéra Comique. He is son of an honored opera basso.

There is no end to talking and writing about the Mozart Don in view of its proposed representation at both academies of music. Sentiment is divided, as is all sentiment, as to the integral or modified production, and to cut or not to cut, that's the question. It is more than certain that the work will be adapted not adopted. The Opéra Comique

score will be the one edited by Bernard Gugler, translated by Durdilly, and reviewed by Gounod. It will have nine scenes. Everything will be mounted with the tireless care which characterizes French work.

HIS FIRST PROPOSAL.

Times were hard with "The Little Wizard," when about six years old, with his sister Frederika, two years older, he was sitting on the trunk of a tree on the outskirts of a Bohemian wood.

The children were accustomed to get jam on their 4 o'clock bread. To-day there was nothing but bread, for the good reason that there was not any more jam in the crock at home, and worse yet no money to put any in. The father was a choirmaster in Kosohees, where they did not pay Metropolitan House prices. He had had to pay for the coming into the world of seven children and for the going out of five of them, and nourishment meantime; and now the four of them; and music lessons had grown more and more scarce, till now the old black coat was so shiny he could go to give no more. He loved his violin so much that he could have lived on the sound of that alone indeed, but for the rest of them.

So the children sat kicking their heels against the old tree log and the dry bread remained in their hands, for neither one nor other of them could eat it, poor things!

A nice looking man in a cocked hat and knee breeches passing by stopped to rest upon the log, and after sneezing a couple of times and blowing his nose with a loud noise he commenced asking the children about themselves. They were not slow in disclosing their small lives, especially the little Wolfgang, who ended by cordially inviting the stranger to come up to the house and hear him play!

It must be said that on jumping off the log the portion of his small breeches where he brushed off the pieces of clinging bark was patched with pieces wholly different from the original stuff, and a similar telltale rested a little below the left knee. But that was nothing, he was already worrying whether he could remember his last "piece" for the gentleman, and was gathering into place in his baby brain the vagrant fragments of the tone story that were floating about him.

At the house the father gasped with astonishment at sight of the visitor, and bowing low with deepest reverence saluted—

His Majesty the Emperor of Austria, Francis I.!

But royalty must bow before genius. On leaving, it was the emperor who bowed low before the little Mozart, kissing reverently his small hand.

A few days later he and the father in a new black coat were en route for the royal palace at Vienna, where a concert was organized expressly that the court should hear him. The patched breeches were replaced by culottes of pink silk, and the six year body was clad in coat and vest of lilac silk, with white stockings and shoes with silver buckles.

The evening of the concert he found himself alone in the grand hall, where he seated himself before the superb piano naturally, as though it were a rocking horse or toy train. Playing several minutes in his marvelous fashion, at the first pause he heard a sweet child voice:

"They must have made you practice lots to play like that. I hate to practice!"

Wolfgang, turning in astonishment, found by his side the most lovely little girl, exquisitely dressed, a small pout on her cherry lips as she expressed her horror of hand labor.

"Are you the little Mozart that they have been talking about here?"

"Oh, my, but you are pretty!" was the answer of the baby musician from Bohemia.

"Yes, I know, that's what everybody tells me always," she laughed. "But that's nothing; are you Mozart?"

"Yes, Amedée Wolfgang."

"Don't you get very tired to practice so?"

"When I feel tired I always pray the good Saint Népomucène to give me courage."

"Who is that?"

The little musician in pink culottes slid from his piano stool to a little tabouret by her side, and placing his small hand over hers, as it lay on the gilded lion's head of her

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chair, leaned close toward her, his eyes eating up her pretty face, and told her the story of the brave priest who would not betray the secrets of his confessional even to his king, nor at the threat of death; nor even when carried upon the bridge of the Moldau at Prague, where he was dashed into the water below, whence his body was never found, having been taken by an angel up to heaven, where it was enthroned as patron saint of Bohemia, to whom all good people might address their prayers.

So deeply interested were the children in the recite of the unfortunate priest that they did not notice that a great crowd of grandly dressed ladies and gentleman had filled the room and were eagerly watching the unique picture. The emperor stepping forward conducted him to a beautiful lady, who was the Empress Marie Thérèse, and who kissed him tenderly. The ease with which he seated himself before the piano, smiling at the little girl, who remained close beside him, and commenced to play with the certainty of a grown man and with the most astonishing expression, held the audience spellbound till a cry of admiration went up as from one person.

"You may cover Wolfgang's hands and the piano and he will play just the same," said the father, which was done and he played with as great spirit and nerve as ever. At the close the empress motioned for him to come toward her; but whether from the emotion of his playing, or because not accustomed to the thick carpets, the poor little fellow fell on the big rug at her feet, his face pale, his little forehead covered with sweat.

The little girl flew toward him with a cry and lifting his head petted him in a voice so sweet and plaintive that Mozart, looking up at her, cried out:

"You are prettier than you were a while ago; will you marry me?"

The child laughed, saying: "Why, how could I? You are nothing but a poor little artist and I—I am Marie Antoinette, Archduchess of Austria!"

"That's nothing, I will marry you just the same!" replied Mozart stoutly, to the great amusement of the company.

Later on, the very day when Mozart was publicly crowned and applauded by the populace at Vienna, that same day his pretty little friend, as Queen of France, wife of Louis XVI. was being publicly insulted by the populace of Paris; and two years later was put to death on the scaffold. She was one year older than Mozart.

A mass of small musics created and restored appear with the opening season like gnats around a street lamp. Among them Offenbach's *l'Orphée aux Enfers*, apropos certainly; *Venus à Paris*, by Ciennot, not out of place; *la Vie Parisienne*, also by Offenbach; an actor who plays the juvenile part in this is some seventy years old, and began playing boy parts as a boy in the same theatre, the *Varietés*; *Mignonnette*, by Duval and Street; *Rivoli*, an opera comique, by Wormser, at the *Folies-Dramatiques*; *le Papa de Francine*, by Varney; *Fille de Mme. Angot*, *la Poupée et Mascotte*, by Audran; *les deux Chasseurs et la Laitière*, played at the *Trianon*, they say, by Marie Antoinette and the *Marquis de Vaudreuil*; *Nousima*, by Edmond Missa; *Kermaria*, a legend of Brittany, by Erlanger; *le Carillon Magique*, *Serpette*; *l'Irato*, dedicated to Napoleon by Méhul; *la Perruche*, by Clapesson; *la Servante Maitresse*, *Pergolèse*; *le Bijou Perdu*, by Adam, and *Maréchal-Ferrant*, by Philidor.

They play such things so exquisitely here, any of them are sure to be interesting.

It is reported that Jean Lassalle is going over to you before entering upon his *Opéra Comique* engagement. As he is not yet in town this cannot be vouched for. You will probably know before we do here. Saint-Saëns was present at the *répêre* of *Samson* and *Dalila*.

Delna enters protest against the claims of Mme. Something for 18,000 frs. due as coaching professor. Paul Vidal directed his cantata *Lou Mietoun* at Toulouse recently with great success. He, by the way, will be one of the di-

rectors at the Russian gala, and has been already decorated by the Emperor. Music will play an important part in the imperial festivities. The Russian Hymn is being practiced everywhere, Choruses of artists from the *Opéra* and *Opéra Comique* will sing at the *Hotel de Ville* at intervals during the visit there and the luncheon which is to be served.

The city is being washed and scrubbed and polished. Dolphins, elephants, lions, centaurs and fauns are being painted and refurbished; statues of Greek gods and noble men are being scraped and washed; harsh wooden ladders are placed against the rounding shoulders of fair women, and colossal Roman dames and queens are having their necks and noses scrubbed with stiff scrubbing brushes. Poor Strasbourg and Jean d'Arc are changing their wreaths; trees are being pruned and trimmed, musées being varnished and polished, and—the scaffolding is coming down from the *Arc de Triomphe*! Thank heaven! People of this generation were about decided that they should have to depart this life with the memory of that arch having one leg clad in wooden pantalon.

Meantime the authorities are fussing and stewing as to the gender to give to the word "cyclone." They may as well decide it "Une femme Enragée" and have done with it. They will think so before they get through with it. A petulant Frenchman has ejaculated, "Those Americans and their cyclones!" Just as though the people brought them over with them. Maybe he spoke better than he knew.

FANNIE EDGAR THOMAS.

Mélanie de Wienzkowska.

IN the field of work which New York offers so liberally to true art and its exponents there has appeared one who will doubtless prove that a great deal can be learned before crossing the ocean. Mme. Mélanie de Wienzkowska, who is well known to Americans through her long and flattering connection with the great master, Theodore Leschetizky, has come to New York with the intention of teaching either independently or to prepare for this renowned teacher, to study with whom many go abroad and find that they still must study with some one else before they can enter the kingdom of his class. In this especial work Mme. de Wienzkowska met a great many American pupils, who pointed out to her the advisability of making this move.

Also did Paderewski, who is a warm friend, encourage her in the most glowing manner, extending her the heartiest indorsements and letters to those most prominently connected with musical matters in New York, and in letters to Mr. Wm. Steinway, Anton Seidl, Mr. Franz Kneisel and others introduced her as a friend and co-worker, worthy of the utmost esteem.

Mme. de Wienzkowska was born in Warsaw, and in her earliest childhood gave evidence of great talent, which, as it developed, attracted much attention and admiration. Especially was this the case with Josef Wieniawski, who gave her the first lesson.

As a child she played in many concerts and large societies of Poland and Russia. Later her parents sent her to Vienna to study with Leschetizky, who was also the teacher of Paderewski and Essipoff. She became so great a favorite that after the first year he was never willing to accept further remuneration, but, for the sake of her talent, accorded her the great benefit of his instruction. At the close of her first year of study she gave her first concert under his direction and patronage at Vienna.

She has played in all the large philharmonic and orchestral concerts under Richter, and appeared, among others, with the *Rosé Quartet*, *Gustave Walther*, the German tenor, and with the renowned *Essipoff* at her own concert in two piano numbers.

By the advice of Leschetizky she remained in Vienna, where she had acquired an enviable standing both professionally and socially. Then began a career as teacher which has been one round of successes. With the children of both Leschetizky and Richter she made manifest such a

talent for teaching that for seven years she taught the pupils that were to pass into the hands of Leschetizky, during which time more than 400 students received the benefit of her instruction.

Meanwhile she engaged in many concerts, where she appeared in all the large cities of Germany, in conjunction with Mierzwinski, the renowned tenor, with whom she shared honors in the success of the tours. Although here but a couple of weeks, she has received a large number of requests to be placed in her class, which is in itself proof that she is not unknown in America. It is a distinct acquisition to the art to claim a musician of the calibre of Mme. de Wienzkowska, and a successful future is predicted for her. She will be heard in concert here and probably in Boston and other important musical centres.

Frl. Wienzkowska has appeared in all the European cities as a solo and ensemble performer, and has played with the most famous orchestras. The words of Hans Richter, of Vienna, are interesting.

"Highly honored Fraulein, to give you an excellent recommendation is indeed easy, and as well a pleasant task for me. I have repeatedly had the pleasure of inviting you to take part both in the *Philharmonic* and the *Gesellschafts* concerts and always have enjoyed your exceedingly artistic performances. Not only, however, as a virtuoso and master of your art have I had the pleasure to know you. The progress my daughter Mitzi has made under your instruction has fully confirmed me in my high opinion of you as a musician of finest esprit and taste, and the representative of a most solid school.

"HANS RICHTER, Royal Imperial Court Director."

Leschetizky's tribute to her reads:

"It gives me especial pleasure herewith to declare Frl. Mélanie de Wienzkowska to be one of my best pupils and one of the most excellent representatives of my system.

"She has fully made her own my method and my principles of touch, technic and mode of presentation (*Vortragsweise*). Her success as a piano virtuoso and teacher is eminent. I trust it will follow her wherever she may have an opportunity to exercise her twofold qualification. Where, as in the case of Frl. Wienzkowska, true talent is combined with absolute knowledge and ability the most brilliant results must follow. THEODOR LESCHETIZKY."

Puccini—Owing to a delay in the completion of the libretto, the opera *La Tosca*, which has been undertaken by Puccini, will not be ready for some time. The composer has just announced that as Signori Giacosa and Illica have only as yet furnished him with the words of the first act, and cannot complete the two other acts before the end of the year, it is unlikely the work will see the light in 1897. It is reported that it will be first produced in Rome.

New Operas.—Bianchi, the author of *Sarah*, has completed the score of a new three act opera, *Almanzor*.—A one act opera, *Refugium Peccatorum*, music by Fabris, will be given at Venice.—An opera, *Ruit Hora*, by Giannini, will be produced at Portici.—At Norwich, *Hero and Leander*, words by Arrigo Boito, music by Mancinelli.—At Weimar *Xaver Scharwenka's Mataswintha* will be given October 4.—At Naples the new opera *Mousqueton*, by Saccardi, had good success at the *Rossini Theatre*, and four new works will be produced during the season at the *Bellini*.

Breitkopf & Haertel.—This great Leipzig publishing house, that has done so much for all branches of music, announces a new Chamber Music Library, to contain 1,350 numbers. The edition of J. S. Bach's works for the Bach Society will be completed next year, and an edition of A. Bach's Chamber Music is appearing in weekly numbers. The collected edition of Verdi's twenty-seven works, for voice and piano or piano alone, will be issued at the rate of two volumes a month. An essay on Karl Loewe, lives of Grützmacher, E. Rudorff and Enrico Rosse and select letters of Hans von Bülow are also announced.

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More About Vermont.

CONTINUING my journey from Woodstock to the northern part of Vermont, I find myself in the beautiful little city of Burlington. It would be difficult to find a more exquisite site for a town than this, which borders Lake Champlain, dotted with islands, and flanked by the whole range of the Adirondack Mountains, so celebrated for its picturesque scenery. To the east of Burlington is the Green Mountain range, where Mount Mansfield proudly rears his lofty head, and the whole city seems encircled by a ring of mountains. I am reminded of a snatch from an old song:

Cambridge next, in briefest measure;
Then Vermont, whose scenes of pleasure,
Mountains green, and lake of azure,
Close us round right royally.

The scenery here is just the opposite of that in Woodstock, where one is nestled down in a dell, and there are no extended views, but charming little nearby glimpses as one winds through the valleys. Here in Burlington one can gaze for miles in every direction over an enchanting landscape, and one has the distant perspective of range upon range of mountains. The foremost ones are simply foothills, and are of a deep blue color, which shades off, paler and paler, as the peaks rise farther and farther back. Here and there the sides of the highest ones are white with snow, which gleams with silvery radiance in the bright sunshine.

Burlington is famous, musically, as the birthplace of the talented composer Jerome Hopkins, who is a son of the late Episcopal Bishop of Vermont, Rt. Rev. John Henry Hopkins.

The bishop himself had a fine gift for music. Of foreign birth, he was educated musically on the lines of Mozart and Haydn, and he was the composer of many beautiful hymn tunes, for the use of his own family in family prayers. Occasionally one comes across one of them published in choir books, but most of them have never been printed. The bishop's wife was born in Hamburg, Germany, and she, too, was a musician, playing upon the piano and the harp and gifted with a high, pure soprano voice, which she preserved in a remarkable manner. She could sing long after she was sixty.

This wedded pair had a family of ten children, all of whom were musical, but Jerome was the most so of them all. He had within him a wonderful gift for both melody and harmony, and he began to compose when he was only five years old. His father ought to have sent the boy to Germany to study, but he was opposed to his son's becoming a professional musician. There was formerly a prejudice in this country, which is now happily done away with, against boys being taught music. It was thought they would "never amount to anything" if they cultivated the divine art.

Jerome was sent to college, therefore, and educated in chemistry, but in spite of everything his musical talent would not be repressed, and he eventually threw chemistry to the winds and followed the inspiration of his muse. This composer has been misunderstood and undervalued. Some people are their own worst enemies, and he is one of these. But few of his compositions have been published, and Jerome Hopkins is chiefly known by his child's opera, called Taffy and Old Munch, which, although it has been much ridiculed, is nevertheless a charming little thing, and is sung by children with genuine enjoyment.

His oratorio of Samuel is more serious work, and is very beautiful. There is a spontaneousness and naturalness about the melodies of Jerome Hopkins that cannot be gainsaid, and which prove them to be the offspring of unforced genius. They are as fresh as the green mountains of his native State, and they have the sparkle of Lake Champlain.

But few of them are published, and I only know the following: The Wind Demon, the Midnight Barcarolle and the Cicily Waltz, for piano, and a beautiful song for contralto or baritone, called Morn, Noon, Night.

The eldest son of Bishop Hopkins, named after himself, John Henry Hopkins, Jr. (now deceased), was for many years the editor of the *Church Journal* in New York, and he was the composer of an admirable book of carols, one of which, The Three Kings of Orient, has been much sung in our Sunday schools. It is a pity this book of carols is not generally known. It was published by E. & J. B. Young & Co., New York, under the title of Chants, Hymns and Songs. I was looking over an old copy of it recently, and I could not help wishing they were in use, instead of the wretched trash that is often forced upon children at Christmas and Easter time. There are many other carols in this book which are quite as quaint and charming and ought to be as popular as the Three Kings of Orient. I will specify of these the graceful Easter Carol:

Fair woman sinned the first of all,
Deceived by the foe,

and another one, also for Easter, called Last and First, which begins:

Sadly in the gathering gloom,
Sate three Maries by the tomb.

When I used to play the organ and had the misfortune to train Sunday school children I found that the children doted on the carol of Last and First, and the voices would ring out in it without any prodding from me. Those of us who have struggled with Sunday schools know by sad experience what a hateful way the boys have of not singing when you want them to. When they don't do their part the singing of the girls, who are always good and conscientious, is utterly lifeless and colorless.

Well, the boys enjoyed Last and First, although it is melancholy, and in the minor mode. The chorus of it is low in pitch, and is within the range of boys' voices. I can hear the little beggars now singing for dear life:

Thus, while Nature is weeping,
Faith her vigil is keeping,
Till the glorious orb of day
Shall scatter the clouds away.

What a relief it used to be to me to find something they would sing!

This book of Carols, Hymns and Songs, by John Henry Hopkins, was never pushed as it ought to have been during his lifetime; it was too expensively got up to sell readily. I do not know if it is still in print, but if somebody took it up and got out a cheap edition of it I think it might be a profitable investment. It takes a pretty good musician to get the tempo of the carols right. They are completely ruined if taken too slowly. A carol should go right along. There are some delicious little fireside songs in it, such as The Village Good Night, Sunshine and Shadow, The Lullaby Serenade and the Falling Leaves, &c., which would surely have a large sale if known.

Bishop Hopkins is buried 3 miles from Burlington, on what was his own estate during his life. It is called "Rock Point," and has since become the property of the Episcopal diocese of Vermont. It runs out on a beautiful wooded point of Lake Champlain, and the views from it are perfectly ravishing. The bishop's grave is on a knoll overlooking the lake, and it is marked by a magnificent monument, which was designed by his son, John Henry, who was a finished artist, as well as writer and musician. It is in the form of a Celtic cross, with its pedestal, is 15 feet high, and is made of white marble. It is richly sculptured, and is most imposing in appearance, against its background of dark green pines, especially by moonlight.

Persons visiting Burlington should not fail to drive out to Rock Point and see it. They will also feel themselves well repaid, if they can spare time to ramble through the woods, around the end of the point and, while standing on the edge of its precipices, look directly down into the waters of Lake Champlain, which, when agitated by the breeze, sparkle as if it were covered with millions of diamonds. Beyond it lie those mountains, soft in their majestic beauty! The sunset hour is the time to be there.

Mr. W. H. Sherwood, the celebrated pianist, held a school of music during the summers of two successive

years in Burlington, and Mr. S. B. Whitney, of Boston, has given very fine choir festivals here.

The New York millionaires are represented by Mr. Le Grand B. Cannon, who has a large country place here, and lower down the lake by Mr. Seward Webb, who also has a magnificent one at Shelburne.

There is a good deal of money in Burlington, as one sees by the many fine houses and well kept lawns along its broad and shaded streets.

This boasts the honor of being a university town. The original college building, which was opened in 1799, was accidentally destroyed by fire in 1824, but in 1835 the corner stone of the one now in use was laid by La Fayette. As I write, I see the house across the street in which he spent the night. It is now occupied by the female students of the university.

Ethan Allen, the Revolutionary patriot and gallant leader of the "Green Mountain Boys," is buried at Winooski, near Burlington. A tall marble column stands over the spot, with a bronze statue of the hero on it. One finger points skyward, "in the name of God, and of the Continental Congress."

AMY FAY.

Arditi's Memoirs.—Under the title of Recollections of Fifty Years the veteran Arditì has published a very interesting book. It contains many personal reminiscences of Garibaldi, Cavour and other well-known public characters, and a large number of autographs of Rossini, Marietta Alboni, Angiolina Bosio, Henriette Sontag, Madame Pauline Viardot, Madame Adeline Patti, Madame Emma Albani, M. Tamagno, Engelbert Humperdinck and other singers and composers.

Popular Music at Budapest.—According to a late census there are 130 Gypsy bands, of 997 performers, who play at places of amusement, cafés, &c.; 32 non-military bands, of 216 musicians; 21 ladies' orchestras that play in cafés, numbering 154 performers; 11 pianists, and 22 Serbian musicians, who play on the national tambourin. No account is taken in this census of military bands, nor of bands that came up for the exposition.

Cimarosa.—Without any ceremony a mural tablet has just been affixed to the front of a house in the Campo Sant' Angelo, Venice, bearing the inscription "Here Cimarosa lived and died." The composer in 1798 convicted of having set to music some revolutionary hymns, took refuge at Venice, where he died in 1801. His grave no longer exists, the Church of the Campo Sant' Angelo, where it was placed, having been demolished in 1828 under the Austrian rule.

Harry Field in Lelpsic.—On September 3 this talented Toronto musician gave a piano recital at the residence of Prof. Martin Krause, playing Beethoven's sonata, op. 53; Weber's capriccioso, out of sonata op. 39; Chopin's nocturne, op. 62; etude, op. 25, No. 1; Berceuse, op. 57, and three Liszt numbers. Mr. Field disclosed an ample technic, a delightfully even touch and, above all, musical understanding. In addition he created a very favorable impression, both as a man and a musician, and enchained his Canadian reputation not a little.

Henry Eames' Recital.—Mr. Henry Eames, the young pianist, now studying under Prof. James Kwast in Frankfort-on-the-Main, gave the following program September 10 in Mannheim to about 100 invited guests of the evening:

Prelude and Fugue, A moll.....Bach-Liszt
Sonata, op. 13.....Beethoven
Three pieces from his tone pictures.....Richard Strauss
A group of six Chopin numbers.....
Study in F.....Schumann
Slumber Song.....
Marche.....
Ballade.....Brahms
Portrait No. 2.....Rubinstein
Rhapsodie No. 6.....Liszt

Mr. Eames met with most grateful success throughout the recital.

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CINCINNATI, September 26, 1896.

HERE is a peculiar situation. The men and women of Cincinnati have toiled unceasingly for two years to establish a symphony orchestra worthy of serious things. Cincinnati had no Higginson, but his place was taken by many. The guarantee fund was not large—less than \$20,000 a year—but they began modestly and gave but few concerts. The association aimed to build up orchestra and audience alike.

With just the right man for conductor and at the time that a sincere and widespread interest had been aroused, the Orchestra Association saw bright prospects for the third year.

Suddenly an opposition arises—an opposition as vicious as it is unexpected. The musical union practically declares that no musician, whether a member of the union in another city or not, can play in Cincinnati. The men engaged by Mr. Van der Stucken in other cities have been notified that they cannot fulfill their contracts here. Brooke, the flutist, has in the meantime secured another engagement. He writes in explanation:

"It is not the Cincinnati union I am afraid of, but trouble with one union means trouble with another. The secretary writes me the men are bitter against unjustifiable importations, reflecting on their town as a musical centre, and that the consequences must be borne by the member applying."

The Symphony Orchestra employs all the best musicians of Cincinnati. Economy commands this course if local pride does not. But the orchestra must have a few additions from outside or give up its aims altogether, and further still, its conductor.

The Orchestra Association then must either engage an entire orchestra outside the pale of the union, or give up their organization and let the Cincinnati musicians drift back into the slovenly humdrum of their old jack life. To accomplish the former a much larger fund would have to be raised.

At first glance the case seems more hopeless than it really is. One of two things will probably happen. Either the union will back down when Mr. Van der Stucken confronts them, or the better class of musicians will themselves revolt, and the association will raise its fund to meet the fight. Several subscribers to the fund have told me that if the union persists in throttling the one enterprise that directly benefits the musicians of Cincinnati they will double their subscriptions.

It must be remembered that the ring that controls the musicians of Cincinnati does not voice their sentiments, or in fact have any in common with the better class of men.

The ruling spirit in the union is a professed anarchist, who occasionally gets a chance to be the piano whacker at a trans-Rhenish beer concert. This man dictates to Mr. Van der Stucken the men he shall engage.

I was particularly interested in THE MUSICAL COURIER'S editorial on "The Era of Sousa" last week. Sousa is

indeed "inescapable," not only in this country but in Europe. On the banks of the Thames, at the Henley regatta this year, Sousa seemed to be the only meat of the scarlet British bands. At the Stuttgart Saengerfest parade I counted ten bands playing Sousa marches, and most of the remaining eight bands had modern German concoctions that savored strongly of the Sousa rhythm. At Brussels one might meet a kind of religious procession with an image at its head and a band playing "The Washington Post!"

With the return of general prosperity it is likely that a serious effort will be made to increase the endowment of the College of Music. The raising of the art standard at the college naturally diminished the number of students. For years past much has been left undone that should have been done, and the new régime will have to bear the burden.

ROBERT I. CARTER.

D'Arona's Hints to Vocalists—Methods and Teachers.

THERE is no such thing as learning too much about the voice. The voice is a reporter, and a man, being a dual being, it must report both sides of his nature, the physical condition or body and the mental or mind. Mackenzie says:

"As the crude note issues from the larynx the mouth molds itself by the most delicately adapted movements into a variety of shapes, clothing the raw bones of sound (the resonators) with body and living richness of tone. Each of the various resonance chambers re-echoes its corresponding tones, so that a single well delivered note is in reality a full choir of harmonious sounds. It has further been proved that each vowel has its own special pitch, and hence it cannot be sounded in perfection on any other. The different vowels, in fact, are produced at the hard palate and by modifications in the size and shape of the cavity of the mouth, and the note of each one of them should be that to which its resonance chamber naturally responds. (The words 'resonance chambers' is simply figurative, to convey an idea and point of location, from which the echo and re-echoes of vibration may be conveyed and felt.) Sound acts upon the mind so as to assume the empire of all the feelings and impulses. Every tone in the voice produces a response in our feelings, and the happy combinations of the notes produce an exhilaration of all our faculties. Analysis is the detaching of one part from another. We observe and study the relation of parts before separating them, and so are able to put them in their proper places—to make the whole as it was before."

We must have natural methods of teaching, above all things, or singers are an accident. It is possible to teach by intuition, but such a teacher is not able to explain how he does it, and such a method is impracticable, as Emerson says, therefore outside of discussion. The test of a method is found in the answer to the question, Is it a method to appeal directly to the mind or to the physical abilities? We have no right to teach unless we can first put an object of logical thought before our pupils' minds. We must learn the laws of mind in their relation to singing. Art in all its forms is the language of human feeling, and music is the most perfect of the languages of feeling.

The law of mind cannot be suspended by the practical any more than the law of gravitation. Physical culture has its important side also, and may be defined as the language of all the parts of the body under expressive command of mind, making the body serve the mind. "Modern art seems indeed to address itself to conventionality," says Faure, the great basso, "and singing demands something more; it demands charm, variety, grace, the imagination and the senses, as well as the reason and the passions."

These automatic teachers see nothing but matter. The existence of spirit, which is beneath it, above it and all around it, has no place in their understanding because they cannot touch it with their mortal hands or see it with

their physical eyes; such people need to be pitied more than censured, for art's true beauty can never blossom for them. Singing should never be taught as a difficult thing to do. God has given us a perfect vocal instrument, and like any other instrument we must learn to play upon it with human intelligence. This does not mean by changing the position of any of its parts. An instrument is supposed to be in perfect condition when it comes from the maker. The little bird's vocal mechanism is perfect; then why not ours, which comes from the same maker? If, unfortunately, a freak of nature leaves it imperfect then we cannot sing, and no earthly power can avail us, but if it is perfect (and this it is generally) we can sing, and cultivation will do marvels, but it will not give brains, musical intelligence, soul, emotion and the inexhaustible resources of all that goes to make up that one word, *temperament*. This is that intensity of feeling essential to the underlining of lyric art, which by breaking through the restraints of conventionality carries all before it in one great wave of recognized superiority. A pupil must learn that every tone must have its place, that the resonance of each tone can be augmented or diminished at will, that its quality can be changed to many qualities, that the location of a tone must be mental before physical, with a knowledge of its position before emitted; that doubt as to striking it, reaching it, or how it will sound is simply out of the question and a matter of ignorance (explained fully in a later article).

That conscious physical effort outside of the diaphragm is disastrous, that all action must be regulated to respond unconsciously to the will of the singer, like well oiled machinery, giving out no more vibrated breath than is comfortable and consistent with beauty and elasticity of tone (effort and action, it will be observed, are not the same); that temperament must conform to range and the quality of tone controlled behind the voice, and never permitted to burst through and ruin it, &c. This, I say, can never be taught unless the teacher is able to devise ways and means to reach the intellect and that inner spark. To do this the teacher must win the pupil's confidence and love, or, what takes the place of it, she must be a friend, and to occupy that place it is necessary to come down to her pupil's level of comprehension to lift her up, and this can never be done by teachers who hold the watch in one hand while holding out the other for money. Teaching should be loved for its own sake by everyone who makes it a profession; it should occupy one's life as well as hours, and, like the parent, the more trouble a pupil is to one the greater should be the interest and pride in the result of the work. Time should not be recognized, although specified. Late hours should never be indulged in by the teacher, that the faculties may be clear the next morning, and a pupil not obliged to suffer the consequence of overwrought nerves. Teachers should dress plainly, to encourage economy in their pupils, and also not to detract their attention from the lesson, and although all work must necessarily be upon a moneyed basis, it is not necessary to act in such a way as to constantly remind pupils or to allow them ever to feel *one's services are simply hired*.

The word "method" means so little if people would but stop to consider. "What is your method?" "Whose method do you teach?" &c. It is not the "method," but the teacher.

A method cannot be perfect unless meeting individual needs. A special gift is necessary also to adapt it. People are in all stages of development, artistically and mentally as well as physically. Keeping the scientific and artistic goal in view, we must shoot off branches to our pupils, as long and as many as needed to reach it, independent of rules and formulas. As singers to excel must be all nationalities, in thought, feeling and interpretation, so must teachers suit the means (method) to the desired end, with intellect, knowledge of human nature and vast experience in vocal possibilities.

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(To be continued.)

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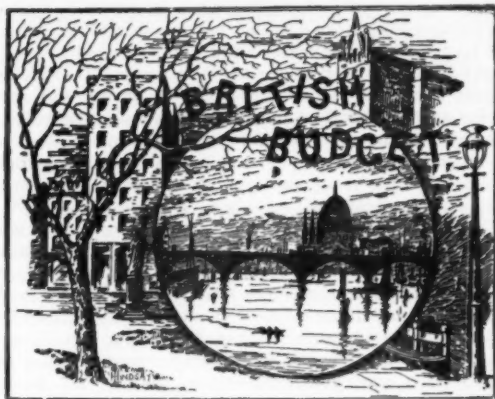
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The Great HALIR writes:

Here Arthur Abell is put 5 Prof. main Op. 100 and enough of his pupils and his before me. I have, however, his for Halir, in fact his own. I have seen his own. Berlin June 1906. Carl Halir

[TRANSLATION.] Mr. ARTHUR ABELL has been my pupil for five years, and I recommend him highly as a violin teacher, especially for those who wish to have instruction with me later on. CARL HALIR, First Professor Berlin Royal High School and Concertmaster Berlin Royal Orchestra, BERLIN, June, 1896.



BRITISH OFFICE THE MUSICAL COURIER,
21 PRINCES STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE,
LONDON, W., September 26, 1896.

SIR A. C. MACKENZIE has written an opera for the Savoy, to the libretto of Messrs. Burnand and Lehmann. The contract with Mr. D'Oyly Carte was signed early this week, and the work, which is practically complete, will be placed in rehearsal immediately for production early in November. Mr. George Grossmith will be one of the principal characters, returning to this favorite house after an absence from its stage of over eight years.

At the Royal Academy of Music, yesterday, the Henry Smart Scholarship was awarded to George D. Cunningham, a native of London.

Mr. Douglas Powell sailed from Australia last Wednesday, and will arrive home in time to sing in the Golden Legend, at the Crystal Palace, on October 31.

Mlle. Johanna Heymann, sister of the celebrated pianist Carl Heymann, who has won great success in Germany, Austria and Holland within the past few years, will give three piano recitals under the direction of Mr. Ernest Cavour in St. James' Hall, on October 29, November 10 and 20.

Miss Clementine Sheldon, a young American soprano who has achieved success in New York, has recently come to London. She has spent some time in Paris with Delle Sedie, and her aim is to still further perfect herself here in oratorio work as well as to appear in concert.

M. Auguste Wiegand, the organist for the corporation of Sydney, and whose playing on the Sydney town hall organ, the largest in the world, has been chronicled everywhere, is home on a visit. He is at present in Belgium, and will come to England early in October and remain for about a month. I understand he has several recitals arranged already, and that negotiations are now pending for others. He has to leave again for Sydney so as to arrive there before Christmas, so that he cannot go to America this time, as he had expected to do.

Mme. Patti has been invited with M. Nicolini, toward the middle of next month, to Balmoral to sing before Her Majesty.

At the opening Colonne concert on October 12 the program will include selections from Berlioz's Faust, the vocal music being given by Mlle. Marcella Pregi; also selections from Massenet's Hérodiade. At the same concert the young Belgian 'cellist M. Marix Loewensohn will appear.

M. Paul Stoeving, a violinist well known in America, and in the early eighties on the Continent, has come to London and taken up his residence permanently among us.

The Prince of Wales has fixed Wednesday, October 7, for his visit to the Norwich Musical Festival, when Sir A. C. Mackenzie's Rose of Sharon, with Madame Albani and Mr. Lloyd, will be performed in the morning, and Mr. Cliffe's new violin concerto and Signor Randegger's Fridolin in the evening. The Prince, who this year is president of the festival, will thus renew his acquaintance

with Sir Alexander Mackenzie's work, which he heard at its first performance at Norwich twelve years ago. The Duke and Duchess of York are likewise expected to attend at least two of the festival concerts.

Eugen d'Albert has been busy with composing a new opera during his summer holiday, and we are informed that it will probably be produced at Dresden in the new year. We learn also from Mr. Schulz-Curtius that he is one of the latest converts to bicycling.

Señor Sarasate will play at the Crystal Palace with the orchestra on October 17 which will be his only orchestral concert in London this season. He will play Mendelssohn's concerto, &c.

Signor Mancinelli has returned to England in order to conduct the rehearsal of Hero and Leander at the Royal Academy of Music next Thursday.

The Henschel concerts, as the London symphony concerts are now to be called, will take place in St. James' Hall from November 12, when Miss Aus der Ohe, the pianist, will make her début, to April 1, the final concert being devoted to Bach's St. Matthew Passion in English. Dvorák's new Te Deum, for soprano and baritone soloists and chorus, will be produced December 3. Beethoven's Elegiac Ode, op. 118, will be given January 14; Brahms' Requiem February 4, his Double Concerto February 25, an Idyll by Mr. Luard Selby March 11, and a special Wagner concert February 18. Besides these works the general programs, supported by eminent artists, comprise many favorite compositions, and otherwise are full of interest.

The Covent Garden opera season will, according to present arrangements, open on Saturday, October 17. Either on the first night or very early in the season we shall hear one of the two new operas which, it is hoped, Signor Leoncavallo will come over here to conduct.

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.

The programs for the past week have been generous in quantity and quality. Dvorák's New World symphony was the great item of Thursday, September 17, and it was given with spirit and with finish. On Friday evening Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony was given in an interesting manner. The scherzo suffered from its omission of repeats, which amounts practically to "cutting" it. Saturday night was "popular," and the great enthusiasm of the evening was for Mr. Santley, who made his first appearance at these concerts. Monday evening was devoted to Liszt and Wagner. Perhaps the most enjoyable performances of the evening were Siegfried Idyll, Good Friday Music from Parsifal, of Wagner, and Les Préludes of Liszt. This latter work is undoubtedly Liszt's best work, not because it contains the most beautiful of his thoughts, but because it is freest from those extravagant and uncanny climaxes of cymbals and brass which mar so many of this remarkable man's works. Tuesday was again a "popular" night, and the applause took up almost as much of the evening as the program did. Mr. Wood was recalled again and again after all the orchestral numbers, and was obliged to repeat the last number of Grieg's Peer Gynt suite. The singers of the week have been Miss Isabel MacDougall, Madame Fanny Moody, Miss Evangeline Florence, Miss Lillian Tree, Madame Marie Duma, Mr. Hirwen Jones, Mr. Herbert Grover, Mr. Santley and Mr. Charles Manners. On Thursday evening two interesting and well written works by Mr. Percy Pitt (the accompanist at these concerts) were given. On Wednesday evening the celebration of Her Majesty's record reign was kept in a fitting manner.

The enthusiasm of the 5,000 who joined this celebration knew no bounds. A spirited performance of Mackenzie's Britannia Overture was followed by a specially composed Coronation March, by Percy Pitt. The composer was called, but it will hardly become popular, through lack of striking characteristic themes. A good performance of the well worn Hymn of Praise ended the first part.

Wednesday when the sun rose saw the days of sover-

eignty of the Queen exceed those of any monarch of these isles. During the long years of prosperity which England has seen since the girl-queen ascended her throne perhaps no branch of art has made more rapid strides than that of music. The opportunities which not only the inhabitants of the metropolis, but members of all provincial towns of any importance, now have of enjoying the compositions of the masters of all times interpreted by great artists were not to be had even here in London sixty years ago, save at the subscription concerts of the Philharmonic and one or two smaller societies.

The present reign has also seen the establishment of our great educational institutions, with the single exception of the Royal Academy. The Royal College, the Guildhall School and all others have been organized, and the founding of that important association, the Incorporated Society of Musicians. The historian of music in England finds comparatively little to say for generations before 1837, but since that time the lists of works composed here on British soil, of English artists who have attained to a high place in the world of music, of foreign composers, conductors and artists who have received a welcome from our music-loving people, and of foreign compositions of all schools which have been heard here, would be practically endless.

The development of the art has been gradual and natural as appreciation for it has grown among all classes of English society; therefore there is small chance of a reaction, but every reason to conclude that knowledge "will grow from more to more, and more of reverence in us dwell" for those great musical creations which will never fade. A writer in one of the English magazines some few years ago made the statement that a work ceases to interest when it is known, that as soon as the chances of discovering the unexpected are exhausted it becomes stale, and but an echo of itself. Experience has, however, taught the contrary to most of us: it is not that the composition loses its value, but that it finds its value for the first time.

The argument that what pleases one generation is stale to the next is true in many cases, but it is not the great works which achieve sudden popularity and are then thrown aside. The music of the last generation which has stood the test of this will endure to all time, for great music is imperishable, like all great art, but it needs a master to interpret it.

The Queen's love of music and her interest in musicians is well known, and there is little doubt that the encouragement which she gave the art, more particularly in the earlier years of her reign, did a great deal to foster its growth. To-day the great singers and instrumentalists are highly appreciated by Her Majesty on their frequent appearances before her, but it is more in an indirect way that her influence is felt.

Although a very high opinion of her was held by all the English people on her accession to the throne, few knew of the strong personality which has been felt by all who have come in contact with her, and through them by the nation at large, and which has done more to raise the social life of the English people than any factor which could have been brought to bear. The Queen's life has been an example always before the eyes of her subjects, and she has nobly remembered that and striven to be worthy of her position. Sir Edwin Arnold closes his tribute to the day with the following words:

There hath not been before,
Nor shall be evermore,
One other reign so puissant, noble, pure!
Let others bend the knee,
But we—but we—
Lay our hearts at thy feet. They shall endure,
The spell of thy sweet name,
And loyalty's fine flame,
Till unborn centuries bless thee! Britain brings
On this, thy day of days,
Love, honor, thanks and praise—
Queenliest and kingliest of all queens and kings!

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Orchestral Affairs in New York.

PAPER No. IV.

IT is probable that your keen observation missed the following paragraph that appeared in the daily papers the day before your last publication:

A Rival to the National League of Musicians.

A call was issued yesterday by President Samuel Gompers, of the American Federation of Labor, and the secretaries of musical unions in Chicago, St. Louis, Indianapolis, and Cincinnati for a convention, at which it is proposed to form the National Union of Musicians in opposition to the National League of Musicians. The convention will be held in Indianapolis on Monday, October 10. The call says that musicians' unions are in an unsatisfactory state with regard to their relations to other unions, and that in consequence disputes often arise. Overtures have been made, it says, to the National League to join the A. F. of L., and thus settle these disputes, but all such overtures have been rejected.

We are living in a strange, contradictory era. I suppose some one will, in time to come, call the present period of experiment, but a sorry experiment it is for some of us; a period of debasement and productive of the loss of self respect, particularly for us musicians who believe the profession to be a pursuit of an art.

Of course it is a crime to discuss labor with an animus; our predilection for the laboring man must be a foregone conclusion if we wish to escape the charge of treason nowadays. Demagogues have been an effective teacher, and has succeeded in creating the impression that there is really such a class in this country as the laboring class as distinguished from the other class that does not labor. This has brought about a distinction in itself that must necessarily be unfair for all those who have brains enough to labor faster than their brethren. It is unfair to the orchestral broker who can afford now to retire and cease laboring, for he has made a fortune in his fees, commissions and other forms of brokerage, and how can he be admitted as a full-fledged member of a musical union which is to be a subordinate section of the great Federation of Labor?

The orchestral broker is a capitalist. His capital is of more importance in the musical profession than his music. Take away his capital and very little of his profession is left to him, and yet because he is enrolled in the Musical Union this capitalist can exercise influence in this labor organization. One of them actually becomes the president of one of the leading musical unions, and because of his political influence he succeeds in keeping at bay the officers of the law who should be trying his protégé, one of the late inferior officers of the union, for the criminal offense of embezzlement charged against him. How contradictory!

You must remember that we musicians are supposed to be the executive artists of one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of modern arts. Our training, our education and our daily pursuits are all based upon the supposition that we are to live an aesthetic existence. We are paid for a function that puts life and expression into the immortal productions of men who are registered in history as the equals of Shakespeare, Goethe, Heine and Victor Hugo. Beethoven, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Wagner, Tchaikowsky, Brahms and others we all know of are made conscious factors for the intelligence by means of our co-operative work, and yet we belong to organizations of bricklayers, iron molders, hod carriers, plumbers, 'long-shoremen and car drivers.

All these vocations are honorable, and their members cast a part of the universal ballot, and each ballot counts as much as the ballot of Beethoven would to-day count if he were living here as a citizen; but where is that eternal fitness of things if there is no difference in the mental alti-

tude of humanity? There is a fitness notwithstanding these unions of us laborers. We create it. We Bach and Beethoven interpreters, hod carriers, bricklayers and 'longshoremen create it by forming unions to strengthen our position, while the architects, the painters, the composers, the actors and the poets must live a weary life of isolation.

Just for a moment picture to yourself a union of the members of the theatrical profession and necessarily a branch of the Federation of Labor. Mr. Mansfield, Miss Rehan, Mr. John Drew and Mr. Sothorn must all be members of it, together with all the actors and the "supers." All must stand on equality in their union—the theatrical union—like our Musical Union. The prices are regulated by their union as the prices are regulated by our union. In the Artists' Union, as the union of painters would be called, Mr. Beckwith and Mr. La Farge and Mr. Chase would stand upon the same equality basis as the Italian sculptors on Centre street—all artists, you know—and the Artists' Union would regulate the prices. The same would be the case with the poets and versifiers, and all would be members of the Knights of Labor or the Federation of Labor. I am opposed to the continuation of this system of isolation as long as we musical artists are permitted to be members of these labor organizations, because in free America we are all laborers—there is really no distinction, after all.

But is it so very free, after all? Let me see. There is a clause in our by-laws that compels a foreign musician, no matter how superior he may be to our members, or how necessary he may be to make an orchestra more perfect, to live here six months before he can be allowed to make his living. That is not very free. It may be asked how he can be interfered with in the pursuit of his existence and happiness. It is this way. As an orchestral player he cannot make his living alone unless as a cornetist, clarinetist, oboist or such he goes into the street and blows his instrument and then passes the hat around in the crowd. If he cannot do this he must play in an orchestra for so much a night. But the members of all the orchestras are members of the union, and the union says that they dare not play with such a stranger, and he must be dismissed. Hence he is after all not a free man in America until he submits to the laws of the Musical Union. The laws of the Union do not protect him as against the laws of the Musical Union.

The object of all my contributions to your columns is simply to show through a series of facts and conditions that such a thing as an artistic orchestra cannot exist in this city of New York under prevailing conditions; that as things now are it is an impossibility to get good music artistically performed either in symphony or in opera. The New York musician who is an artist has actually placed his profession under the domineering control of an institution that has debased his calling to that of an ordinary unskilled laborer, and has taken from it all its æsthetic atmosphere; has made it simply a matter of pay based upon the relative pay of labor at so much a day or a job.

While this may have aided the ignorant musician to advance his income, it has by inverse ratio reduced the income of the better class of musicians, for it has debased the profession and removed from it the prestige that is necessary to provoke a high salary. Every musician is like all musicians—merely a member of the Musical Union, which has a fixed schedule price for each kind of job. So much for a ball, so much for a dinner party, so much for a symphony concert, so much for a wedding, so much for an opera and so much for a procession.

It is not so much for merit, so much for ability, or so much for musicianship. It is merely so much you get as a member of the Musical Union. This identification with a labor body, with an organization, has destroyed individuality. The musician is absorbed by the union. Although having studied with Joachim or Grützmacher, or in the Leipsic Conservatory, or the Berlin Hochschule, or

the Conservatoire de Bruxelles, when he gets to be a resident New Yorker the musician as a member of the Union is on the exact level with men who never studied music, who can play their respective instruments perfunctorily only, who never saw the score of a symphony, and who play at balls only from one end of the year to the other, except in summer, when they play at picnics. Such is one of the systems of the Musical Union, a union that maintains, not music nor art, but prices for those who have the least claim for recognition of prices.

The standard of merit therefore being debased and degenerated, no demand can exist for orchestral productions. The intellectual community will not patronize our orchestras, because they are not artistic bodies, for they cannot be artistic as things are; and the rule works both ways, for the educated musician, finding no opportunity to play the great works he studied formerly in order to play them now, consequently joins the ball and dance players, and that very fact strengthens the Union, which maintains the prices of the dance musicians, this being the chief excuse for its existence outside of its avowed object of giving positions to certain of its active workers.

Who will deny this axiom, viz.: No professional player of dance music can be an artist in symphony work? Of course the two pursuits at one and the same time must result in the destruction of the more delicate, refined and poetic. This is self-understood by all educated musicians. Nearly all the members of our New York Philharmonic Society play at balls and dances during the greater part of the year. They then get together to play a half dozen doubled up Philharmonic concerts during the year, rush through old scores during five hours' rehearsals preceding a concert, or once in a while give a little extra time to a new symphony, and are then expected to play their programs artistically. Take into additional consideration that many members of this Philharmonic Society are too old to play at all, that some of them never play except at the few Philharmonic concerts, and the tale of woe and disheartening anguish is told.

Such is the situation in orchestral music in this town to-day. The conductors? What have the conductors to say? What has Mr. Seidl to say regarding the constitution of the orchestra of the Philharmonic Society? Nothing.

He is engaged by the society to conduct its concerts, and he must be heartily sick of the job of directing a body of men who voluntarily create a union that is placed by the community on the level with bricklayers, car and cart drivers, and pavers' unions, for if there were any desire on the part of the Philharmonic to purify our rotten system here the whole society as a body would resign from the union. Yet as dance musicians they must adhere to the Union, and as dance musicians they cannot play symphonies, especially without rehearsals.

It is therefore a source of ridicule and a cause of hilarity for us of the profession who realize these conditions to read the criticisms of those writers who seriously analyze the crude performances of our local orchestral bodies; for we who participate in the actualities, beginning with the union meetings and their discussions, and the gossip of the players, and the peculiarities of the so-called rehearsals, and the very selection of the elements of which these temporary organizations are constituted—we, who know the situation subjectively and objectively, are amused, and yet at times dismayed, at the praise bestowed upon these performances.

Many sincere men there are among these hard workers who play incessantly at balls and dances and parties for six weeks, night after night, until early morn, and then after a Philharmonic concert find themselves denominated in the papers as great artists after scratching through a symphony. The critics should hear what the comments are of these very players, many of whom have long since given up the reading of these so-called criticisms, as much from a sense of disgust as a sense of modesty which repels praise when blame should be attached to the per-



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formances—performances which cannot be artistic, since there is no artistic element at present in condition from which to draw the material. ONE OF THEM.

New York Symphony Orchestra.

NEW YORK, October 1, 1893.

Editors The Musical Courier:

WE have read with much interest the article in this week's MUSICAL COURIER entitled Orchestral Affairs in New York. Much that is said in this article of our musical affairs in New York is true, but with your permission we would like to make in this connection a few statements in justice to the New York Symphony Orchestra.

First—We have been organized as a permanent body for six years, the first four of which were guaranteed by public spirited amateurs, the last years by Mr. Damrosch personally, and this year and for the future by the co-operative arrangement of the members of the orchestra.

Second—We give Mr. Damrosch as many rehearsals as he considers necessary and chooses to call for, and we rehearse with the same punctiliousness for the Sunday night popular concerts as for the Symphony concerts.

Third—The objections made in your article about our orchestra playing also in opera may be answered by the fact that the great bulk of players of the Gewandhaus concerts at Leipzig play also at the opera. The same is true of the Royal Symphony concerts of Berlin, under Weingartner; also of the Chicago Orchestra, which plays often at the Italian opera season there under Abbey & Grau. These examples may be multiplied ad infinitum. Mr. Damrosch's rehearsals for the opera are held with the same care as regards orchestral details as for the concerts (this has been commented upon by the critics of the New York press), and we cannot see in what way one would hurt the other.

Fourth—The members of the orchestra have always been selected by Mr. Damrosch, and not by an orchestra manager or broker. They have been selected because of their artistic fitness for the position.

Fifth—We intend to carry on our organization on purely artistic lines, and are more than willing to make every personal sacrifice, as we have the firm conviction that as our artistic purpose becomes better known our financial gains will also increase.

JAN KOERT,
PAUL MIERSCH,
L. MANOLY,
JUSTUS PFEIFFENSCHNEIDER,
XAVIER REITER,
of the New York Symphony Orchestra.

Mapleson in 'Frisco.—The opening date of Mapleson's Imperial Opera Company at San Francisco is January 4, 1897.

Callers.—Messrs. Maurits Leefson and Gustave Hille, the well-known teachers and musicians of Philadelphia, were in town last week on their way home from vacation.

Wanted.—Position as accompanist and to coach singers in the studio of a vocal teacher. Applicant is a young lady who has had experience. Address Miss A. B. X., care THE MUSICAL COURIER, New York.

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it might have spared itself the expense of a four manual organ."—*L'Observateur Romano*, April 17, '90.

"The program was remarkable for the marvelous perfection of its execution. Mr. Eddy made a very great and surprising sensation."—*Gazzetta Musicale di Milano*, April 23, '90.

After a season of distinguished success in the music capitals of Europe Mr. Eddy returns to America in September for a tour of

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"There is no doubt that he is one of the greatest of living organists."—*London News Budget*, July 18, '90.

"If the Bach Society had only possessed the feet of this grand organist!"



[Continued from September 23 issue.]

LE JEUNE ÉCOLE RUSSE.

TSCHAIKOWSKY progressed with remarkable rapidity under this instruction; so remarkable indeed that in the following year when Rubinstein had established the conservatory at St. Petersburg, Tschaiowsky was admitted to it, and, while he continued his studies with Zerebba, became also the pupil of Rubinstein in instrumentation. At the completion of his course, in 1865, he abandoned himself entirely to composition. The first work he presented in public (yet unpublished) was a cantata written on the text of Schiller's famous *Ode à la joie*, which Beethoven illustrated in his symphony with chorus. The cantata was executed in the palace of Rubinstein's noble and generous protector (also protector of the conservatory at St. Petersburg), the Grand Duchess Hélène, with such effect that Nicholas Rubinstein, coming up from the conservatory at Moscow to hear it, called Tschaiowsky to the direction of one of the departments of composition in that establishment. During the eleven years Tschaiowsky held this position he made several journeys abroad, especially in Germany and France, for strengthening himself by personal contact with the great European musical movement, consecrating himself with renewed ardor after this to the work of composition—(we, progressive as we are, have never known what foreign musical scholarships were, and herein is where Santa Cecilia is opening such splendid possibilities to our brave young students)—and proving the prodigious fecundity which found contemporaneous exercise in all sorts of composition and which caused M. César Cui to say of him that "his career might have been a brilliant one if he had been more severe with himself, and tempered the tendencies of his system of composition with more reason."

This reproach is just up to a certain point, for even the most impartial critic can but acknowledge that Tschaiowsky was not always scrupulous in the choice of his ideas, and that, these ideas once adopted, he was not always and throughout in affinity with them. At the same time the critic must remember the temperament of the artist, the nature of his talent and his personal peculiarities. If Tschaiowsky was not always equal to himself, if he may be reproached with certain feeblenesses, it is that the inspiration was more rapid than the work, that before one idea could be completed another followed suit, that he could not take time to place these ideas in order and to unite them in a perfectly harmonious ensemble. But when, as in concert work, the inspiration and the work came together in the most admirable result was obtained, as, for example, in the beautiful concerto for piano in G flat, the *Valse Caprice*, and the *Valse Scherzo* (op. 4 and 7), the delicious romance without words (op. 5), the strange *Doumka* (op. 59) (it is only an artist who may develop this movement, which Dvorák has illustrated in an intensely stirring way), the

Scherzo Valse and the *Sérénade Mélancolique*, for violin (two veritable bijoux), the sextet for stringed instruments, the *Sextette Florentin*, *La Tempête*—a symphonic page of profound sentiment. It is impossible to think of and to review these compositions without saying that Tschaiowsky was a noble artist, nobly inspired. To accuse him of too much fecundity is like accusing a beautiful tree of bearing too much fruit; a limb may break, fall to our feet, drop some of its fruit to the earth, but how much remains, fair and savory, fed by the sun!

Tschaiowsky's fecundity was truly prodigious; in less than thirty years he wrote eleven operas, three ballets, six symphonies, four orchestral suites, five concert overtures, a number of symphonic poems, three concertos for piano, one concerto for violin and orchestra, a quantity of chamber music, two Russian masses for four voices, three church choruses, marches, cantatas and a variety of orchestral compositions which are not even catalogued. * * * Tschaiowsky's brilliant symphonic successes did not prevent him from determining on what every composer demands as his objective point—the opera. If he was not always happy in his operatic compositions neither have others been. * * * Vakoul le Forgeron and l'Opritchnik were favorably received and *Onéguine* and *la Pucella d'Orléans* were veritable successes; the first act of *la Pucella* is of the highest order of merit, and 100 presentations of *Onéguine* at St. Petersburg, directly after its presentation at Moscow, added proudly to the composer's fame. His triumph is complete in the music to *la Belle au bois dormant*. It is charming! Tschaiowsky could not fail of success in ballet music, because he is a symphonist of the first rank, full of grandeur of verve, of color, combining orchestral elements with marvelous ability. A learned harmonist, subtle and recherché at the same time, he knew well how to cover his ideas with the richest mantle—too rich and too sumptuous sometimes—so one was constantly afraid the plain stuff must appear under the embroidery. When inspiration controlled Tschaiowsky was happiest; at other times there might be a lack of sentiment, measure, balance, or of sobriety of development, which latter he was liable to carry to excess. His orchestral palette is opulent, full of sparkle and variety, and he draws from his instrumental ensemble curious and new effects, veritable improvisations they seem. His church music is not exempt from faults. If he is reproached with prolixity and inequality his superb pages must also be remembered.

Where Tschaiowsky is most truly himself is in the intimate piano compositions, many of which are exquisite, and still more in the delicious vocal melodies, which are impregnated with profound sentiment, penetrating poetry, and a melancholy so intense as to be almost dramatic. * * * If Tschaiowsky is not musically and foncièrement Russian, as various of his confrères and compatriots seem to wish to prove, he is nevertheless a musician of high value and of great and never-freshness. * * * The Russian public has developed the same affection in the same respect to the two grand artists, Rubinstein and Tschaiowsky, who proudly and nobly represented the young musical art so suddenly developed in the grand Oriental empire.

The almost simultaneous death of these two great artists is a sad loss to the art so newly born and so vigorous—and it is sadly felt. It remains now for those who have combated them so determinedly all their lives to replace them and to preface their successors. With them I shall now busy myself—and it will not be, after all, the part least agreeable for me to trace, because, in this *jeune école* I find myself in the presence of a little group of true *jeunes*—hardy and adventurous, without doubt, but convinced, de-

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"From the outset of the season the work of the Spiering String Quartet has continued steadily to increase in artistic value. The clarity, precision and finish in the Schubert D minor quartet, the chief work presented, were eminent."—*Chicago Tribune*, Feb. 5, 1896.

CHICAGO AMUSEMENT BUREAU,
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terminated, well endowed by nature, and who seem able to lift high the banner of national art.

To what class Mossourgski belongs, and his exact place and force in the movements and developments of la jeune école russe we shall know soon through the continuation of Mr. Pougin's erudite and brilliant studies. We cannot thank the distinguished French critic enough for the sure, impartial manner in which he treats them and shows them to us. We of Italy, too, cannot be sufficiently grateful to the royal publishing house of the Fratelli Bocca for the admirable and satisfactory and masterly arrangement of that most complete of Italian musical publications, *La Rivista Musicale Italiana*, whose writers are among the best in Europe, and whose readers may see and study in it all the important musical movements on this side of the ocean.

Maestro Filippo Mattoni, head of the important scuola di canto fermo Santa Cecilia is to open this season, has just returned from presiding over the musical part of the festa of one of the most interesting old basilicas in Italy—that of SS. Anastasio and Nennoso—established in the seventh century at Santa Maria and Rupes (Castil S. Elia), not far from Viterbo. The distinguished maestro has spoken to me in the warmest possible terms of Dr. Frank G. Dossert's mass, which, as *THE MUSICAL COURIER*'s readers may remember, was executed at St. Peter's during the gifted author's visit here. Surely Filippo Mattoni should know, for he was chief of the occasion, Andrea Meluzz leading. New York can afford to be very proud of this event, the only one of its kind in the annals of the great Vatican cathedral. I was present myself in the private gallery, having been introduced to Dr. Dossert by our vice-consul general—Mr. Wood—himself a cultured and delightful musician, and enjoyed the rich, sweet harmony exceedingly, while I was deeply moved at our young countryman's great triumph.

Virginia Marini is up on Rocca di Papa, establishing, with Signora Mengarini, another charmingly gifted lady (wife of Italy's famous electrician, Professor Mengarini, who is also head of the important Tivoli-Rome electric enterprise), one of those blessed institutions, an outing home for poor little shut-in babies, upon this beautiful and salutary mountain spot. They have named the new home Elena di Montenegro. It is the first institution that has been named in Italy for the charming young girl whom the Crown Prince of Italy is to make his bride in October. It was a pretty compliment, was it not? And one the young princess will be sure to appreciate.

Hon. Giuseppe Frascana, vice-president of Santa Cecilia, has taken his young bride, née Princess Clarice of the Orsini, off to Zermate for their honeymoon.

Vessella returned from Bayreuth more a Wagnerite than ever. The majority of the audience during the cyclis for which he remained was French and American. Vessella himself was especially honored by the Wagner family and given a seat in their own loggia. The activity, the business capacity, of Frau Cosima are simply marvelous, he says. Dr. Richter was grand in his manipulation of the orchestra. The maestro—who studies and knows and loves Wagner, none more intensely and intimately and reverently—was delighted with Lilli Lehmann. She was an irresistible *Brünnhilde*. She is not one of those singers, he says, who brutalize the music of Wagner through exaggeration; she sang in the purest of voices, with a delicious naturalness, with tenderness, with passion, showing, by her revelation of the music's beauties, how intimate is her knowledge of it.

He quite agrees that Rosa Sucher is more adapted for

the part of *Brünnhilde* than for that of *Sieglinde*, and was much pleased with the Signora Reuss-Belce. He was delighted with Marie Brema and with Mme. Heink-Schumann. Their mezzo-vocal and their intonation were both superb. *Freia*—Miss Marion Weed—evidently forgot the character of the opera she was to sing in, not only as far as voice goes, but utterly and entirely and pitifully in dress. Gerhauser was far from an ideal *Siegfried* in either voice or acting, while Grünig was as excellent as Gerhauser was unfortunate. Burgstaller was the worst of all, a positive nonentity in the part of *Siegfried*, which is altogether out of proportions to his intellectual comprehension. His vocal means are not deficient, but he knows absolutely nothing, says Vessella, of the type. Perron was really splendid as *Wotan*. His phrasing was ample, correct, majestic, and he showed himself perfect master of the difficult part.

Friedrichs, as *Alberico*, was grand; he is the most intense, the most vivid, of artists—living instead of acting the character. Vessella was especially delighted with the chorus in Act II. of *Götterdämmerung*. It was, he said, above praise. Vessella himself is such a grand interpreter of Wagner, that even here in Italy, whenever his splendid band plays a Wagner number (as it played Tannhäuser the other night) it is encored again and again. What a wonderful band is his! Every member is an artist on his especial instrument, and the ensemble playing is endlessly expressive. Now the band plays in its own character with all the force of a splendid military organization; again with the richness and depth and smoothness of a great church organ, and again with the exquisite delicacy, the infinite expression, of the finest orchestra of stringed instruments. I do not wonder that Piazza Colonna, where the band concerts are given, is packed clear to its outmost limits on the Vessella nights. Coming from Bayreuth the maestro stopped at Munich to hear Tannhäuser and Lohengrin and Tristan and Isolde at the National Theatre there, and was delighted to meet again Dr. Richter as orchestra director, and Lilli Lehmann.

The young Duke of Lustris, Carlo Brancaccio, son of the Prince and Princess Brancaccio di Frigiano, of whose own charming symphonic suite I wrote *THE MUSICAL COURIER*'s readers some time ago, was among the Bayreuth pilgrims. So were Dr. and Mrs. Spiro.

Frau Cosima, her daughters and her son are coming to Rome in a few weeks for quite a stay, and, fortunately for me, in the very pension which is at present my own abiding place, pretty and hospitable Pension Lermann, which is to take up its residence soon in its elegant and commodious new quarters on Via Boncompagni. Herr Lermann, while retaining his own name, and very properly, for it is widely and most pleasantly known by our traveling public, for this fine new building—the finest of its kind in Rome—has added to its name and scope with the new part of its title *Hôtel Germania*.

The Count of San Martino is still gathering health and strength for the coming season at Santa Cecilia, which, with all its new departments, splendid concert and lecture courses, and the preparation for the reception of our fortunate scholarship winners, will be an extremely busy one.

The moment he and Marchetti return I shall give the scholarship contest program to *THE MUSICAL COURIER*'s readers. Meanwhile it is such a grand passo avanti—these scholarships and their splendid privileges—watch and study. I may say this, that the piano prova is almost sure to include more or less of Beethoven, and that it will be broad and thoroughly comprehensive and perfectly adapted to the grade, which—don't forget—is the last year before the three years of perfezionamento. I am sure our scholarship winners will do themselves and our republic, and generous, grand old Santa Cecilia, true and brilliant credit, and that when they return, after the scholarship years are ended,

they will be a power in the right direction; and so, I hope and pray, our free, progressive, beautiful land will arouse and help them in every grand and noble way.

THEO. TRACY.

Sieveking and Pittsburgh Symphony.—Sieveking has been engaged by Frederic Archer to appear with the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra for two concerts on November 6 and 7.

Flavie Van den Hende.—Madame Flavie Van den Hende, the favorite young Belgian 'cellist, has returned from the mountains to her new studio in New York at 81 West Eighty-ninth street.

Yebba at Newport.—Yebba, the dramatic soprano, sang at Newport for the second time recently at Mrs. Calvin Brice's villa at the reception and concert given in honor of Lord and Lady Russell. She sang an aria from *Aida*, one from *Hérodiade* and the *Michaela* song in *Carmen*. This singer will be heard in concert and oratorio during the season.

Rudolf King.—Rudolf King's Standard Concert Company, of Kansas City, Mo., recently appeared with great success in the Crawford Opera House, of St. Joseph, Mo., and scored a big hit. This organization is engaged to give a concert in the Lecture Course of Carthage, Mo., October 22, and will also appear at the Baker University, of Baldwin, Kan., a few weeks later. Lengthened routes cannot be covered by the company, because all of the members have large teaching classes in the city.

The Sobrinos Ball.—Carlos Sobrino, the well-known Spanish piano virtuoso, accompanied by Madame Sobrino, the dramatic soprano, sailed to-day for Berlin. The Sobrinos have for the past seven years been living in Denver, where they have taught most successfully. They go to Berlin for rest and study, and will remain abroad a year. Some of their advanced pupils will join them in Berlin. Both these artists will appear in concert in Germany. Mr. Sobrino was a popular pianist here eight years ago. He was a pupil of Rubinstein.

Liebling Engaged.—That sterling pianist, accompanist and musician, Mr. Max Liebling has been added to the faculty of the New York College of Music. Mr. Liebling has just returned from Berlin, where his family are located. His sons—Leonard, the pianist, and James, the 'cellist—are studying with well-known masters, and his daughter is also pursuing her vocal studies.

Camille Seygard.—Camille Seygard, the young Belgian soprano, will be the soloist of the first New York Symphony Society concert, November 6 and 7. She will very likely sing with the Abbey & Grau forces at the Metropolitan Opera House later in the season should her concert engagements permit. She is expected to arrive the latter part of this month.

The Kneisel Quartet.—That admirable organization the Kneisel Quartet has just issued a small pamphlet, outlining the history of the quartet from the beginning. Its late triumphs in London were remarkable. A busy season for 1896-7 lies before this unique body of players.

Walter Kaufmann Returned.—Mr. Walter Kaufmann, the well-known 'cellist, has just returned to the city after having passed a very pleasant summer in Fleischmann's in the Catskills and Lake Champlain. He is already busily engaged teaching at 110 East Seventieth street.

Emma Heckle Sang.—Miss Emma Heckle, soprano, sang with great success at a fashionable matinée musicale given on last Wednesday at the home of Mrs. H. G. Fish, Astoria, L. I. Among other artists who performed was the eminent pianist S. B. Mills. A breakfast was served after the musicale, which passed off delightfully, the whole being an artistic and recherché affair.

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OCTOBER 4, 1896.

A SENSITIVE musician is stimulated by the odorous laziness of nature on the warmer coast of Cape Cod.

At Osterville there are the confused perfumes of sea and pines. Roads innumerable, mysterious, lead in every direction to seemingly lost or unknown ponds. These roads are often merely traces, hints, suggestions. The few farm houses outside the village, toward Sandwich or Barnstable, have a contented look. They are neither fretting nor despairing, unlike many out-at-the-heel old houses on New Hampshire farms, which have not curiosity enough to stare at the ever-changing glories of the White Hills or the queer ways of summer visitors.

On the Cape are certain old mansions that saw the birth and death of more than five generations, and this in a new country gilds shabbiness and enlarges the horizon. I remember one of these mansions, with its garden and its summer house. As I remember, I hear the music that it suggested.

THE OLD SUMMER HOUSE.

The old summer house stands in the deserted garden near the cliff. The once brave mansion is now the pleasure palace of slugs, and the bat beats against the curtains that waved with joy at the birth of the last heir. Even in a commonwealth there were formerly aristocratic rejoicings, pomps, ceremonies. But the men of the line are as dead as King Pandion, and the woman nearest of kin turns her leaden eyes toward a Boston sky, seen with difficulty by the dwellers in chill, narrow, respectable Pinckney street. Years ago this summer house saw burning wooings and heard specious words as the flowers yielded maddening perfumes just before the sun slipped into the sea, very quietly, so as not to disturb the lovers. There was touching of lips; there was mute embracing. And now the slug and the bat hold dominion, disputed by the brilliant, bejeweled spider that watches in his geometrically accurate web. The smell of the summer house is as the smell of the vestibule to the grave. The wood began to rot the year Thomasine left her bedroom one April night, never to return, even when weary of Barcelona. Unwholesome weeds would reach the knees of flushed women who sat at dusk in conquering beauty. The ghosts of acquainted ancestors find the spot too lonely.

And the always respectable sea shudders as it approaches the beach immediately beneath the crumbling cliff, and runs back with inexpressible relief.

* * *

"Great are the myths—I, too, delight in them."

There is the Stradella legend, there is the Salieri legend. Allow me to acquaint you with the MacDowell legend. For Mr. MacDowell suffers already the fate of illustrious men. Even now, while he is comparatively young, legends float in the air about his head, as mists about the brow of Blaavin.

The last appearance of one of the MacDowellian legends was at Worcester, where it was told by Mr. Lancaster in his program book.

"In that year (1888)," says Mr. Lancaster, "Mr. B. J. Lang, of Boston, who had become interested in the young composer's (MacDowell's) work, sought him out and persuaded him that there was an ample field for music in America, and that, moreover, a man of his genius owed it to his country to labor for the interests of art at home. Mr. MacDowell immediately removed to Boston."

Ah, the pretty story! Unfortunate MacDowell, stranded in Wiesbaden, hopeless, unknown! Mr. Lang views him from afar, as the magician in the wondrous tale saw, leagues distant, Aladdin. He flew to Wiesbaden on the wings of mercy. He coaxed, he encouraged, he prophesied, he prevailed. He personally conducted him to Boston, and ever since he has been his finger-post to glory. If Mr. Lang had been selfish he would not have braved the billows of the Atlantic, and Mr. MacDowell to-day, instead of sitting comfortably in a chair at Columbia, might be playing the piano in a Bavarian beer hall or dragging out a wretched existence as a charcoal burner in the recesses of the Black Forest.

I have the highest authority possible for contradicting this tale, as well as the MacDowellian legend concerning Liszt, d'Albert and MacDowell, published by Mr. Lancaster in the same article.

Where did Mr. Lancaster, who published this article in good faith, gain his information? From Mr. Apthorp's program book of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, season of 1895-6.

And where did Mr. Apthorp find the legend? Surely not in the conversation of MacDowell.

To those who know the inside musical life in Boston this legend is a source of bubbling laughter.

The Finding of MacDowell would be a good title for a fantastic symphonic poem.

My friend Ozias Gunnerson, the unappreciated musician, has begun a tone poem for this motto,

But I have dreamed a dreary dream,—
Beyond the Isle of Skye
I saw a dead man win a fight,
And I think that man was I.

I shall call his attention to the more suggestive subject.

* * *

The brilliant "Raconteur" asks me in the sight of the people if I have read *Les Sœurs Vatard*, by Huysmans. I do not know what his repartee will be, but with child-like confidence I answer, "Oui, mon lapin!"

I have also read Huysman's *Marthe*, a still more extraor-

dinary novel, with a nightmare of Forain for sole illustration.

I hasten to add for the benefit of uneasy young men, and old men who know French only from Voltaire's History of Charles the Swede, that they will be unable to understand at least one-half of either one of these terrible tales, even with the assistance of the dictionaries of Delvau and La Flore pornographique: *Glossaire de l'école naturaliste*, by Ambroise Macrobe. Nor would they be delighted if they could grasp fully the meaning; for Huysmans, grim, surgeon-faced as he views life, is not their little man.

* * *

I have not read d'Annunzio's *Episcopo et Cie.*, but I have read his *Intrus*, *Triomphe de la Mort* and *L'Enfant de Volupté*. It is not fair to judge him from French versions, but he seems to me to be unnecessarily and effeminately lubricious. *L'Intrus* is the simplest, strongest of the three last named stories, but it is—at least I hope it is—untranslatable into English. There are remarkable descriptions of the horrors of a pilgrimage of Italian sick to a healing shrine in *Triomphe de la Mort*, and in the same volume is a searching analysis of *Tristan und Isolde*, as I remarked some weeks ago.

In *L'Enfant de Volupté* a woman passionately fond of music is one of the leading characters: Marie Ferrès y Capdevila. Of course she is the wife of an "unsympathetic husband."

She speaks about music: "I remember hearing, four or five years ago, a quintet of Boccherini at the Brussels Conservatory. It seemed to me magnificent, fresh, full of unexpected episodes. I recollect that in certain passages the quintet, by the use of unison, was turned into a duo; but the effects produced by the difference of timbres were of extraordinary delicacy. I know of nothing like it in instrumental music."

"I have played and heard much music, and from each symphony, sonata, nocturne, piece, I guard a visible image, an impression of form and color, a figure or group of figures, a landscape: so that my favorite pieces bear a name in close relation. Thus I have, for instance, the Sonata of the Forty Daughters-in-law of Priam, the Nocturne of the Sleeping Beauty, the Gavotte of Yellow Dames, the Jig of the Mill, the Prelude of the Drop of Water, and so on."

Marie sang. "Her voice was ambiguous, double, bisexual; a voice with two timbres, androgynous. The virile timbre, low, a little veiled, grew softer and lighter and more feminine at times, with transitions so harmonious that the ear of the hearer was at once surprised, caressed, disturbed. As music that passes from minor to major, or having escaped in dolorous dissonances, returns to the fundamental, so this voice changed."

She sang an air from Paisiello's *Nina Pazza*, and she sang to her old school mate, Françoise, and the impressionable convalescent André. "In the fire of her song the two timbres of her voice melted as two precious metals, and composed one metal, sonorous, warm, flexible, vibrant. The air of Paisiello, simple, pure, spontaneous, full of delicious languor and winged sadness, poured forth from the beautiful, suffering mouth, and rose

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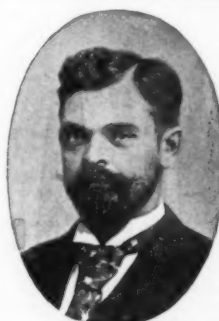
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with such passionate flame that the convalescent, disquieted in the depths of his soul, felt the tones one by one pass the length of his veins, as if the blood in his body had stopped to listen. A subtle coldness was at the roots of his hair, thick and quick shadows fell on his eyeballs, he panted with anxiety. In his sick nerves the sensation was so poignant that he could hardly keep back the tears. 'Oh! my dear Marie!' cried Françoise, kissing tenderly the hair of the singer. André was silent in the armchair, his shoulders toward the light, his face in darkness."

She sang an air of Salieri; she played a toccata of Leo, a gavotte of Rameau, a jig of Sebastian Bach. "Under her fingers the music of the eighteenth century lived again miraculously, music melancholy in its dance tunes, airs that seem made to be danced some languishing afternoon of Indian summer, in an abandoned park, by fountains become silent and pedestals without statues, on a carpet of dead roses, by lovers almost ready to love no more."

I envy d'Annunzio this description.

André, too, had his tastes in music. He loved Domenico Scarlatti, Bach. Chopin pleased him little. Beethoven penetrated too deeply, and moved him too much. In sacred music, after Beethoven of the Missa Solemnis, he found only Mozart worthy of comparison with Bach. "In no other mass," said André, "has the voice of the supernatural reached the religious terror that burst in the Tuba mirum and the Requiem. No, it was not a Greek, a Platonist, a pure searcher after grace, beauty and serenity who had a sentiment of the supernatural profound enough to create in music the phantom of the Commander."

André and Marie went to a chamber concert. They heard a quartet of Mendelssohn, an adagio of Bach, the quartet of Brahms in C minor.

Alas, in this novel that abounds in fine thoughts and rare descriptions is one of the foulest chapters I know in modern fiction; the chapter of sniggering indecency that tells of the Marquis de Mount Edgcombe showing his books—pornographic triumphs—to André, while André's old love, Hélène, now the wife of the Marquis, waits in the salon with a sardonic smile.

In *Ecrivains Etrangers*, by Teodor de Wyzewa, is a review of Ojetti's *Alla scoperta dei litterati*, in which there is a sketch of d'Annunzio in his white house at Francavilla. The workroom of the poet and novelist is large, hung with red Damascene tapestry, full of costly furniture and precious bibelots. D'Annunzio is surrounded with Italian, Greek and Latin dictionaries, while incense smokes in a brasier.

If you find the results of dictionary study in the novels you also are conscious of the madding, aphrodisiac perfumes of boudoirs.

I have been much interested in *L'Œuvre Lyrique de César Franck*, by Étienne Destranges (Paris, 1896). A gentle enthusiast, this Destranges. He is speaking of certain French musicians who did not appreciate Franck. "How many are there who, during their life, enjoying easy conquests, thanks to their palinodes and ground and lofty tumbling, will see their fame decline when they will be here no longer to beat the big drum or to see it is beaten by their publishers! * * * They were basely jealous of a rival, whose fame they saw increasing as theirs diminished. Among these was Gounod. When they played at the Conservatory some years ago the admirable symphony of Franck, the composer of *Roméo* proclaimed pontifically in the corridors, in the Sibylline style so dear to him, that this symphony was the affirmation of impotence pushed to the last degree. If Gounod has written *Faust*, *Roméo*, *Mireille*, he has also manufactured two symphonies as bad, pale, chalked, as those of Mozart. This should have made him more indulgent toward the work of a colleague, who never disputed with him the honor of making heroines of Shakespeare, Goethe and Mistral sing waltz tunes. One day several years

after, before the death of Franck, I left the Conservatory with a composer, professor at that institution. I shall not name him, for I am charitable. In conversation I pronounced with admiration the name of Franck. He became furious, and said finally, 'Your Franck is an ass.' At the humble funeral of the great artist, who is the purest glory of the French school, the Conservatory, of which as professor he was the dean, was not even represented. The futile composer of *Mignon*, the caricaturist of Hamlet, M. Thomas, did not do for Franck what he would have done for the concierge of the house which he was alleged to direct." Listen to this bitter pun. "If you lay aside the compositions of celebrated musicians of our period, who make a specialty of erotico-mystical works, you find only pitiable scores which lack at the same time the effeminate, voluptuous grace of the Gounod school and every religious and æsthetic sentiment. This is the case with *Paradis Perdu* and other lucubrations, qui ne sont, certes, pas du bois dont on fait les chefs-d'œuvre."

Mr. Destranges' invective reminds me of the commentary of the gentleman in a box at the recent Buffalo convention: "Wough! Wough! Wough! Hot stuff!"

Let's see. What are the lessons learned from the Worcester Festival of '96?

A "grand chorus" is such only in name.

A "grand chorus" should let modern works of any variety in expression severely alone.

The "grand chorus" is not the feature of the Worcester Festival.

Visiting singers of renown, no matter what they sing, draw the crowd, and make such festivals possible.

But the character of the programs of '96 shows that the taste of the management at least has improved during the last five years.

PHILIP HALE.

Boston Music Notes.

BOSTON, Mass., October 3, 1896.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Chadwick, while in Worcester last week, were guests of friends. A dinner and reception were given them on the day that *Lochinvar* was sung.

Miss Emma S. Hosford is settled for the winter in her charming studio at the Pierce Building, where she can be seen any day during the week.

On Monday afternoon at Madame de Angelis' music rooms, at the Copley, a performance of *Glenara*, an opera written by the late Mrs. Julia R. Anagnos, was given. Mrs. Flora Barry sang the contralto rôle, Mrs. Tippetts and Mrs. Olive Sharp (pupils of Madame de Angelis) the soprano and mezzo, Mrs. Sharp taking the most important solos. The Temple Quartet sang some of the choruses and other solos. Half a dozen musical critics, several managers of theatres and a few friends were present. Mr. Strachauer is the composer. The work forms an unusually original and striking composition was the verdict of those present. It is expected that it may be heard some time during the winter in public.

Mr. Carl Sobeski finds that there has been and still continues to be a great demand for his songs, *My Boat Lies Waiting*, and *Pleading*. His very latest, *My Heart's in Connemara*, a pathetic Irish song, is sure to be a favorite.

Mr. Ivan Morawski has returned from his summer vacation at Edgartown, where he amused himself fishing and bathing. He has taken a studio in the Steinert Building, but for the present is in temporary quarters at 180 Tremont street.

Mr. L. F. Gottschalk, who won two of the Kronberg song prizes, is at present residing in Los Angeles, Cal. He was born in St. Louis, a son of Judge Louis Gottschalk, who was afterward Governor of the State of Missouri. He intended studying law, but ill health prevented. He therefore moved to Los Angeles, where he has organized different musical and theatrical clubs. During 1886-7 he was with the Pyke Opera Company on the Pacific Coast.

Went to Germany, where he studied for three years. At different times has been connected as musical director with Conried Opera Company, Lillian Russell, Marion Manola, Whitney Opera, but at the present time is with Hoyt & McKee. His opera *Yorktown* was produced at the Tivoli in San Francisco very successfully. At present he is writing a comic opera and an extravaganza.

Mrs. Elizabeth B. Langley, well known as a concert accompanist, was married on September 29 to Mr. C. A. W. Howland, and will make her home in Detroit, where she and her husband have been engaged in the Larned Vocal School. Mr. Howland is a graduate of the Munich Royal Conservatory of Music, where he graduated with highest honors under Rheinberger, and for the past four years has been located in Detroit. He is to teach harmony, musical history and lecture. Mrs. Howland has been three years accompanist for Miss Clara Munger and is a fine musician, reading the most difficult accompaniments at sight. She has the best wishes of her many friends for her success and happiness in her new home.

Miss Mary Montgomery, for some time past soprano at the First Parish Church in Dorchester, will be married on Wednesday evening, October 7, at Portsmouth, N. H., to Mr. Thomas T. Brackett.

An organization called the Boston Operetta Company has been formed with a view to giving entertainments consisting of two to four operettas by famous composers with appropriate scenery and costumes. The repertory will include *Charity Begins at Home*, *Le Chalet*, *The Lovely Galatea* and several works by Offenbach, among them *Dorothea*, *The Blind Beggars*, *The Husband at the Door*, *Rose of Auvergne* and *The Marriage by Lantern*. The company is composed of Mrs. Alice Bates Rice and Miss Hattie Gertrude Goddard, sopranos; Miss Jennie F. Paine, contralto; Mr. George Deane and Mr. Jerome F. Hanshue, tenors; Mr. Fred. E. Kendall, baritone, and Mr. Almon J. Fairbanks, accompanist. Mr. Hanshue is the business manager for the company.

Mrs. Marsh will be at her music rooms, 153 Tremont street, from 10 to 12 daily after October 1.

On Wednesday evening, September 30, there was a piano recital by Mr. Carl Faeltten at the New England Conservatory of Music. On Thursday evening was the informal opening and inspection of the two three-manual electric organs built for the conservatory by Messrs. Farrand & Votey, of Detroit, Mich.

Mr. Louis C. Elson is to give a course of ten lectures in the Lowell Institute course, beginning October 13. He is to describe the technical points of the violin, viola, cello, contrabass, harp, flute, clarinet, oboe, bassoon, horn, trumpet and, in short, every instrument that is found in the modern orchestra. Every point of technic will be practically illustrated upon the instrument as it is explained by the lecturer, he being assisted by violinist, oboist, &c., in each lecture.

The Newton Singers, Mr. George A. Burdett conductor, enters its second season with a flourishing associate membership. The club will give two concerts this winter.

Mr. George A. Burdett will give a course of nine lectures on the outlines of the History of the Art of Music.

A sacred concert for the benefit of the House of the Angel Guardian will be given in the Bijou Opera House on Sunday, October 11, under the direction of Prof. Claudius Deslouis, assisted by Mrs. Kelterborn, soprano; Mrs. Alexander Marius, mezzo soprano; Mrs. C. Molé, accompanist; Miss Bertha Frances Stone, pianist; Miss Fry, accompanist, and Mr. Charles Molé, late flute soloist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra; M. H. d'Halewyn, basso; Mr. Priesing, basso; Dr. Kelterborn, director of the Orpheus Club, and Mr. Taillander, organist of St. Mary's Church.

An organ recital will be given by George E. Whiting next Wednesday evening in Sleeper Hall, New England Conservatory of Music. The program will include compositions by Bach, Händel and Mendelssohn.

An informal organ recital will be given in the Arlington Street Church next Monday at 4 o'clock.

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CHICAGO OFFICE THE MUSICAL COURIER, 1
230 Wabash Avenue, October 3, 1896.

DEEPER and deeper still went the home truths spoken by Madame Moriani on Monday night in her lecture in Steinway Recital Hall. The company assembled consisted mostly of professional amateurs, immature professionals and a good sprinkling of really capable teachers and artists.

There is no doubt that in Chicago art will gain from even the temporary presence of this great teacher, who to her store of musical knowledge has added an intimate acquaintance with the construction of the human voice. Her lecture, delivered in a peculiarly pleasing manner, was entirely undeserving the apology with which it was prefaced—that Mme. Moriani did not know the language. She described the errors aspirants usually committed, the foibles of various teachers and the results in a number of quoted cases. Her advocacy was for gradual progression; no straining for the summit, but forward step by step until the height of ambition was achieved. The quack teachers were handled in some instances unmercifully, but needfully.

Miss. Alice Verlet, who accompanied Mme. Moriani to Chicago, sang splendidly the Shadow Song (Mignon), Caro Nome (Rigoletto), and several other selections. Her work exemplified Moriani's great training; the only regret being that a large hall was not at her command, which would so much better have displayed her powers. Miss Verlet has an immense voice of extraordinary range and is a delightful artist.

Rudolph Aronson was in Chicago several days ago making arrangements for Madame Carreño's appearances here. She plays with the Chicago Orchestra February 4 and 5, and it is expected she will give three recitals during that month.

The thirty-first concert season of the Chicago Musical College will be opened Saturday, October 10, with a musical matinee in Apollo Hall. The distinguished artists Bernhard Listemann, Hans von Schiller, John R. Ortengren and Edna M. Crawford will take part in the opening concert.

These Saturday afternoon musical and dramatic entertainments have been given by the college each season for a great many years, and they have always proven of great benefit to musical students. The best music is rendered by members of the college faculty and by pupils of the institution. Students not only have the privilege of appearing in public, but hear the greatest works properly rendered. Next Saturday's program follows:

Sonata for violin and piano, op. 67.....	Heinrich Hofman
Bernhard Listemann and Hans von Schiller.	
Vocal, Stella.....	Faure
Edna M. Crawford.	
Piano—	
Ballade.....	Chopin
Am Stillen Heerd, from Die Meistersinger.....	Wagner-Liszt
Hans von Schiller.	
Vocal Duet, La ci darem la mano, from Don Giovanni.....	Mozart
Edna M. Crawford and John R. Ortengren.	
Violin, first movement (allegro maestoso) of Concerto	
No. 1.....	Paganini
Bernhard Listemann.	
Vocal, Recitative and Aria, from La Reine de Saba.....	Gounod
John R. Ortengren.	
Piano, Rhapsodie.....	Liszt
Hans von Schiller.	

Mr. Harry Talley and Miss Maud Dewey gave a song recital in Kimball Hall on Thursday. These young vocalists are pupils of J. H. Kowalski and sang in a very creditable manner, with much musicianly intelligence, and reflected credit upon their very popular teacher.

Mr. Talley, who possesses a good tenor voice, has lately been engaged by the Heywood Concert Company, and Miss Dewey certainly makes good progress in her work. These afternoon recitals give capital opportunity for introducing young singers and tend to give them necessary confidence. The recitals are held every Thursday—Kimball Hall and Mr. Kowalski's studio alternating.

Mme. Ragna Linné sings in St. Paul and Minneapolis in November. We in Chicago hear too little from this accomplished and finished artist, but it is the usual cry "the home artist." I hear that the Mendelssohn Club will not have any Chicago artists assist at either of the three concerts to be given this season. The story goes that the committee of the club was requested to engage one of our leading singers, and the reply came that only foreign artists would be engaged to appear at the club's concerts. This is encouraging to home musicians to strive for artistic excellence. No matter the good work they do, the study, time and tuition are wasted when a big organization like the Mendelssohn Club says "No home people." It is good to know that the club's financial state is in such an excellent condition as to warrant their engagement of the foreign "stars" to the exclusion of other equally good singers who are here and have better right to be heard. The subscription price of \$25 for the three concerts is high, and therefore the foreign bait must be thrown for subscribing purposes. It would have been infinitely better to have popularized the club's performances, because as an example of Männerchor work it is superb.

The Clayton Summy chamber concerts promise to be the best of the kind ever given here. The Spiering Quartet is rehearsing arduously to obtain perfect performances. The program will be entirely of concerted music, and negotiations are pending with several of the best pianists to assist in this, but there will not be any piano solos. One vocal number will be given at each concert, which will harmonize with the classical nature of the programs, and for these some of our best artists will be engaged. Mr. Summy is making a splendid endeavor to foster the love of good music, and is certainly helping the local artist.

Miss Edythe Heyman sails October 10 for Brussels for the purpose of studying with Madame Moriani. For this young dramatic soprano is predicted a great career, as she has been plentifully endowed with nature's gifts. Mrs. Hess-Burr, who advised her to go abroad for the study of art in general, found her to be exceptionally talented. I heard her in various selections, and was astonished at the volume and quality of voice from so young and frail looking a girl. Miss Heyman possesses not only a magnificent voice and fine dramatic temperament, but the sunniest, cheeriest disposition, which should gain many friends on the other side of the water.

It is distressing that the plea of "hard times" should interfere with the good work done by W. L. Tomlins in the social settlements of Chicago with thousands of poor children. It has been found impossible to carry on the work owing to the insufficiency of funds. Only the classes at the Central Music Hall are still being held. Surely every encouragement should be given Mr. Tomlins to enable him to continue in his great work.

FLORENCE FRENCH.

Another Lavin's Success.—The following press notice has recently been received by the favorite tenor:

The well-known tenor Wm. Lavin made a distinct hit in two very beautifully written songs by Lucien Howe—Evening and I Know Not.

Mr. Lavin's voice is under most perfect control and he sings with distinction and intelligence. His singing of Rogers' At Parting, in response to an insistent recall, was one of the most enjoyable events of the evening.—North Adams, Mass., Evening Herald, September 12.

Music Items.

Léon Jancy.—M. Léon Jancy, of Paris, will remain here this month, and his studio is at 343 west Fifty-sixth street.

Sieveling Coming.—Martinus Sieveling, the pianist, is on the Touraine, which left Havre for New York last Saturday, October 3, and is due here about Sunday morning.

Mabel Phipps Back from Europe.—Miss Mabel Phipps, pianist of the New York Ladies' Trio has returned from Paris, where she spent a short vacation after a busy concert season in connection with her associates, Miss Dora Valesca Becker and Miss Van den Hende.

Dora Valesca Becker.—Miss Dora Valesca Becker, the violinist, anticipates a very busy season, having already booked many engagements for solo work, and also for chamber music concerts in connection with the New York Ladies' Trio.

Miss Becker will appear at a series of concerts in New York during October and November, and expects later in the season to make a Southern tour.

August Wm. Hoffmann to Pittsburgh.—Mr. August Wm. Hoffmann, the well-known composer and pianist, who for the past few years has been located in St. Louis, has accepted a call as director of the piano department of the Duquesne Conservatory of Music, Pittsburgh. Besides teaching there, he is making preparations for a season of extensive concert work in Pennsylvania, Ohio, West Virginia, Maryland and western New York.

Esther Hirsch.—Miss Esther Hirsch, the charming young contralto who practically makes her professional debut this season, sang one afternoon last week at the Wolfsohn Musical Bureau and gave an immense amount of pleasure. Mr. Wolfsohn was delighted with her voice and the versatility of her style, which was exhibited in a dramatic aria, a Schubert song and a light, gay little French chanson. This young artist will be heard from prominently during the season and is destined to make a successful mark.

Death of a Violinist.—Malden, September 24.—H. A. Cristie, one of the best known violinists of New England, died late last night at his home on Oliver street.

He was born on the Isle of Jersey, near France, fifty-three years ago, and was prominent in many leading orchestras of the United States.

He leaves two daughters, Mrs. Albert Alexander, of Roxbury, and Mrs. Clarence Miller, of Melrose, both of whom are fine violinists. The cause of his death was paralysis and dropsy.—Boston Evening Record.

Carlotta Desvignes at Worcester.—The remarkable success won by Miss Carlotta Desvignes, the eminent contralto, at the Worcester Festival on September 25, in Bruch's Arminius, is recorded in the following press notices:

Among the contraltos of the time we now think of none whose voice has such native passionateness and convincing emotional quality as that of Miss Desvignes. We felt it to be almost a pity that the richness and fervor of that voice must be so far sacrificed to the relentless exigencies of the music of the *Priestess*. For that rôle, which consists almost entirely of sombre soliloquy, grave counsel, grim foreboding and solemn adjuration, there should be a great and powerful organ, solidly dense in texture and potentially resonant in quality. Miss Desvignes sang the part with perfect comprehension and unflinching art, and when there was an opportunity for her really to sing, she touched the listener by her mellow, persuasive tone and her elegance of style.—Worcester Evening Gazette, September 26.

Miss Desvignes began her first number with some signs of nervousness, but she gained confidence steadily, and her vibrant, brilliant voice delivered the broad passages at the end with noble effect. Applause was spontaneous and hearty, and it grew in sympathy when a huge bouquet was handed up. No mention of floral tributes has been made in these reports, on the principle that they have no legitimate connection with artistic success, but an exception is made on this occasion because on Barthold's next climax he had a bouquet, too, and a very pleasing episode occurred by reason of his embarrassment. He didn't know what to do with the thing, and the audience burst into a laugh. Mr. Zerrahn and Miss Desvignes joined in the merriment, and for a moment hilarity reigned.—Worcester Telegram, September 26.



Mme. Medora Henson.

Mme. MEDORA HENSON,
Soprano.

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Mrs. KATHARINE FISK,
Contralto.

In America after April 5, '97.

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In America after February 20, '97.

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Mr. George Ellsworth Holmes.

The Musical Courier.

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The London MUSICAL COURIER is published every Thursday from 21 Princes street, Cavendish Square, Oxford Circus, W. London, England. This paper, while containing the salient points of THE MUSICAL COURIER of New York, devotes special attention to music throughout Great Britain and the British Colonies.

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THERE was some stir in Buffalo musical circles as a result of an announcement by the backers of the Symphony concerts that these would be abandoned unless a larger public support would be given to the enterprise. The people replied with alacrity and subscriptions, and the concerts under Mr. John Lund will go forward with more éclat than ever before. The Buffalo permanent orchestra must continue to live. We must have permanent orchestras in all the large cities of America—except New York. There is too much dance music and too many orchestral brokers here to permit of a permanent orchestra in this town, but, after all, the Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, Buffalo and Pittsburgh orchestras can visit us

and give us decent symphonic concerts. That is all we shall need, and the condition here will bring that about. So let us dance.

THOSE who doubt the effect of matrimony upon composition can find a solution of the question by comparing the work of Mrs. Beach before and after. There is no question that her compositions since her marriage have deteriorated in quality and musical effectiveness. There is a neat psychological problem involved in this for the modern analyst of the contemporaneous mind, for until lately the above question never obtruded itself. It must not be forgotten, however, that the female composer is a latterday product, and the Beaches, the Chaminades, the Holméses must be developed into larger forms before we can get at a correct judgment of the situation.

A WAIL FROM BOSTON.

SUCH a letter as the following coming from any other city except Boston would not have surprised and shocked us. As it is we are stunned. Read and mourn.

Outside the concerts of the Symphony Orchestra the class of concerts is not nearly as high in order as in the other large cities. The Symphony (and Kneisel Quartet) overshadows everything.

A city that does not possess one decent hall for music is deficient somewhere in musical matters.

Concerts are given by girls about starting out as teachers. They rent a hall, give away all the tickets, advertise once in two or three daily papers. This forces the papers to send critics, and Philip Hale, Woolf, Elson, Apthorp attend concerts that you would hesitate to send—to. Unless the concert is advertised in the daily papers (once being sufficient) even Melba or any other artists would not receive the slightest notice.

In the majority of cases when a concert is given by an outsider local composers must be represented on the program because said composer or composers will take tickets to give their friends. Only for this state of affairs James Fitch Thomson and his wife could not have gotten an audience here.

There are few drawing room or private concerts, and the prices paid (excepting by Montgomery Sears) are ridiculous. Fifteen dollars is considered a high price, while many sing for nothing, really good artists, too. Not one of the artists who just appeared at the Chickering factory were paid—Perabo, Molé, Kuntz, many others, all played or sung gratuitously.

This communication comes from a resident Bostonian who has never tried to have his own compositions played because he has not composed yet. He is trying Boston to observe how the thing works, and is evidently encouraged.

But is not the situation delicious? However, we do not see what object there is in giving concerts in a town that has weekly concerts of such an orchestra as the Boston Symphony and occasional concerts by the wonderful Kneisel Quartet. What is the use, anyhow?

The daily papers are judicious business enterprises if they do not notice concerts—say even Melba concerts—unless the concert giver advertises. A concert is not a public event which a paper should advertise for the benefit of its readers. It is a private business speculation, and for that reason it is advertised. Our Boston friend should look at this thing in its proper light. Melba, for instance, charges admission, and the newspaper charges for space, and presto, there you are.

Then why should a Boston composer not take or rather purchase tickets as an inducement for players or singers to put his works on the program? How is the Boston composer to get a hearing if he does not do something of a business nature to secure a hearing?

No American composer can get his works before the public in any other manner, because the foreign singer who is pushed forward by the American manager as the leading vocal artist of the day will not sing a song composed by an American. There is no question of merit involved in this; it is merely and because the song is written by an American that the foreign singers—such as Melba, Calvé, Plançon, the two de Reszkés, Maurel, Lassalle, Ancona—will not sing it. They sing the most putrid trash written by Europeans, songs such as we are in the habit of denouncing with forcible language if sung by American singers, but tolerated by the public when sung by the foreign artist who is pushed to the front by the American manager, who usually gets bankrupted by the process.

There is nothing to be done about this just at present except to call attention to it as a prophetic record.

*The writer refers to a deaf and dumb boy in THE MUSICAL COURIER office who is at times sent to concerts the critics cannot afford to listen to without the risk of incipient insanity.—ED. M. C.

ord, for our American method is bound to destroy the concert system as a market for American singers and composers, and the prophecy should stand. Boston is the home of the American composer. If his works are not heard there where can he expect an audition? If the American manager will give him none the only recourse he has is to purchase tickets from such artists as will sing or play his compositions.

It is a beautiful state of affairs. If there were any money in it in the long run the American manager could point to his financial success, but all he can thus far do is to point to the thousands and millions he has paid to foreign singers who have gone home and left him in nearly every case penniless. This is a splendid tribute to the sacrifice of his business success on the altar of art; but some people do not see it in that light; particularly the American singer and the American composer.

"Oh, what's the use? Nobody will pay to hear such concerts," says the great American manager. Do they go to hear the others with such enthusiasm as to save the manager from a grave of bankruptcy? If they do go to such concerts all that is taken in at the front door is paid to the foreign artists at the back gate. Oh, but we forget; the American manager is working, not for money but for art and insolvency. Good scheme; keep it up.

We wish to add that those American musical managers who are keeping aloof from the great operatic and concert ring of the foreign cabal will, in the end, secure the patronage of the American public. The same thing applies to England. The day of reckoning is sure to come, and when it comes it will show the absurdity of submitting to an extortion that is criminal when we take into consideration its effect upon the struggling American singers and composers who are crushed out by the present system.

SOLOISTS MINUS REHEARSAL.

WE have again and again, in the editorial columns of THE MUSICAL COURIER during the past year, rebelled against and deplored the inferior work of the principal orchestral societies in New York, the result simply of no rehearsal. We will not even say insufficient rehearsal; we repeat dogmatically "no rehearsal"; for the rushed through meeting or two of a society, with its go ahead trial of a score, followed directly by the performance of this same score in public, is practically "no rehearsal." It is simply the forming an acquaintanceship with the outline of a work, its general swing, so to speak, but it is absolutely no assimilation of its essence of purpose any more than it can be any possible mastery of the technical means devised to express that purpose in faithful unanimity.

Now all this has been hard on the New York public, and a shameful blot on the musical prestige which the metropolis of America should enjoy. The public has set to redress itself by the invitation to orchestras from other cities to visit New York, so that the Boston Symphony last season was able to endure a supplementary series of concerts given by Theodore Thomas, without any detriment to the financial prosperity on either side. The New York public wants the best music played in the best manner, and is willing to pay for the same. When it cannot have it at home it sends for it abroad, and last season Chicago, the capital of the young West, was enabled to share matters with the ever desirable Boston band, and to furnish well prepared orchestral pabulum for the neglected metropolis of the entire United States.

Alas for musical New York with its Philharmonic and Symphony societies, which have in them material for the highest order of work! What does it all avail without rehearsal? Nothing—nothing of any worth, and Chicago can come to the rescue.

The injury dealt by New York's orchestral decadence is not one sided. The amateur public is cheated, but it can find means to indemnify itself, but there is another section of the community injured, a section which can do nothing to retrieve its misfortune and which may possibly carry the effects of a bad orchestral performance with enduring disastrous consequences into other cities. This section is composed of the soloists who come to make a reputation in America for the first time.

Every soloist of rank or pretension, be he singer, pianist, violinist, 'cellist or other, will seek to make his début in New York with orchestra. No great artist will make his initial appearance in Boston or Chicago. That is left for the aspirants who are only learning to tempt favor. New York is the

first city in America, and its authority in matters musical has thereby grown to be tacitly accepted as primary authority. Nothing more has been accepted than what might be and should be, for New York's past history and present possibilities in music are unexceptionally strong and felicitous, but unfortunately what should have been its true story has been converted into a legend, a legend which resident musicians know, but which the provinces and imported artists still accept as the pure, true tale.

The forthcoming season brings numerous European solo artists to our shores. Already they are announced, as per custom, to make their debut with either the Symphony or Philharmonic societies of New York. Here are men and women accustomed not to sing or play a phrase without exhaustive, satisfying rehearsal, even throughout the Continent of Europe, where their abilities have grown and become universally acknowledged.

Now they arrive in America. New York is, in their belief, the centre of music, which its opportunities destine it to be. The legend into which the true tale has resolved itself through the evil machinations of orchestras has not yet been admitted by managers or, above all, by a music supporting provincial public. New York is to all practical ends and purposes still regarded as the true musical centre from which a guiding opinion radiates itself, and is the capital whose criticism largely forestalls the triumph or failure of an artist. The American public is an intelligent public, no doubt, and in the final judgment of any artist is apt to take the bit between its teeth and rely on its own opinion, press or musicians notwithstanding; nevertheless an ill word at the outset can do a terrible amount of damage. As time goes on good taste and judgment may overrule the first published opinion, but the time it takes for this public decision to resolve itself may spell ruin complete and final in this country for the artist.

Let us take, for example, a new pianist. He makes his American debut in New York—to be acknowledged in other cities the unhappy precedent is established that he must appeal first to New York criticism. Is New York criticism based on an allowance for crude orchestral accompaniment, for reckless oblivion of nuance, utter lack of sympathy with or understanding of the soloist in any mood, absolute inattention to dynamics? Is it not? The critic writes exactly as the performance in ensemble strikes him. It will be ruthlessly disproportioned, but who gets the blame? Per every note of the score the orchestra may be correct, and the absence of poetry, intellect, imagination, climax and finish is laid heavily on the new artist's shoulders.

Even the critics up to date are hardly known who realize that a leading European soloist can possibly be called upon to appear before a New York public with a species of trial which does not merit the name of rehearsal, but seems more like an experiment to discover if every instrument is in tune.

This artistic cruelty is perhaps the most insidious of the disasters resulting from New York's careless orchestral work. An accomplished soloist arrives from Europe, engages to make his debut—according to an unwritten law of dignified musical procedure—with one of New York's best orchestras. He calls for necessary rehearsal, and is refused more than the bare trial of his instrument with the orchestral body. His interpretation of standard works may be new or varied, may have significant merit, or the reverse. The orchestra knows not him or his ideas, nor he them. Their following must be at best a dead-letter mechanism, which kills his spirit and all trace of individuality, destroys in advance any novel conception, delicate or forceful, and nullifies all personal magnetism projected through his interpretations. The New York orchestra will be the letter which kills, but the loud-voiced press does not stop to take in its stultifying shortcomings in the case of a newcomer. The New York orchestra has so long been allowed to pass muster that when a stranger is in question and there is blame to be fixed somewhere, who is likely to get it? The stranger, the soloist, by all means.

It has grown into a habit not to think that the orchestra may ruin a soloist. Occasionally this orchestra comes in for a word of blame on the score of dynamics, attack or impurity; but when it comes to the case of a soloist, particularly to a soloist at a debut, where is the orchestra much considered? The soloist is discussed, praised, blamed, maimed or prematurely slaughtered outright often without consideration of the orchestra's share in his perform-

ance. That his noblest ideas may be nullified by monotony, his poetic light and shade obscured by a colorless progression, and his gifted, his individual concepts, his magnetic moods be killed in advance by a large-bodied mechanism outside his sympathy or control, are not frequently taken into account. The concert is written about as unsatisfactory. Mr. or Madam So-and-so were altogether at variance with the orchestra, the performance was unequal, &c. Whose fault? The performer's. By-and-by he or she may prove it was laid in the wrong place, but this by-and-by may come too late for the success they deserved and might have earned. "Ill news travels fast," and ill report may not have ceased working its effect before their practical denial has had time to obtain for them their just position.

On the 10th of this coming November Rosenthal, one of the greatest pianists alive, will appear in Carnegie Hall after an absence of seven years from America, and will play with the New York Symphony Orchestra a concerto of Ludwig B. Schytte, which will then be heard for the first time in America. Here confronts the world of music a duplicate situation. Here is a case of composer as well as interpreter making an initial presentation to the American public by means of an unqualified medium—unqualified, that is if precedent be not departed from, and who shall affirm that it may be?

Rosenthal has been here before, but he reappears as a new man, marvelously advanced in art. Schytte is a Danish composer just laying a gentle grasp on American favor through works of smaller form, but naturally looking to his concerto in the hands of a Rosenthal as a lofty appeal to musicianly taste, whose success means much. What are the chances of Schytte, of Rosenthal? Unless matters undergo a complete subversion in the orchestra they are only the chances framed on kindly guesswork. Musician or no musician, the obscurities raised by bad orchestral work are such as to completely paralyze judgment of any new composer or performer. Skill or science cannot penetrate them. The performance is realized as unequal, unsatisfactory—that is all. Where lies the fault may not be decisively stated, but, as said before, the new man or woman is not unsafe to decry with liberality.

And their blame travels before them. It is read in other cities that their New York hearing was not a success. By-and-by they will live this down if they truly deserve success, but they will have started forth under a ban—a gross injustice to them and a shame for our musically unreliable American metropolis.

"No rehearsal" has a long list of resultant evils. The hardest to endure and to retrieve are the injuries to soloists. Neither their merits or demerits can safely be decided upon under the present orchestral condition in New York, and yet New York continues to be recognized as the city whose initial decision deserves to speed or retard the progress of any artist who makes his or her American debut upon its boards.

Bad orchestral work has made many suffering victims, but new soloists in New York are dealt the cruellest blow of all.

THE DESTRUCTIVE SALARIES.

THERE seems to be no abatement of the agitation inaugurated by this paper against the exorbitant and destructive high salary system as applied to an aggregation of foreign singers that makes its annual appearance in this country in opera and concerts.

The New York *Sun* of Monday follows up the attack upon this modern form of lunacy in the appended paragraph.

A list of the salaries paid not more than ten years ago by the National Opera House and the Opéra Comique in Paris to some of the singers well known here shows how much these artists have to thank the Metropolitan Opera House of this city for a change in their fortunes. It is said that when Lassalle and Jean and Edouard de Reszké were singing together at the Grand Opéra in Paris Lassalle received \$2,900 a month, Jean de Reszké \$1,500 for the same period, and Edouard de Reszké \$1,000. Now in the United States the de Reszkés earn in one night what it formerly took them a month to make. There is no such advance in Lassalle's case, but he has nothing to complain of, and returns this season to sing here at \$600 a performance. Plançon, who was then a beginner, received \$4,800 a year, so he is another who ought to love "dear America" if any foreigner ever did. At the Opéra Comique Victor Maurel received \$1,600 a month, which is probably the maximum figure ever paid there to any one singer, although Van Zandt is said to have received more in the days of her greatest popularity there. She returns this season to the same theatre to create the leading rôle in Massenet's *Cendrillon*. That privilege belongs exclusively to Sibyl Sander-

son no longer. Marie Van Zandt received \$1,000 a night, according to report, during her one season here at the Metropolitan. Melba, who has been in Paris this summer, is said to have remarked there that her only objection to the United States was the people thought too much about making money. The foreign singers, such as Mme. Melba, who come over here are so free from any such thought that their presence ought to be a dreadful reproach to all Americans.

There is of course no desire on the part of the intellectual people of this country to become the sources of amorous praise by foreign artists and singers. It is due to a disgraceful rivalry of the daily papers that a system of sycophancy has been established which permits these wandering minstrels to occupy columns of space for the publication of their insincere sentiment of love for America and its people. This is repudiated by intelligent Americans who have long since become nauseated by the reportorial accounts of the daily movements of the de Reszkés, the Melbas, the Calves, the Plançons, the Maurels, the Lassalles and the whole genus. "Dear America" has become a colorless platitude.

The important feature is the actual cash contribution paid by Americans over and above the price these singers receive for doing in London and Paris exactly what they are doing here. There is no reason why they should not be paid handsomely for their services, but the great excess above the normal advance constitutes an extortion to which the attention of the public had to be conveyed by means of decent and independent journalism. The love for America which these unsympathetic foreigners profess is seen to be a shallow device which is propagated by a lack of respect for our social and artistic conditions, and in this view they are justified, because we actually submit to what is known by them to be an infamous extortion. The contempt they bear us is the result of a managerial system which is as undignified as it is unstable and which always does and always will and always should end in bankruptcy.

MATASWINTHA A SUCCESS.

WE received on Monday the following cablegram from Weimar telling us of the success of Xaver Scharwenka's opera *Mataswintha*, parts of which have been heard in this city.

WEIMAR, October 4, 1896.

The première of Xaver Scharwenka's opera *Mataswintha* was an artistic and popular success. The performance under the baton of Bernhard Stavenhagen was all that could be desired.

FLOERSHEIM.

A PITIFUL CONTRAST.

THE Chicago Orchestra, Theodore Thomas director, has just issued the prospectus for its sixth season, 1896-7. The scheme is a noble one. Again is New York smitten in the face with a fresh reminder of her own shameful stagnation. Look up, dullards and sluggards of the first city in America, and see what other cities are doing. Scan the prospectus of Theodore Thomas and view clearly the triumphant power of contrast. Then hide your humiliated head, for that is all that is left you to do after even one frank comparison with your brethren.

Unrehearsed, slipshod, spiritless orchestral bodies of New York, you have already given the stranger stronghold within your gates. The Boston Symphony was always a welcome visitor, a delightful eclectic change, which you have now converted into a compulsory need. But beyond this the Chicago Orchestra had to come and fill the gap of thoroughly rehearsed music left by you last season, and this season again the New York public must look to other cities for the orchestral music she needs and will have.

Twenty-two matinées and twenty-two evening concerts in the Chicago Auditorium, beginning on October 23, are announced as the home program of the Chicago Orchestra. Beyond these its concerts will probably be, as usual, numerous in other cities. From eighty-four to ninety-five men, according to the requirements of different scores, will compose the orchestra. Among these will be a fresh sprinkling of noted European players.

A new step of enterprise has been taken in the formation of a special chorus, for which the accomplished director Arthur Mees has been engaged. The chorus has been formed with the special view to the performance of short works for chorus and orchestra, a branch of music seldom brought forward in America. This chorus will take part at intervals in the programs of the season, and will give principally novelties.

The list of soloists already engaged includes Rosenthal, Teresa Carreño and Leopold Godowsky

among pianists, the violinists Carl Halir and Jan Van Oordt, the organist Clarence Eddy, the 'cellist Bruno Steindl, and among singers, Nordica.

The programs for the first three concerts, October 23 and 24, October 30 and 31 and November 6 and 7, are already issued. They are admirably made, models from the points of wide range, judicious contrast and meritorious novelty. The skill and versatile musicianship with which these programs are constructed will reward the perusal of the connoisseur.

Here is the list of standard composers and their works from which the season's programs will be made:

Bach.....	Suite No. 2, B minor. Sonata in E. First performance. Concerto in B, for string orchestra. First time.
Balakirew, Mil.	Concerto in G, for string orchestra. Sinfonia, from Christmas Oratorio. First time.
Beethoven.....	Symphonic poem, Thamar. First time. Symphony No. 2 in D, op. 36. Symphony No. 4 in B flat, op. 60. Symphony No. 5, in C minor, op. 67. Symphony No. 8 in F, op. 93. Fantasia for piano, orchestra and chorus, op. 80. Overture, Coriolanus, op. 62. Overture, Egmont, op. 84. Overture, Nahmensfeier, op. 115. Overture, King Stephen, op. 117.
Berlioz.....	Symphonic Descriptive from Les Troyens. First time. Marche Funèbre. First time. Overture, Corsair. Overture, Patrie.
Bizet.....	Symphony No. 3, in F, op. 90.
Brahms.....	Serenade No. 2, in A, op. 16. Symphony No. 8, C minor. First time.
Bruckner, A.....	Symphony in C minor (Scandinavian).
Cowen.....	Overture, Othello. First time.
Dvorák.....	Suite villageoise. First time.
Dubois, Theodore.....	Overture, Prometheus.
Goldmark.....	Suite, Gypsy. First time.
German, Ed.....	Overture in D. First time.
Händel.....	Concerto Grosso in C. First time.
Haydn.....	Symphony in G. B. & H. Edition No. 13.
D'Indy.....	Légende Symphonique, La Forêt Enchantée. First time. Wallenstein's Camp. First time.
Mackenzie.....	From the North. First time.
Massenet.....	Suite, Les Erinnyes. First time.
Mendelssohn.....	Overture, Fingal's Cave. Midsummer Night's Dream.
Mozart.....	Symphony in C. (Jupiter.)
Raff.....	Symphony, Lenore, op. 117. Overture, Ein feste Burg, op. 127.
Saint-Saëns.....	Symphonic poem, Le Rouet d'Omphale. Symphonic poem, Phaëton. Symphonic poem, La Jeunesse d'Hercule. Ballet music, d'Ascanio.
Schumann.....	Symphony No. 2 in C, op. 61. Symphony No. 4 in D minor, op. 120.
Södermann.....	Overture, the Maid of Orleans.
Strauss, R.....	Don Juan, op. 20. First time. Macbeth, op. 23. First time.
Tschaikowsky.....	Symphony, Manfred. Symphony, No. 5, E minor. Fantasia, Francesca da Rimini.
Wagner.....	Selections.
Weber.....	Invitation to the Dance, for Orchestra, by Berlioz.
Zöllner, H.....	Mitternacht bei Sedan.

The following novelties will also be produced regularly, interspersed with the other works:

Bendl, Karel.....	South Slavonic Rhapsody.
Berény, Henri.....	Intermezzo, Aurel's Dream.
Busch, Carl.....	Suite villageoise.
Chadwick.....	Symphony No. 3 in E.
Cowen.....	Suite, In Fairyland.
Dvorák.....	Concerto for violoncello.
Dupac, Henri.....	Symphonic poem, Lenore.
Fibich.....	Overture, Une Nuit à Carlstein.
Footé.....	Suite in D minor, op. 36.
Frank, C.....	Symphonic poem, Le Chasseur Maudit.
Glazounow, A.....	Rhapsodie Orientale, op. 29. Tableau musical, Le Printemps, op. 34. Overture, Carnaval, op. 45. Valse de concert, op. 47. Cortège Solennel, op. 50.
Goldmark.....	Prelude, The Cricket on the Hearth.
Gilson, Paul.....	Fanfare Inaugurale. Mélodies Ecossaises, for string orchestra.
Rimsky-Korsakoff, N.....	Overture, La grande Pague Russe, op. 36.
Lorenz.....	Taubenlied und Ballet.
MacDowell.....	Suite No. 2 in E minor, Indian, op. 48.
MacCunn, Hamish.....	Ballad for orchestra, The Ship o' the Fiend. Overture, The Dowie Dens o' Yarrow.
Van Reznicek, E.....	Overture to a comedy.
Medaol, Oscar.....	Scherzo Caprice.
Giuseppe Martucci.....	Symphonic D minor.
Röntgen, Julius.....	Ballad on a Norwegian Folksong.
Saint-Saëns.....	Grand March, Orient and Occident.
Schillings, Max.....	Symphonic Fantasia, Meergruss. Symphonic Fantasia, Seemorgen.
Smetana.....	Symphonic Poem, Wallenstein's Camp. Symphonic Poem, Richard III. Symphonic Poem, Hakon Jarl.
Stanford, C. Villiers.....	Suite of Ancient Dances.
Suck, Josef.....	Serenade, op. 6, for string orchestra.
Weber.....	Invitation to the Dance, for orchestra, by Felix Weingartner.

There will also be three request programs during the season.

The above all come from Chicago, an infant city in age, as far as orchestral work is concerned, but

ambitious, well-governed, thoroughly disciplined, consistent and laborious, until its permanent orchestra stands a giant and lusty reproach to the decayed remnant of forces to which the ancient city of New York still attaches titles of dignity and promise. New York, with all its facilities, all its old-time prestige, all its good musicians, its players, its musical populace, has nothing left it in the shape of orchestra but a few resounding names. The sign is still hung out, but the work it announces is not given. The public wants the duly finished work, and has finally found out that it has for over long been basing its faith and spending its dollars on the hollow simulacrum of things that were; on a tissue of material intrinsically good enough but held together by neither practice nor order, and appealing to New York audiences mainly by the retention of an honorable name.

The New York public demands the best orchestral music. New York is the first city in America. Who will supply it? Boston has always come with its unsurpassed band to diversify the general orchestral scheme, a choice and welcome guest no more. But now Boston, Chicago, and any other properly rehearsed body for that matter, come they from East or West, have become New York's sole hope and savior in matters orchestral. With the savage state of neglect into which rehearsal in New York has fallen, even the old time-worn works, the works which players could almost read blindfold, have suffered grossly by inequality of treatment, imbalance and general impurity. Even the neophytes could discover that their old symphonies and suites were maltreated. What, then, about new works?

Would any musical individual in New York give judgment upon a new work after its performance by a New York orchestra under present conditions? Could any intelligent being hope to get a glimpse into the composer's spirit and thought by a performance based upon a mere semi-mastery of the purely technical side? Time is taken for no more, and to accept such results has been the demand made upon the New York public for some time.

But, while a patient public for long, when the New York public revolts it does so without hope of concession. It has done so now, and it holds forth its arms to Boston as it never did before with the admission of a strenuous need, and in addition it turns to Chicago and calls back Theodore Thomas to visit it and play for it with its good men and true, who, however their intrinsic worth may compare with New York's superior but misused material, know not the experience of giving to the public anything which they have not mastered by arduous and exhaustive rehearsal.

New York can sit down and garb herself in the fibre of decay which is the reflected contrast of other cities' splendid progression. Boston was always pre-eminent, but New York is now beaten, overwhelmingly beaten, by Chicago. She can be beaten at her present stage by any city which sends forth a body of orchestral players of merit who have been duly and carefully rehearsed.

The pity of it! Where lies the remedy? How can the metropolis of America reclaim orchestral prestige? Shameful laxity has permitted this question to arise in the first place. It will take a combination of rare skill and virtue to answer it.

Meantime New York will be supplied by Boston and Chicago.

Budapest.—The opera Matthias Corvinus, by Carl Auer, the pseudonym of Capellmeister Trotzler, was produced at the Royal Opera House, Budapest, September 13 with great success.

Too Well Informed.—A Paris reporter, in writing of the Czar as anxious to maintain the European concert, added that he was very fond of music and played skillfully on the 'cello. Since that fatal paragraph the Emperor of all the Russias has been greeted everywhere in his travels by a solo on that instrument. In Copenhagen the Danish virtuoso Dagdorf welcomed him with Bach's Meditation; at Vienna Herr Klobberd gave him The Beautiful Blue Danube; at Breslau he heard a melody composed by Frederick the Great for 'cello and clarinet. In France the Minister of Fine Arts suggested for his arrival at Paris Braga's Serenade, but the Minister of Foreign Affairs put his veto on this piece, because Braga was an Italian, and Italy belonged to the Dreibund, and recommended a national sonata by Franchomme. At Cherbourg the 'cellist of the City Theatre has been practicing something from the Errines of Massenet. And now it is stated that the Czar does not care for music and never had a bow in his hand, and it is suggested that the reporter was a Nihilist in disguise.



THE RIM OF FINER ISSUES.

THERE seemed to be a fitting dispensation in the marriage of Arthur Vibert and Eleanor Bishop. She was a plain girl of twenty-four—even her enemies admitted her plainness—but she had brains, and the absence of money was, in her young husband's opinion, more than compensated by her talent for literature. It was understood that Eleanor would do great things some day if only she had her way, and her union with Arthur Vibert was voted by mutual friends singularly auspicious. He had just returned from Germany with the seal of critical approval upon his compositions, and he was also an excellent pianist. What could be more natural than the marriage of these two gifted persons?

Eleanor Vibert when quite a girl had published some things—rhapsodic prose poems, weak in syntax, but strong in the quality called imaginative. Her pen name was George Bishop, she following in this the example of those three women so dear to the upholders of sexless literature—Georges Sand, George Eliot and George Egerton.

Eleanor admired the latter author greatly.

She was a large young woman whose bulk seemed rather of bone than flesh. She had style, color, decision, but little tenderness. She was ugly, but after the bloom of her ugliness wore off you admired the large iron-colored eyes, full of power, and wondered why nature in dowering her with a splendid brain had not made for her a more refined mouth. The upper part of her face was illuminated, the lower narrowly escaped being coarse, but her keen, rather strenuous brilliancy speedily dispelled any notion of sensuality. Eleanor was a self-willed New York girl who had never undergone the chastening influences of discipline or rigorously ordered study. She avowedly despised the classics, and was a modern of moderns in her tastes.

She had nerves, but did not approve of showing their vagaries in diary form. She did not affect Bashkirtseff, but adored Guy de Maupassant. His clear, almost Greek-like fashion of regarding life in profile, his etching of its silver tipped angles made an irresistible appeal to her, and she vainly endeavored to catch his crisp, restrained style, his magnificent sense of form. In the secrecy of her study she also read Ouida and asked why this woman had not won first honors in the literary race. Then she fell in with "Keynotes," got bitten with the sex craze, and was fast developing into one of the shrieking sisterhood when Arthur Vibert landed fresh from Berlin.

From the moment a woman occupies her thoughts with a man art ceases for her, and the night Eleanor Bishop met the young pianist in my studio I saw that she was interested. Arthur came to me with letters from some German critics, and I liked the slender blue-eyed lad, for he was not a day over twenty-one. A true American type, tempered by Continental culture. Oval faced, fair haired, a rather dreamy disposition, and with a certain austerity of manner which betokened the intellectual, he was the fastidious Puritan—the Puritan expanded by artistic influences. Strangely enough, he had undoubted temperament, and set to music Heine's and Lienau's poems beautifully. A genuine talent, I felt assured, and I congratulated myself on my new acquisition, for I was fond of finding lions, and my Sunday evenings were seldom without some specimen that roared, if somewhat gently, yet audibly, for my visitors. Arthur Vibert made an impression, and then he met Eleanor Bishop, and I recognized the immediate impact of the girl's brusque personality upon his sensitized nature.

She was a devoted admirer of Wagner, and that was bond enough to set reverberating other chords

of sympathy in the pair. I will not assert in cold blood that the girl set herself deliberately to charm the boyish looking composer, but there was certainly a basking confidence in her gaze when her eyes brushed his. With her modern complicated personality he could not cope; that was only too evident, so I watched the little comedy with considerable interest and not without a few misgivings.

Arthur fell in love without hesitation, and while Eleanor felt desperately superior to him,—you could see that,—she could not escape the bright, immediate response of his face. The implicated interest of her bearing, the unconcealed adoration of his, soon brought the affair to the altar—or rather the civil ceremony, for the bride was an agnostic who prided herself on her absolution from established religious forms.

Her clear, rather dry nature had always been a source of study for me. What could she have in common with the romantic and decidedly shy youth? She was older, more experienced—plain girls have experiences as well as favored ones—and she was not especially fond of matrimony with poverty as an obligato. Arthur had prospects of pupils, and his compositions sold at a respectable rate, but the couple had little money to spare, nevertheless people argued their marriage a capital idea—such a union of rich talents, something surely must result. Look at the Brownings, the Shelleys, the Schumanns, not to mention in polite society George Eliot and her man Lewes!

So they were married and I was best man, and I realized what a solvent is music—what strange trafficking it causes and what prejudices it intertwines. Eleanor Vibert's heart might be forty, but her tissues were twenty, and the overture being finished the curtain arose as it does on all people when they mate.

I did not see much of the Viberts that winter. I cared not at all for society and they had moved to Harlem, so I lost two stars of my studio receptions. But I occasionally heard they were getting on famously. Arthur was composing a piano concerto and Eleanor was engaged upon a novel—a novel, I was told, which would lay bare to its rotten roots the social fabric, and knowing the girl's inherent fund of bitter cleverness I awaited the new born with gentle impatience. I hoped, however, foolish, inexperienced old bachelor that I was, that her feminine asperity would be tempered by the suavities of married life.

One afternoon late in March Arthur Vibert dropped in on me as I was putting the finishing touches to my portrait of Mrs. Beacon, the rich Mrs. Beacon of Fifth avenue. He looked weary and his eyes were encircled.

"Hello, my boy! and how is your wife, and how is that wonderful piano concerto we've been all hearing about?"

He shrugged his shoulders and asked for a cigarette.

"Shall I play you some bits of it?" he queried in a gloomy way. I was all eagerness, and presently he was absently preluding at my Steinway grand.

There was little vigor in his touch, and I recalled his rambling wits by crying, "The concerto, let's have it!"

Arthur pulled himself together and began. He was very modern in musical matters, and I liked the decisive, incisive and dynamic power of his opening. The first subject was more massive than musical, and was built on the style beloved in the architectonics of Liszt and Tchaikowsky. There was blood in the idea, and plenty of nervous fibre, and I dropped my brushes and palette as the unfolding of the work began with a logical severity and a sense of form unusual in so young a mind.

This first movement interested me; I almost conjured up the rich instrumentation, and when it ended I was warm in my congratulations.

Arthur moodily wiped his brow and looked indifferent.

"And now," I cried enthusiastically, "and now for the second movement. My boy, you always had a marked gift for the lyrical. Give us your romanza—the romanza, I should say, born of Eleanor, your good lady!"

He answered me shortly, "There is no romance, I've substituted for it a scherzo. You know that's what Saint-Saëns and all the fellows are doing nowadays, Scharwenka too."

I fancied that there was a shade of eager anxiety in his explanation, but I said nothing and listened.

The scherzo—or what we call the scherzo since Beethoven and Schumann—was too heavy, inelastic in its tread, to dispel the blue devils. It was conspicuous for its absence of upspringing delicacy, light, arch merriment. It was the sad, bitter joking of a man upon whose soul life had graven pain and remorse, and before the trio was reached I found myself watching the young composer's face. I knew that like all modern music students he had absorbed in Germany some of that scholastic pessimism we meet in Brahms' music, but I had hoped that a mere fashion of the day would not poison the springs of this fresh personality.

Yet here I was confronted with a painful confession that life had brought the lad more than its quantum of spiritual and physical hardship, and that he was telling me all this in his music—for his was too subjective a talent to ape the artificial grand objective manner.

Without waiting for comment from me he plunged into his last movement, which proved to be a series of ingenious variations—a prolonged passacaglia—in which the grace and dexterity of his melodic invention, contrapuntal skill, and symmetrical sense were gratifyingly present.

I was in no mere flattering vein when I told him he had made big strides in his studies.

"But, Arthur, why so much in the Brahms manner? Has your wife turned your love of Shelley to Browning worship?" I jestingly concluded.

"My wife could, if she wished, turn Shelley into a swine," he answered bitterly. This Circe-like allusion shocked me. I felt like putting questions, but how could I? Had I not been one of the many who advised the fellow to marry Eleanor Bishop? Had we all not fancied that in her strength was his security—his hope for future art triumphs?

He went on, as his fingers snatched at fugitive harmonic experimentings, "It's not all right up town, old man. I wish that you would run up some night. You've not seen Eleanor for months, and perhaps you could induce her to put the brake on." I was puzzled. Putting the brake on a woman is always a risky experiment, especially if she happens to be wedded to another. Besides, what did he mean?

"I mean," he replied to my tentative look of inquiry, "that Eleanor is going down hill with her artistic theories of literature, and I mean that she has made our house a devilish unpleasant place to live in."

I hastily promised to call in a few days, and after seeing him to the door and bidding him cheer up, I sat down before the portrait of Mrs. Beacon and felt savage at the noisiness of color and monotony of tonal values in the picture.

"Good Lord, why will artists marry?" I irritably asked of my subject in the frame, and her sleek Knickerbocker smile further angered me, and I went to my club and drank coffee until long after midnight.

If the bloom of Eleanor Vibert's ugliness had worn off, as her friends asserted, I did not notice. She was one of those few women in the world whom marriage does not improve. Her eyes were colder, her jaw crueller, her lips more sensual. She welcomed me with distinguished loftiness, and I soon felt the unpleasant key in which this household tune was being played. It was amiable enough, this flat near the Mount Morris Park, in Harlem. Vibert had taste and so had his wife, and their music room was charming in its reticent scheme of decoration—a grand piano, a low, crowded bookcase, with a cast of Rodin, a superb mezzotint of Leonardo's Mona Lisa after Calmatta revealing the admirable poise of sweetly folded hands, surely the most wonderful hands ever painted, while the polished parquet floor, comforting couches, and open fireplace proclaimed the apartment as the composition of refined people.

I am alive to the harmonies of domestic interiors and I felt the dissonance there must be in the lives of these two with their surroundings.

Soon we three warmed the cold air of restraint and we fell to discussing life, art, literature, our friends, and even ourselves. I could not withhold my admiration of Eleanor's cleverness. She was transposed to a coarser key, and there was a suggestion of the overblown in her figure, but her tongue was sharp and she wore the air of a woman who was mistress of her mansion if not of herself. Arthur soon relapsed into silence and lounged and smoked in the corner, while Mrs. Vibert expounded her ideas of lit-

erary form, and finally confessed that she had given over the notion of a novel.

"You see, the novel is overdone to-day. The short story ended with Maupassant. The only hope we few who take our art seriously have is to compress the short story to a page and distil into it the vivid impression of a moment, a lifetime, an eternity." She looked intellectually flushed, but triumphant. I interposed a mild objection.

"This form, my dear lady, is it a fitting vehicle for so much weight of expression? I admire, as do you, the sonnet, but I can never be brought to believe that Milton could have compressed Paradise Lost in a sonnet."

"Then all the worse for Milton," she tartly replied. "Look at the Chopin prelude. Will you contradict me when I say that in one prelude this composer has crowded the experiences of a lifetime, and when he expanded his idea in the sonata form how diffuse, how garrulous he became!"

I ventured to remark that Chopin had no especial talent for the sonata form.

"The sonata form is dead," the lady replied. "Am I not right, Arthur?"

"Yes, my dear," came from Arthur. I fully understood his depression.

"No," she continued, magnificently. "No, it is this blind adherence to older forms that crushes all originality of to-day. There is Arthur with his sonata form, as if Wagner did not create his own form."

"But I am no Wagner," interrupted her husband.

"Indeed, you are not," said Mrs. Vibert. I thought rather viciously. "If you were we wouldn't be in Harlem. You men to-day lack the initiative. The way must be shown you by women; yes, by poor, crushed women—the woman who has no originality according to your Schopenhauers; the women whose sensations, not being of coarse enough fibre to be measured by the rude emotion-weighting machine of Lombroso, are therefore adjudged as possessing less delicacy than men. What fools your scientific men can be!"

Mrs. Vibert was a bit pedantic, but she could talk to the point when aroused. I bade her go on, for I was interested.

"You discredit the idea of compressing an epic into a sonnet, a sonata into a prelude; well, I've attempted something of the sort, and even if you laugh I'll stick to my argument. I've attempted to tell the biological history of the cosmos in a single page. I begin with the unorganized protozoa and finally reach man, and to give it dramatic interest I trace a germ cell from eternity until the now, and you shall hear its history this moment." She stopped for breath, and I wondered if Mrs. Somerville or George Eliot had ever talked in this astounding fashion. I was certain that she must have read Iamblichus and Porphyry. Paul on his couch groaned.

"Mock if you please," said Eleanor, her strong face flushed, "but women will yet touch the rim of finer issues. Paul Goddard, who is a critic I respect, told me I had struck the right note of modernity in my prose poem." I winced at the "note of modernity," and I could not help seeing the color mount to Arthur's delicate brow at the mention of the man's name.

"And pray who is Mr. Paul Goddard?" I asked while Mrs. Vibert was absent in search of her manuscript. Arthur replied indifferently: "Oh, a rich, fashionable fool who went to Bayreuth last summer and poses as a Wagnerite ever since. He also plays the piano und wie."

Arthur's tone was sarcastic. He did not like Paul Goddard and his critical attentions to his wife, but the poor lad looked so disheartened, so crushed by the rigid intellectual atmosphere about him, that I put no further question to him and was glad when Mrs. Vibert returned with her prose poem.

She read it to us and it was called

FRUSTRATE.

O the misty plaint of the Unconceived! O crystal incuriousness of the unborn monad! The faint swarming downward toward the light and the rending of the sphere of hope, frustrate, inutile. I am the seed called Desire; I am he, I am she. We walk, we swim, we totter, and we blend. Through the ages I lie in the womb of Time; I am sweated by Fate into the Now. On pulsing terraces, under a moon blood-red, I dreamed of the mighty confluence. About me were my kinsfolk. Full of dumb pain we pleased our centuries with anticipation. We watched as we gamed away the hours. From Asiatic plateaus we swept to Nilotic slime. We roamed in primeval forests, vast and arboreally sublime, or sported with the behemoth and lis-

tened to the serpent's sinuous irony. We chattered with the sacred apes and mouthed at the moon, and in the Long Ago we wore the carapace and did forthright things on coprolitic sands—sand stretching into the bosom of the earth, sands woven of windy reaches touching the sun. We lay with the grains of corn in Egyptian granaries and saw them fructify under the smile of the sphinx. We buzzed in the ambient atmosphere, gaudy dragon-flies or whirling motes in full cry after humming-birds. Then from some cold crag we launched with wings of fire-breathing pestilence and fell fathoms under the sea to war with lizard-fish and narwhal. For us the supreme surrender, the joy of the expected. With cynical glance we saw the Buddha give way to the Christ. We watched protoplasmically the birth of planets and the confusion of creation. We saw horned monsters become gentle ruminants and heard the scream of the pterodactyl in the tree-tops dwindle to child's laughter. We heard, we saw, we felt, we knew, and yet we were unconceived, unborn. Yet hoped we on, for every monad has his day. One by one the septillions and millions, the quintillions and billions, disintegrated from the central parent mass and floated into formal life. And we watched and waited. Ours was to be the crowning triumph. Our evolution had been the latest delayed until, heartsick with longing, many of my brethren wished for annihilation.

At last I was alone, save one. The time of my fruition was not afar. O for the moment when I should realize my opal dreams! I saw this last one swept away, swept down the vistas toward life, the thunderous surge of passion singing in her ears. A soul was about to be born. O that my time would come! At last, after vague alarms, with overwhelming torrents of rutilant fires, I was summoned. The hour had struck; eternity was left behind, and eternity loomed ahead, implacable, furrowed with Time's scars. I hastened to my love, to that other monad, the only one in the vast basin of the cosmos which must unite with me. I tarried not and throbbed as I ran in the race. The moments were precious; a second meant aeons, and, crashing into the light, I furiously sought for her, for the one. Alas! I met her not. We turned the sharp corner of the Possible and were lost to each other forever. Of what avail my travail? Of what avail my countless cruel preparations? O Chance! O Fate! I am one of the accursed silent multitude of the Frustrate!

When she had finished reading this extraordinary contribution to rhapsodical monadology she awaited my criticism, but with the air of an armed warrior.

"Really, Mrs. Vibert, I am overwhelmed," I managed to stammer. "Such a theme is so delicate that only the most delicate symbolism dare express its unstripping of the mystery of life." I felt that this was very vague, but what could I say?

She regarded me sternly, but Arthur catching at what I had uttered at random burst in:

"There, Eleanor, I am sure that is right. Your theme is coarse, your development and exposition too bold, and worst of all you leave nothing to the imagination. Now a subtle veiled idealism—" He was not allowed to get any further.

"Veiled idealism indeed!" she angrily cried. "You composers dare to say all manner of wickedness in your music, but it is idealized by tone, isn't it? Why can't language have the same privilege? Why must it be bridled because the vulgar have made it their own?"

"Just because of that reason, dear madam," I soothingly said; "because reticence is art's brightest crown; because a Zola never gives us a real human document and a Flaubert does, and the difference is a difference of method. Flaubert is magnificently naked, but his nakedness implicates no nastiness."

"As usual," she serenely answered, "you men enter the zone of silence when a woman's work is mentioned. I do not attempt a monument in the frozen manner of your Flaubert. Mr. Goddard believes—" There was a crash of music from the piano as Arthur tried to change the conversation. His wife's fine indifference was tantalizing, but also instructive.

"Mr. Goddard believes with Nietzsche that individualism is the only salvation of the race. My husband Mr. Vibert believes in altruism, self-sacrifice and all the old-fashioned flummery of out-worn creeds."

"I wonder if you also believe Nietzsche's 'Thou goest to women? Remember thy whip'?" I meekly questioned. Eleanor looked at her husband and shrugged her shoulders; then, picking up her manuscript, she left the room with the tread of a soldier, laughing all the while.

"An exasperatingly clever girl," I mused, as Vibert—after some graceful swallow-like flights on the keyboard—finally played that most dolorously

delicious of Chopin nocturnes, the one in C sharp minor.

That night in my lonely studio I did not, after the style of most old bachelors, rejoice in my bachelorhood, for I felt genuinely sad over the absence of agreeable modulations in the married life of my two young friends.

I thought the thing over for the next month, and reached the conclusion that people had to work out their own salvation, and resolved not to visit the Viberts again. It was too painful an experience, and yet I could see that Vibert cared for his wife in a sensuous, weak sort of a way. But she was too overpowering for him, and her robust, intellectual and passionate nature needed Nietzsche's whip—a stronger, more passionate will than her own. It was simply a case of mismating, and no good could result from the union.

Later I felt as if I had been selfish and priggish, and resolved to go to the house in Harlem and try to mend matters. To this day I am not sure whether it was curiosity rather than a laudable benevolence that prompted this resolve, but I never had the chance to put it into execution. One hot afternoon in May Arthur Vibert entered my room, and throwing himself in an easy chair gave me the news.

"She's left me, old man, she's gone off with Paul Goddard."

I came dangerously near swearing.

"Oh, it's no use of you're trying to say consoling things. She's gone for good. I was never strong enough to hold her, and so it's come to this disgraceful smash."

I looked eagerly at Arthur to discover overmastering sorrow, but there was little. Indeed he looked relieved; his life for nearly a year must have been a trial, and yet I mentally confessed to some disappointment at his want of deep feeling. I saw he was chagrined, angry, but not really heart hurt. Lucky fellow; he was only twenty-two and had all his life before him. I asked for explanations.

"Oh, Eleanor always said that I never understood her, that I could never help her to reach the rim of finer issues. I suppose this fellow Goddard will. At least she thinks so, else she wouldn't have left me. She said no family could stand two prima donnas at once; as if I ever posed, or pretended to be as brilliant as she! No, she stifled me, and I feel now as if I could compose that romanza for my concerto."

Oh art, are all your slaves so shallow! or does art replace the natural affections, as some pretend? I am a painter, but an old-fashioned one, and they say I paint badly because I try to put too much heart in my canvases.

I consoled the young pianist, told him this blow was intended by the powers above as a lesson in self-control; that he must not be downcast, but turn to his music as a consolation, and a whole string of such sort of platitudes. When he left me I asked myself if Eleanor was not right, after all. Could she have reached that visionary rim of finer issues she always prated of with this man—talented though he was, yet a slender reed shaken by the wind of her will? Besides, his chin was too small.

He could not master her masculine nature, yet would she be happy with Paul Goddard, that bright winged butterfly of aestheticism? I doubted it. Perhaps the feminine, receptive composer was intended to be her saving complement in life. Perhaps she unconsciously cared for Arthur Vibert, and as I argued the question as dispassionately as I could my eyes fell on Thus Spake Zarathustra, and opening the fat, unwieldy volume I read:

"Is it not better to fall into the hands of a murderer than into the dreams of a lustful woman?"

"Pooh-pooh!" I sneered. "Nietzsche was a rank woman hater," and then I went to work on Mrs. Beacon's portrait, the fashionable Mrs. Beacon, of Fifth avenue, and tried to forget all about the finer issues, the new woman, and the satisfied sterility of her ideals.

J. H.

Bilse at Eighty.—Bilse, the conductor of the popular concerts at Berlin, has just celebrated his eightieth birthday.

Sternberg's Trio to be Played in Dresden.—Constantin v. Sternberg's new trio in F sharp minor is to be played this winter in Dresden by the Tonkünstlerverein on one of the gala evenings which the King of Saxony honors with his presence. The piano part will be in the hands of the Royal Pianist Hermann Scholz (of Chopin revision fame). The first trio in C minor was incorporated in the library of the Royal Conservatory.



FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN.
Eppsteiner Str. 18, September 18, 1896.

DELIBES' ballet *Coppelia* has been the novelty of the past week, and a delightful piece it is. The music contains all the charms the great ballet writer could put into it, and it was given with the greatest delicacy and precision by the orchestra. Frl. Robertine, as première danseuse, came for the first performance of *Coppelia*, as guest, but after her first appearance was permanently engaged by the management. There has been considerable in my brief letters concerning Frl. Schako, of the opera, who is rightly considered as genuine an artist as ever sung in Frankfurt, so a word more in the highest praise of that lady's ability is, I hope, not out of place. This highest praise she merits by her superb *Marie* in the *Daughter of the Regiment*. She looks and acts the part with complete satisfaction, and in it her unusual vocal powers are shown to greater advantage than in any other rôle she assumes. Her colorature work is undoubtedly up to the standard of the world's great artists. Her voice clear and sweet as the tones of a flute, faultless in intonation and phrasing, she sang Donizetti's musical elaborations as easily as she sings her simple rôle in the opera of Joseph. How Americans would rave over her voice! Even the Frankfurters do. One of the treats of this season will be Frl. Schako's singing in Haydn's *Seasons*.

Frl. Kurtz made her first appearance in Tannhäuser this week, and is reported to have been engaged in the place of Frau Prof. Schröder-Hanfstäengl, who has this year retired from the opera and will devote her time to teaching. Emile Paur, the pianist, and Willy Hess, concertmeister in Cologne, have just completed a very successful concert tour of six weeks through Norway and Sweden. While in Christiania they were entertained on board the ship *Fram* by the now famed Dr. Nansen.

The week is as crowded with Fest-Vorstellungen as the city is with musicians and surgeons, the former being in honor of the latter, who are here 3,000 strong, representing the United Societies of Physicians and Surgeons of Germany. Many foreign celebrities are in attendance, and one can see little else on the streets but groups of long haired, heavy bearded men, with immense spectacles and "professional" coats, talking "gossip" quite heavy enough to sink a paving stone.

Last night the opera was crowded with the "dear doctors," who straightway forgot all they knew about misery and microbes when they heard Hänsel and Gretel and were gradually led back to thinking of them by the closing scene of *Pagliacci*.

I heard a few days since a very interesting and informal program at which several new (to me, at least) and very worthy compositions were performed. Among the most enjoyable were Schütt's piano concerto in F moll, and Sinding's beautiful romanza (op. 30) for violin and piano. A collection of musical scenes under the title of *Carnaval Mignon*, by Schütt, was also very good. I don't think Schütt's piano music is well known in America's lesser cities, and it should be. His compositions are most musical, earnest and original. Both his suites and sonata for piano and violin are better known in the States than are his larger piano works.

Herr Prof. Engesser, who is one of the most able on the staff of piano instructors at Hoch's Conservatory, numbers little Frieda Simonson—known to you as the child pianist—among his pupils. Miss Simonson studied with Madame Schumann until her decease, and then came to Professor Engesser, who is himself a Schumann pupil.

The operas this week are *Fledermaus*, *Carmen*, with Frl. Kurtz in the title rôle; *Rheingold*, *Mignon*, when Frl. Montin makes her first appearance, and on Sunday *Lohengrin*.

HENRY EAMES.

Richard Pohl.—The well-known writer on musical subjects Richard Pohl celebrated his seventieth birthday on September 12. He was one of the earliest disciples of the new German school of music.

Hans Richter.—Court Capellmeister Hans Richter has received from the Emperor of Russia a gold cigarette case set with brilliants and a letter expressing His Majesty's admiration for his work at the court concert given at Vienna in his honor.

Carl Chats About Music in Europe.

MR. WILLIAM C. CARL, the eminent organist, has just returned from his summer passed in Europe and looks in splendidly vigorous and buoyant condition for the extremely busy season which lies before him.

The remarkable success achieved by Mr. Carl in his recital tours of the past two seasons has led to a very extensive list of bookings for the forthcoming season in New York and its vicinity, as well as throughout the South and West. A tremendous amount of recital work has been contracted for during the summer and offers of still further engagements are daily reaching the active organist, who will find every moment of his time this season professionally absorbed.

Mr. Carl resumes his position as organist and director at the First Presbyterian Church, Fifth avenue and Twelfth street, New York, where his church work, as well as his annual series of free recitals, has always attracted musical attention and interest. During the month of November Mr. Carl will resume this season also a series of recitals, with dates arranged so as not to interfere with his numerous engagements through the provinces.

On October 15 Mr. Carl opens his first Western tour by a recital at the Wesleyan University, Ohio, whence he proceeds to fill a rapid succession of dates. On November 8 he will be heard in New York with the Symphony Orchestra under Walter Damrosch at Carnegie Hall, when he will play two entirely new compositions by Guilmant, of which Mr. Carl brought the parts with him on his return. One is an Adoration for string orchestra and organ, and the other an Allegro for full orchestra and organ.

In addition to his regular church work and numerous recitals, Mr. Carl will also resume direction of the Baton Club, a choral society which he has the high credit of having organized from unskilled material and developed to a remarkable state of musical intelligence, purity of style and finish.

This combination of responsibility presents a stupendous amount of duty for one musician to discharge in a season, but Mr. Carl is not afraid of work. Like most men destined to make a distinguished mark, his energy equals his capacity, and he is unvaryingly at his post to carry out with zeal and vigorous ability the extensive plans which he has formulated. His European trip this season has done Mr. Carl a world of good, and he is physically in excellent condition for the tasks which he has set himself.

A few weeks were passed with his old master, Guilmant, at the great organist's home at Meudon. This Mr. Carl describes as an artist's paradise, standing high above the banks of the Seine, near St. Cloud, within half an hour's run by rail from Paris. It is a spacious, luxurious villa, surrounded by immense gardens and orchards and by abundant trees, which along one lovely path interlace and form a verdant roof overhead, the whole shut in from the outer world by high stone walls covered with the trailing peach vine—a lovely clinging plant which flourishes in France.

From the balconies which run around the house one can look down at the city of Paris lying far beneath, for Guilmant's sequestered home stands on a high elevation. Everything in the quiet and picturesqueness of the atmosphere is conducive to the growth of imagination and to the accomplishment of the immense amount of work as a creator and interpreter of music which Guilmant achieves. The great organist, Mr. Carl says, is also a great pianist. Around him in this charming retreat he draws together a salon of his friends elect and every evening there is abundant music, frequently piano music by Guilmant, who, Mr. Carl says, plays Wagner as few great artists are known to play him. Guilmant's habit is to take a solid act from one opera and play it straight through without the omission of a phrase. To hear him do this is a poetic revelation and delight. With all his musical work as composer and organist Guilmant is also finding time at present to arrange a publication to be called *Les Archives des Maîtres de l'Orgue*. This will consist of a collection

of compositions of ancient masters which had been copied at one time by Guilmant's father—who was also an organist—at the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris, the one place where they were to be found. Guilmant has frequently played some of these at the Trocadéro with great success, and is now prepared to revive them for the permanent public benefit.

Mr. Carl has a very good portrait of himself done in crayon from life by Guilmant's artist son, and brings back also this season an excellent photo, taken also by Guilmant fils, with Mr. Carl seated in the leafy garden, surveying one of the loveliest stretches of verdure, orchard and flowers upon which the eye could rest.

While abroad Mr. Carl made many organ notes and observations, visited principal organs of interest and studied the music in the cathedrals and churches of Belgium, Holland, France and Switzerland. What he most saw reason to deplore was the fact that some of these organs—the most superb in the world—are never heard to full advantage in a general recital program.

"As a rule," said Mr. Carl, "these magnificent instruments are heard only in the church services. In Germany they have an orchestra to which the organ plays simply a secondary part. In Holland and Switzerland there is no orchestra, but the organ is merely used to accompany chorals as sung by the people. Truly, some of the finest instruments in the world never have a chance to even suggest their possibilities. This must strike any musician as a pitiful condition of disuse."

"Occasionally you meet an exception. At the Antwerp Cathedral the organ, which was restored nearly six years since is made a prominent factor in the various services. Here M. Joseph Callaerts, who is a most capable musician, plays exceedingly well, and for about half an hour after mass each Sunday gives a regular recital program. This Antwerp organ, built in Brussels, has four manuals and 100 stops. M. Callaerts has written much for the organ, but is not yet well known in America. Two of his works dedicated to me I shall bring out this winter," said Mr. Carl.

"If only," continued Mr. Carl, who believes earnestly and enthusiastically that great instruments are meant to be great educators and that keeping a noble voice silent is a woeful and willful stifling of progress—"if only others would follow the example of M. Callaerts! But how few!"

"You see," said the organist, "the churches object to performances during the week because they will admit nothing of secular aspect. But M. Callaerts evades the secular idea by his continuation of music after the Sunday service—an impromptu performance as it were—while at the same time he compasses the need of allowing a music-loving people to hear a noble instrument fulfill its superb resources."

"Then there is M. Gigout in Paris. Every Sunday there is a half hour mass at St. Augustin at 1 o'clock. The hour attracts the élite, and at this mass the great organist plays secular music of the best order; just what he pleases. It pleases the worshippers also, and exhibits the beauty and power of the instrument as it deserves."

"In Switzerland," said Mr. Carl, "they permit organ recitals to be given in the churches during the week. One franc admission is charged, and tourists, with whom the place is thronged, throng also the recitals. Here, however," said Mr. Carl, with a slight shudder, "the vox humana is the prime favorite among stops. The tourists like it and they certainly get it. But, oh! well, we'd better not say anything more about the vox humana."

"Did you try yourself any of these famous organs, or by which—if any one organ—were you particularly impressed?" was asked.

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Carl, "I played by invitation at vespers in the Antwerp Cathedral; and then I was very much impressed by the music at Haarlem. I heard the famous organ at a recital. It was not so much the instrument itself, nor the performance, which impressed me, as the rare acoustics of the cathedral. As a fact, I found the pedal organ particularly weak; it did not balance with the

manuals—a great pity, as a few additions would easily adjust matters perfectly. But the tonal effects, owing to the acoustics, were the finest I ever heard, and for this reason I would say that the organ music heard in the Haarlem Cathedral I found particularly impressive. To hear those waves of sound float and float until they find rest in the furthestmost niche of the great edifice alone repays a visit to Haarlem."

"I spent Sunday in Amsterdam and attended service both at the Nieuwe and Oude churches. Here, as I have before remarked, the organ is only employed in accompanying the chorales sung by the congregation without choir or precentor, and at a very slow tempo. No voluntaries are ever played, simply a few chords, and not always even as much as that."

"In Brussels I found the collection of musical instruments at the conservatoire one of the most interesting in the world. No musical traveler should miss them."

"With reference to purely organ playing," Mr. Carl was asked, "not to general choir perfection, but the mere handling of the instrument itself, in what country did you enjoy the performance most?"

"In Paris, by all means," replied Mr. Carl, unhesitatingly. "Nowhere does one hear the organ played as in Paris. In England one can enjoy many services excellently sung and accompanied; the choir training there is perfect, the tone production of their boy choirs being delightfully pure and musical, and the free accompaniment played to the canticles being always excellently done, but when it comes to purely organ playing I give Paris, without reserve, the preference."

"While visiting Guilmant I attended several services at La Trinité, and certainly this great artist has never played so superbly as he is playing now. His improvisations have an inspiration, an abandon and verve such as never before, and I feel safe in predicting that on his visit to America next year this great master will create an intense furor."

"By the way," added Mr. Carl, "while I was visiting at Meudon M. Salomé, who played the chancel organ at La Trinité for twenty-five years, died. M. Guilmant felt the death of his confrère very keenly. He was a fine musician and a man of most sympathetic nature. His works are as well known in England as in America, and his death deals a heavy blow to the organ world. His successor is M. Claude Terrasse, and the maître de chapelle who took M. Bouchière's place a year ago at his death is M. Planchet, who is a very able musician."

"Where," Mr. Carl was asked, "is the really best organ music to be heard in Paris?"

"At La Trinité (Guilmant), St. Sulpice (Widor), St. Augustin (Gigout), St. Clotilde (Pierné and Rousseau), La Madeleine (Fauré), St. Vincent-de-Paul (Boëllmann), and then the Annunciation (Deshayes), St. Ambroise (MacMaster), and the church on the Chaussée d'Antin, where Loret plays, should be included in the list. When M. Dubois accepted the directorship of the Conservatoire he resigned his post at La Madeleine and at present is playing in no church."

"Did I meet many organists?" repeated Mr. Carl. "Yes, indeed, a great many; particularly in Paris, and have brought back with me over a dozen manuscripts which they have done me the honor to dedicate to me. Among the composers who have thus favored me and whose works I shall play this season are Guilmant, Gigout, Boëllmann, Dallier, Rousseau, Renaud, MacMaster, Baron F. de la Tombelle, Deshayes, Callaerts, Selby and Claussmann."

"Boëllmann and Dallier are not well known through their compositions in America, but they write delightfully. Boëllmann writes fascinatingly and has published some exquisite songs most popular in Europe. The work dedicated to me is a charming composition, which I know will meet abundant favor."

"Apropos of composition," said Mr. Carl, "there has been a great deal of new organ music published of late, and publishers are all anxious to carry on a much larger trade with this country than formerly, but prices here are

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too high. If prices could only be arranged by American dealers with smaller margins it would advance sales largely, and many would purchase the latest novelties who under the present system are unable to make the outlay. In Paris the price is marked high, but a correspondingly large discount is given to the profession.

"About the organ recitals in Switzerland you ask," said Mr. Carl. "Yes, they are much in vogue. At the Cathedral de St. Pierre in Geneva Mr. Otto Barblan gives three each week, while M. Edouard Vogt plays two recitals daily at Freiburg; M. Carl Hess three each week at Berne; M. Schleidt one each Sunday at Interlaken, and M. Breitenbach every evening at 6:30 at Lucerne, Sundays excepted. The tone of the organs is particularly good and the quality of the vox humana deserves its high reputation. If only they would give it in smaller doses. But the public seems to delight in its predominance.

"A recital in one of these Swiss churches has every detail in atmosphere and environment to enhance its effect. The church is old, dim and with a stillness which all who enter feel imperatively they must not break. So dark is it that there is not always enough light even to scan the program, and so the attention is undivided. The conditions are simply perfection.

"At Lucerne M. Fried Goll took me through his organ factory, and I was deeply interested in observing the attention paid to the very smallest detail. A much longer time is taken to construct an instrument by European than by American makers. Churches do not order instruments built in a hurry; a certain time is understood to be required for the construction of a superior and lasting instrument, and this is never sought to be curtailed. M. Goll told me that not an inch of wood was used until it had been seasoned in the factory for two years and a half, and certainly I shall long remember the results of such unremitting precaution in the tone of his admirable instruments.

"Yes," said Mr. Carl, "I am inclined to linger in a particularly friendly way with the Swiss, because the people are so very fond of organ music and because the attention given to organ concerts is consistent and enables the enormous number of tourists during the summer to enjoy the full power and beauty of a number of superb instruments. In so many other quarters organs equally as fine stand year after year in melancholy disuse, as unhappily is so often the case in America.

"And now," finished the enthusiastic organist, "I have talked a great deal, but this time I have carried back with me so many reflections and observations not only on organ playing, but on instruments themselves, on the sale of organ music in America, and a host of other details, that I could talk at length and enjoy it if only I had the time and opportunity.

"Time, that's the rock upon which we are apt to go to pieces trying to get fifteen hours' work into twelve," said the busy man, snatching up his hat and starting to fulfill an appointment with a Boston manager for which he had but a few minutes left. "But," wound up Mr. Carl, "everything is dovetailed. I can fill all the engagements I accept without any undue pressure, railroad and other means of transit permitting."

Mr. Carl being in such excellent condition there can be little doubt but that his coming season will be as artistically successful as it will be active.

Copenhagen Season.—The Palace Concerts at Copenhagen, Denmark, under Director Joachim Andersen, begin October 14 and end February 7, with a probability of a further extension. The programs mailed to this office include all the standard classical symphonies and overtures, and a number of novelties. Many Scandinavian musicians figure as soloists, although foreign artists are also included in the list. Of the first twenty-four concerts Beethoven occupies a place in twenty-two.

Lee Bling Writes.

BERLIN, September 18, 1896.

Editors The Musical Courier:

SOME days ago I read in THE MUSICAL COURIER an excellent article, entitled An Estimate of Mendelssohn. Assuming that the subject is an interesting one to your readers, I make bold to send you the following extract from Vienna da Motta's new book, entitled Studien bei Hans Von Bülow. This was Bülow's criticism of Mendelssohn:

"I firmly believe that he will live into the next century. His symphonies will be played long after Schumann's are shelved. His overtures—which I would call symphonic poems—will bloom after others have long faded. One of his Songs Without Words is as classical as a poem by Goethe. I had the honor to be Mendelssohn's pupil."

How different Wagner's opinion! He asserted that Mendelssohn never once succeeded in creating a work which answered to the first requirement of art, viz., the ability to touch the heart and soul. L. LEE BLING.

Music in Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, October 2, 1896.

WHILE no particular musical event has as yet transpired to inaugurate the season, still the musical world is in active preparation for coming events. The celebrities have all returned from their vacations, and the various conservatories and institutes of music have made their customary announcements of preparation.

Mr. and Mrs. Asger Hamerik and Mr. Edwin Aler, who were abroad, have returned. Mr. and Mrs. Richard Burmeister are back from their vacation in Canada. Dr. Kimball, Professor Odendhal, David Melamet and scores of others have all started their classes, and the many familiar faces one meets at Sanders & Stayman's, Hollingshead's, Stults & Woodward's, Sutro's, Knabe's, &c., are indications beyond doubt that the season is at hand. The attractions for the season have not all been definitely announced, but it is known that the Oratorio Society will give St. Paul at its first concert and Christophorus and Engedi at the second. The various singing societies, such as the Germania, Liederkrantz, Harmonie and others, announce programs of more than usual interest.

Under the capable and painstaking direction of such musicians as Heimendahl, Melamêt, Mittler and Packe there has been a marked improvement in the work of the Männerchor of this city. With the advantages they have obtained in knowing how to train singers they likewise have an advantage in the better quality of voices that increased musical facilities have given the average members of the present organizations. We will of course have the usual number of concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra and the Kneisel Quartet. These organizations, or at least the Boston Orchestra, always introduce to us many of the prominent soloists, the stars of the season. I hope we will hear Rosenthal with the ideal orchestra.

We have little to hope for so far as organizing a permanent orchestra this season. The Sunday Herald made a recent reference to the subject on the lines suggested by your correspondent from time to time; but until the election is over and business becomes settled those who feel interested in the venture and are able to give it substantial backing will not and cannot be induced to subscribe to the necessary guarantee fund, and by the time the election excitement subsides the season will have too far advanced to make any great headway. So you see much depends upon McKinley's election. Mr. Packe has made no recent announcement as to his plans for the proposed May Festival, though he has assurances that at the proper time the necessary funds will be forthcoming.

THE MUSICAL COURIER has from time to time dwelt upon the advantages of such an annual festival, and it is needless to repeat them here. Dr. B. M. Hopkinson has issued a circular containing complimentary notices of the press

44 Pages.

throughout the country of the doctor's admirable work in oratorio and concert. It is Dr. Hopkinson's pride that in losing none of his interest in his chosen profession he has been enabled to achieve the distinction he has gained as an accomplished oratorio singer. No one has better or more frequent opportunity than your correspondent of knowing the worth and merit of this conscientious artist. It is rumored that there is a probability of the Oratorio Society engaging the doctor to sing St. Paul. It would be a deserved recognition that the doctor's many friends and admirers would appreciate.

Mr. D. Hollingshead has just published a new song, Towards the Chambers of the Dawn, words by the composer. The song is for soprano or tenor, and is the most meritorious of Mr. Hollingshead's many compositions.

X. X.

Carreño.

THAT the coming appearance of Teresa Carreño, the famous pianist, will be a success, and an assured one, can be gathered from the fact that she will play with all the leading orchestral bodies of the country. A large number of appearances have already been booked and announcements have been made, and in addition we are able to state that she will play in Milwaukee on February 4; with the Theodore Thomas Orchestra at Chicago February 5 and 6, to be followed by three extraordinary recitals in that city at Central Music Hall.

On January 29 and 30 she again plays here with the Symphony Society under Walter Damrosch on the occasion of the Schubert celebration, her selection being the Wanderer Fantasy.

Madrid.—The opera season at Madrid will open with The Flying Dutchman, under the title of El Buque Fantasma, and will be followed by the Walküre.

Wiesbaden.—The first novelty of the Wiesbaden season will be Schilling's Ingwelde, which has been newly studied. During the season Tristan und Isolde will be added to the repertory.

Endurance Singing.—A singer named Solak, of Budapest, lately gave a concert twelve hours long, during which time he never ceased to sing. He got through 250 songs and still survives.

Paris Opera Receipts.—During the year 1895-6 the Grand Opera of Paris took in 2,272,875 frs. and the Opéra Comique 1,492,732 frs. The increase in the receipts at the Grand Opera may be attributed to the performance of Wagner's works.

Duprez.—When Duprez first went to London, Douglas Jerrold wrote to Alfred Bunn, then the manager of Drury Lane, somewhat as follows: "Dear Bunn, do let me have an opportunity of hearing your new French tenor—Duprez—yours, &c., Douglas Jerrold." This is, perhaps, the worst pun Jerrold ever made.

Hamburg.—The opera season opened in Hamburg on September 1, and in the first fortnight Pollini produced eleven operas, of which five were by Wagner. The operas were Tannhäuser, Traviata, Tristan und Isolde, Carmen, Huguenots, Flying Dutchman, Le Nozze di Figaro, Die Walküre, Fidelio, L'Africaine and Lohengrin. In the following week Mignon and Norma were given. Hamburg, we may suggest, is a city of traders like New York, its population is less than that of New York; its wealth considerably less than that of New York; it is not a royal or ducal Residenz, with a Kaiserlich-Königlich or Serene Highness to grant subventions; but then it has nothing like our board of aldermen or government by commissioners.

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GERMAN HEADQUARTERS OF THE MUSICAL COURIER,
BERLIN, W., LINKSTRASSE 17, September 22, 1896.

PROMPTLY, as announced, the Royal Opera House was reopened for the season of 1896-7 on last Wednesday night, the 16th inst., with Wagner's *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*. The cast did not include any newcomers or particular stars, but the performance was nevertheless a very enjoyable one.

Weingartner conducted, and the Vorspiel was disappointing. It was more or less ragged, the colors were not clearly defined, the phrasing was not plastic, and the climaxes were not always logically approached. The summer vacation may have exerted a demoralizing influence on the orchestra, but they did their work in the body of the opera well.

Fräulein Hiedler was more than respectable in the part of *Eva*, her naturally beautiful soprano voice sounding clear and fresh, and she sang perfectly in tune all through the long evening of four and a half hours. They make no cuts here in any of Wagner's works, and the *Meistersinger* begins at 6:30 and closes at 11 p. m.

Betz looked his sixty-three years as *Hans Sachs*, which is just about fifteen years older than Wagner intended him to look, but he impersonated the part histrionically as satisfactorily as he always does. His voice, however, is no longer quite equal to the heavy requirements of this his formerly famous star rôle. He sang in tune, but his singing was too little vibrant. Schmidt's *Beckmesser* was very amusing, although somewhat stilted. We shall have Friedrichs here in December, and he is the boss *Beckmesser* of the world. *Walter* was sung by Ernst Kraus, from Mannheim, the "guest" of the evening. He is not a great tenor, but did very well. His stage presence was good and well suited for the part. As Mr. Damosch has engaged Kraus for his season of opera in German, you will have a chance of hearing the young Mannheim tenor in a few weeks from now, therefore I don't care to bias your judgment too much one way or the other.

The most important art accomplishment of the evening was Lieban's impersonation of *David*. This usually much cut and elided part became delightful in his hands. He really and absolutely raised it to a leading rôle through his fine singing and inimitable acting. He is without doubt ahead of any of the many other *David*s I ever saw in Bayreuth or elsewhere.

Stammer, though not a noble *Pagner*, sang his address well, but his voice was also lacking in resonance. Excellent as always, and especially good in ensemble in the quintet, was Frau Goetze as *Magdalena*. Herr Selle, the night watchman, remained upon the scene too long in the

moonshine finale of the second act, to the great chagrin of Editor Georg Davidsohn, of the *Berlin Boersen Courier*, who devotes quite some space of his valuable journal to so slight an annoyance.

Tetzlaff's stage setting was as usual complete. The closing scene on the festive meadows was especially imposing.

The house was absolutely sold out to the very last available space, and great enthusiasm prevailed throughout the entire performance and broke out in tumultuous applause after each act.

The next night, Thursday, brought the double bill of *Cavalleria Rusticana* and *Pagliacci*, and as I am beginning to have that tired feeling which always seizes me when I get an overdose of one and the same thing I should not have attended these Italian intermezzi even thus early in the season if it had not been for the fact that a new baritone appeared in the parts of *Alfio* and *Canio*. His name is Remi Marsano, and despite the Italian appearance of it and its bearer he is a good German hailing from Bremen. From the impression he created at the Royal Opera House he is not going to stay here long, but will soon return to that rich but tedious old sea town. Marsano seems quite young yet, and he is not without histrionic talent, but his singing is flat and uninteresting and his voice suffers from a French tremolo. His pronunciation of the text, however, is very good.

Frau Pierson, after a good summer vacation's rest for her voice, was excellent as *Santuzza*; dramatically she has very few equals and no superior in that part. Naval sang *Turiddu* well, but a trifle too sweetly, and the Chicago beauty, Miss Cortese, was a coquettish *Lola*. Miss Pohl as Mutter *Lucia* ought to be suppressed. She does not look the part, being much too young, and she cannot sing it.

Pagliacci was given with the same excellent cast as heretofore. Frau Herzog, Bulsz and Sylva, as usual, greatly distinguished themselves.

Again the house was crowded, and this was likewise the case on Friday night, despite the fact that the prices of admission had been considerably raised. The cause for this raising of the anti (by anti I mean *Eintritt*), and which so many saw, was the double guesting appearance of Prevosti and Emil Goetze in *Lucia*. I was not one of the privileged who saw the performance, though I could have been had I chosen to attend, but I draw the line at *Lucia*, and I won't go there again until Miss Davidson appears in the title part, or the ghost of Frank Saltus haunts me into going into the opera.

Next Sunday the Prevosti will appear in *Traviata*, the performance being given entirely in Italian.

A newly studied performance of Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*, the work to be played in rococo costumes, is the next new idea of the intendency, and the next novelty that is to be brought out at the Royal Opera is to be Schilling's *Ingwelde*, for which work the costly mise-en-scène is now being prepared.

The first one of the Berlin concert halls that followed the Royal Opera House and opened its doors for the new season was the Concerthaus. Formerly this was Bilse's abode, but now it is the field of action of Karl Meyder and his orchestra of seventy musicians. I rarely visit any of his concerts during the regular season, for I vastly prefer the regular series of three popular concerts which are

weekly to be enjoyed at the Philharmonie to those given at the Concerthaus. First of all because the Philharmonic orchestra, is in composition, of far superior material of musical artists than that over which Mr. Meyder has command. Secondly, Prof. Franz Mannstaedt is a far superior conductor than Kapellmeister Meyder, who is crude and careless. Thirdly, the Philharmonic is a far superior hall than the Concerthaus, and fourth and last the very quality of the audiences is superior at the Philharmonie to that which frequents the other hall.

One feature, however, often attracts my attention, and as a critic and modern musician draws me to the Concerthaus, and that feature is the frequent appearance on the program of novelties which one does not get to hear anywhere else. It is true that with such an orchestra, the woodwind of which is horribly out of tune in itself, bad old first horn, miserable clarinet, and some of the most amateurish violinists that could be gathered together at haphazard, and all these forces under the command of a conductor who has no sense for cleanliness of intonation, finesse of shading, or precision of rhythm, one frequently does not get a good picture of the new work under consideration. But then a tintype is better than no picture at all, and a photograph in hand is better than no oil painting in the bush, and thus I go to the Concerthaus for the sake of the novelties on Meyder's programs. I did so on last Saturday, the opening night of the season, and again last night.

On the former evening I heard Smetana's symphonic poem, *Wallenstein's Lager*. Lager means camp, not beer, although of course they probably had plenty of beer in the camp. Smetana's musical description of Schiller's great prologue to the drama *Wallenstein's Death* is far more characteristic and forceful than Vincent d'Indy's portrayal of the same scene. Here also the crudeness of Meyder's interpretation did not disturb me so much, and even the occasional breaking of the high trumpet notes (they have to blast up to high D probably in order to illustrate the *sup hei die* time they had in the camp) did not jar so much on my ear nerves, for the music of the "Bohemian Mozart," as Smetana has not unaptly been called, is all life, bustle, glare and strife, in fact, anything but an American camp meeting.

Where, however, I felt the poor quality of both the orchestra and the conductor most perceptibly, disturbingly and inopportunistly, was in a suite entitled *Chopiniana*, by A. Glazounoff. The Russian musician has taken four of Chopin's admirable piano pieces, the *Military Polonaise* in A, op. 40; that exquisite gem of a nocturne in F, op. 15; the melancholy D minor mazurka from op. 50, and the *Tarantelle*, op. 43, and has orchestrated them (without otherwise altering them in the least) with rarest taste and that skill for which the modern Russian school has become noted through the works of such composers as Glazounoff, Rimski-Korsakoff and the immortal Tchaikowsky. The suite was highly interesting to listen to, for you could imagine to yourself how exquisite it would sound if only it were performed well.

In this respect some of the stock pieces of the program, however, did not fare better than the novelties, and the *Tannhäuser* overture, for instance, was virtually butchered.

If I spoke before of the generally mediocre material of the Meyder orchestra, I must make an exception in favor of some of the soloists from among its members. The

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best ones were of course paraded out for the opening night, but they deserve all the more their honorable mention because they were able to preserve their high standard and abilities amid such surroundings.

Henry Herbert (I wonder whether he is any relation to our genial, rubicund Vic?) gave an exhibition of virtuosity in flute playing, especially in double tonguing, in the redoubtable tremolo solo by Demerssemann.

Concertmeister H. Schmidt-Reinicke performed the Mendelssohn violin concerto with sweet, but not large, tone, nice musical conception, and facile technic. He would deserve a better position than second place next to a first concert master who cannot hold a candle to him as a violinist, but who has for an excuse for his deficiencies the lamentable circumstance that he owns only three fingers on his left hand. Theodore Thomas, I learn, has lately been trying to secure by telegraph the services as concertmaster of Krasselt, of Weimar, and of young Witek of the Berlin Philharmonie. Thomas did not succeed in securing either of these gentlemen, who are bound by contract. I recommend to his kind consideration Mr. H. Schmidt-Reinicke, of the Concerthaus.

Fritz Werner, who performed a fantasy by Arban, on the cornet, very brilliantly, is also worth a eulogistic mention.

In the second program there figured the entire Tschai-kowsky Nutcracker suite, and really it proved such for the orchestra. You ought to have heard some of its quaint and dainty movements under Leopold Auer's baton at the Philharmonie last season! But then I am sure you are familiar with this ballet of Tschai-kowsky.

Not for the purpose of hearing it (for I knew beforehand that the performance would be intolerable), but for the sake of listening to Goldmark's second symphony, the one in E flat, which on this occasion was performed for the first time in Berlin, I went to the Concerthaus. It proved a hard disappointment to me, and I consider it the weakest of the larger works of the Oriental Viennese composer. The invention is neither new nor pregnant throughout the entire work, and it is pervaded and saturated with a nauseating overdose of melancholy sweetness. Both the middle movements are in the key of G sharp minor, and of these the scherzo in the Mendelssohnian vein would be a gem of a movement if it were not for the trio, which consists of a really banal, nay, vulgar, melody for the trumpet. In the second theme of the first movement there is a suggestion of Schubert, but not more than a mere hint. The slow movement is Hungarian hash, and the last movement is not worth the paper it is written on. Altogether the symphony, as I said before, was disappointing, and you will not lose much if you never hear it.

The sad news of the death of Katharina Lohse-Klafsky, which occurred at Hamburg last night, will have been transmitted to you by cable long ere these lines can reach you. She died of an abscess in the brain, which, despite an operation of trepanning the skull, could not be reached by the doctors. The abscess is said to have formed in consequence of a mishap which befel the artist in New York a few days before her return to Germany. In an accidental fall her head is reported to have struck the sharp edge of a table, and hence the fatal illness. Only a few days previous to the breaking out of the sickness Katharina Klafsky made her successful rentrée in Hamburg in her famous part of *Fidelio*, and was greeted with rousing cheers by the audience by whom she was much beloved. After the performance she had a spell of dizziness and took to her bed, from which she was destined never more to rise. You heard and admired Klafsky in New York last season, and THE MUSICAL COURIER lavished encomiums upon her, especially her powerfully dramatic representation of the part of *Brünnhilde*. The last time I heard Frau Klafsky was at Hamburg two seasons ago, in a performance of Bruno Oscar Klein's

opera *Kenilworth*, and her sympathetic impersonation of the hapless heroine, *Amy Robsart*, made so lasting an impression upon me that it will forever be engraved in my mind as one of the most touching and at the same time most artistic stage representations I have ever witnessed.

Another great artist, whose death was reported here in Berlin and about whom some of the papers wrote long and laudatory obituaries, is the French pianist François Planté. Luckily the report proved only a *canard*, and I hope that, according to the popular saying, it will insure a long lease of life to the party thus prematurely proclaimed dead. On the subject of his obituaries and also regarding his plans of once more appearing in Germany, where Planté was exceedingly well received some years ago, the pianist writes from Mont-le-Marson to Manager Hermann Wolff, one of the most charming and, to the impresario, most flattering letters I have ever read.

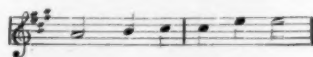
Mr. Walter Petzet played Scharwenka's B flat minor piano concerto at the Munich Kaim concert on the 18th inst., and the *Allgemeine Zeitung* of the next day, after a highly eulogistic commentary upon the composition, contains the following about the performance: "With the brilliant and intellectual (*geistvoll*) delivery of this imposing work Mr. Walter Petzet demonstrated the great improvements which during his activity in the western hemisphere he has made both as pianist and interpreter. Just as his technic is up to the standard of the modern art of piano playing, so as a musician does he belong to those authorities (*Capacitäten*) who understand the art of infallibly making the listener acquainted with the spirit of the work they are interpreting. Thus he gave to us an understanding of the Scharwenka concerto, which accidentally we heard for the first time on that occasion."

An amusing musical incident occurred the other day at a little dinner party which our new American ambassador, Mr. Uhl, and family gave to some friends at the Zoological Garden restaurant. The table had been reserved for the party in advance, and thus the bandmasters of the two military bands which play alternately and in two different stands opposite the restaurant were aware of the quality and nationality of the guests. As an intended compliment to them the one bandmaster had his band perform two marches by Sousa which are an inheritance of Naham Franko's recent musical invasion in Berlin. Not to be outdone and outshone, however, by his colleague and rival, the other bandmaster struck up the only American tune the band happens to have in its repertory, and this proved to be—Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Apropos of Nearer, My God, to Thee, that musically sacrilegious tune once stood me in good stead in Morristown, N. J. I was asked by a party of intellectual ladies to explain to them the meaning of the term program music. "Ladies," said I, "I can best explain to you what program music means by showing you a glaring example of what is *not* program music. Take your celebrated hymn, Nearer, My God, to Thee. The perpetrator of that composition was evidently not bent upon producing program music, for he sets the words Nearer, My God, to Thee to a descending musical phrase, thus:



"While any modern musician would probably have composed the same words to the following ascending tune:



Curiously enough this very motive, even in the same

key, I found a good many years afterward Tinel uses as the main theme and keynote to his *St. Francis of Assisi*.

An amusing error was recently made in an announcement of an operatic appearance "as guest" of Paul Kalisch in Beethoven's *Fidelio* at Munich. The paper giving the information said: "Fidelio, opera in two acts by Beethoven, *Fidelio*, Herr Kammerzaenger Paul Kalisch as guest." Formerly it used to be Lilli Lehmann who sang *Fidelio*, and Paul had to be contented with the part of *Florestan*, but who knows whether Lilli cannot say with the French Louis the —teenth: "Nous avons changé tout cela."

Charles F. Tretbar, the great and only one, has been in Berlin. I did not see him, nor did anyone else, as far as I know, but the report that he was in town spread about like wildfire. I rushed down to the Hotel Windsor only to find that he had already left and that he had been "too ill to see anyone." A fellow must be very ill (at ease) if he avoids seeing one of his best, oldest and staunchest friends.

Julius Klauser writes to me from Munich: "I have my family with me and expect to remain on this side two years, the first to be spent in rest and a little traveling in Germany and Italy, the second to settle down in Berlin for the entire season of 1897-8 to teach and to do other professional work. Since the publication of my book in 1890 I have made a good deal of progress in the work thus begun, as well as perfecting my piano school. My last winter's work was equally divided between Chicago and Milwaukee, and the results have added much to encourage me. At Berlin some of my American pupils will join me and form a nucleus for others who may be interested to make a study of my ideas in theory and piano playing."

The committee on rumors had it last week that the amiable directors of Berlin's greatest concert hall, the Philharmonie, Messrs. Sacerdoti and Landecker, had sold out their establishment, which was henceforth to be devoted to industrial instead of musical purposes. On repairing to the hall I found that the story was made out of whole cloth, and that nothing of the sort had ever entered the minds of the directors. Quite on the contrary, they had their beautiful hall newly painted and furnished up, and it will be opened for the season on Sunday, October 4, with one of their regular popular concerts under Professor Mannstaedt's direction. These concerts are given on three nights of each week, Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Sundays, and are much frequented by American musical students, who hear there good music at a very cheap price (75 pf., equal to about 18 cents of American money, per concert).

The first of the series of Mr. Wolff's ten subscription Philharmonic concerts will take place at the Philharmonie on Monday, October 12, under Nikisch's direction, and will have the following program: Eurynthe overture, two new orchestral fragments from Humperdinck's latest work, *Die Koenigskinder*, Brahms' first symphony in C minor, and the Meistersinger Vorspiel. The soloist will be Alexander Petschnikoff, who will perform the Beethoven violin concerto.

The Philharmonic Chorus will give us next winter, under Siegfried Ochs' direction, a repetition of Tinel's *St. Francis of Assisi* (by request), an oratorio, *Jephtha*, by Carissimi (for the first time), a choral piece, *Der Hagestolz* (the old bachelor), by Arnold Mendelssohn (for the first time), and on the centenary of Schubert's birthday a program made up from the best of that master's vocal compositions.

The first concert which Arthur Friedheim will give in Berlin, after an absence of twelve years, will take place in the Singakademie on October 6.

Miss Leonora Jackson, the young American violinist whose solos at the Hoch Schule concerts here have awak-

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ened such general interest, will give her first public concert in Berlin at the Singakademie, October 17, with the Philharmonic Orchestra, which her teacher, Dr. Joachim, will conduct. The program will include the second concerto of Wieniawski, the Brahms concerto and the Hungarian airs of Ernst. Miss Jackson will continue her studies with Dr. Joachim this winter, and will not devote herself formally to concertizing until another season.

The presents which the Emperor of Russia destined for the artists who participated in the concert given by the German Embassy at Moscow during the coronation festivities have at last arrived in Berlin. The long and continued non-appearance had given rise to some ugly rumors, which thus are effectively squelched. The ladies received very valuable brooches, Miss Hiedler's being in diamonds and emeralds; Mrs. Goetze's in the shape of a four-leaved clover made of diamonds and rubies. Bulsz got a snuff-box of gold, with the Russian eagle set in diamonds. The others received diamond pins and sleeve buttons, with a card saying that they were presented by the Emperor. Director Pierson and Stage Manager Grube will probably be rewarded with some further decorations for their coat lapels.

Marcella Sembrich is in Berlin, and she may be heard in the course of the season in Massenet's *Manon* at the Royal Opera House.

Gustav Mahler, the Hamburg composer-conductor, has finished a new work for orchestra entitled *What the Flowers Are Telling*. The novelty has been accepted by Arthur Nikisch for performance at one of the Philharmonic concerts.

Prof. Heinrich Hofmann has accepted a position as first teacher of composition at the Eichelberg Conservatory, the same institute at which Conrad Ansong is engaged as head pedagogue of the piano classes.

Reinhold L. Herman has just put the finishing touches to a new grand opera entitled *Wulfrin*, the libretto of which, based upon C. F. Meyer's well-known story, *The Woman Judge*, was written by Ernst Wolfram. Director Dr. Loewe, of Breslau, at whose theatre Herman's *Vineta* scored a great hit last winter, has accepted *Wulfrin* for performance, and the opera is also to be brought out at Cologne in November next.

Franz Schubert is the title of a new musico-dramatic *Festspiel*, written by Gustav Burchard in commemoration of the approaching centenary of Schubert's birthday.

Eugenio Pirani sends me an album containing ten of his best and selected songs for alto or baritone. The collection is beautifully gotten up by Schlesinger (Rob. Lienau) and can be recommended to seekers after vocal novelties of merit.

Visitors are continuing to pour into THE MUSICAL COURIER's Berlin headquarters. Miss Jessie Shay came to tell me that she will give her Berlin concert on November 27, one of the three dates made vacant by the Sutro Sisters.

Arthur F. Nevin returned to Berlin and will continue his studies in composition with Otis Beethoven Boise.

Hans Jung, the handsome vocal teacher from Alexander Lambert's efficient staff, called before his return to New York. He had just escorted his former pupil Miss Lillian Markham to the railroad station and sent her on her way to Paris, where she will take finishing lessons of Sbriglia.

Miss Rose Halpern, from Warsaw, the best and most charming amateur pianist I ever knew, called, together with Bogumil Zeppier, the gifted composer of several operas, the latest of which, a comic opera on the subject of *The Vicomte de Letorieres*, may probably be heard here at

the Royal Opera House. From Miss Halpern I learned that Paderewski is at present in Poland and that the great pianist attended the wedding at Cracow of his friends Mlle. Szumowska and Joe Adamowski.

Miss Mary Agnes Coburn, from Kansas City, Mo., brought me the manuscript score of Carl Busch's setting for string orchestra of *Old Folks at Home* with a dedication to my humble self, which I consider a great and quite undeserved compliment. Miss Coburn, who formerly was a pupil of Busch's in theory, and later studied piano with Arthur Foote and composition with George W. Chadwick, of Boston, intends to enter the Berlin High School for Music for finishing lessons.

Anton Foerster, one of the most talented and most promising of the younger school of pianists, a pupil of Prof. Martin Krause, of Leipsic, also called. O. F.

Mr. Tretbar Returns.

MR. CHARLES F. TRETBAR was at his desk in Steinway Hall yesterday when a man from THE MUSICAL COURIER bothered him with a lot of questions about his trip abroad. He returned last week on the Havel. After Mr. Tretbar had winnowed the chaff from a long list of petitioners' requests he lighted a cigar—he doesn't look himself without that familiar cigar—and settled down for a talk.

"Yes, I had a good rest, that is, if a man who travels from New York to Budapest and back can be said to rest. I went to London, Paris, Berlin, and in the latter city I had a touch of pneumonia. So I went as soon as I was able to Kissingen, where I stopped five weeks. After that I went to the Salzkammergut in the Austrian Tyrol and spent three weeks with Rosenthal.

"How does he play? Magnificently, of course; but New York must be the judge. In company with Rosenthal I went to Ischl, and saw Brahms, Strauss, Brüll and all the other celebrities of that delightful watering place. Brahms seems very much changed. He was suffering from the jaundice, and had to go to Karlsbad; so he met few people this summer. I went, of course, to Hamburg, thence to Bremen and home. Of course, I am glad to get back to work, but I enjoyed my outing nevertheless."

Mr. Tretbar, who looks rosy and younger—for he has clipped his historical whiskers quite close—then routed no less than five advertising solicitors, and when last seen was earnestly engaged in dissuading a young man from embracing the career of a piano virtuoso. He is the same Charles F. Tretbar, and in his life peace enters not, for is he not in Steinway Hall daily, and does he not see all the musical people of the globe, from Greenland to India?

Rosenthal.—Rosenthal, the great pianist, will sail for this country on the steamer *Augusta Victoria*, which leaves Cherbourg on October 23.

Chicago Festival Orchestra.—The tour of the Chicago Festival Orchestra under Adolph Rosenbach has been temporarily suspended.

A Mexican Composer.—Ernesto Florday, of Mexico, has published seventeen piano pieces, which are described as of a very exotic character; many passages, so writes a German critic, make one think of the prickly cactus, so thorny are they.

David Blakely's Mishap.—We are sorry to learn that Mr. David Blakely, manager of Sousa's Band, fell from his bicycle in Bradford, Vt., a few days ago and broke his collarbone. However, he expects to be around again in a few weeks.

Kutscherra.—The appeal of Kutscherra from the judgment of Paris to that of Brussels seems not to have been successful. The admiration of the new *Elsa* was far from unanimous. She is said not to realize for the Belgians the type they dreamed of, neither in appearance nor in voice, and she lacks a clear articulation and a comprehensible pronunciation.



MISS GERTRUDE GRISWOLD returned last week from an outing of three months spent at Highmount in the Catskills.

Mrs. Mary H. Skinner, who spent her summer in company with two or three of her pupils at Stillwater, Conn., returned last week improved by the rest from her duties.

Mrs. H. W. Hogue, of Portland, Ore., was in New York last week. Mrs. Hogue is a pianist of great capacity and a woman of charming personality.

Miss Eva Hawkes returned from a delightful trip in the West, and has taken up quarters at the Metropolitan. Miss Hawkes will be heard in many musicales this winter, not to the sacrifice, however, of the Bergen Reformed Church Choir, of Jersey City, N. J., of which she is the valuable contralto.

It will be source of regret to the pupils of Madame Elena De Angelis in Montreal to learn that she has made the decision to remain in New York. Mme. De Angelis is a sister of the vocal teacher in Boston bearing the same name, and is a very affable woman of pleasing address.

Mrs. Agnes Morgan is back in the city after a delightful rest at her summer home in St. Cloud, Orange Mountains.

Miss Emily Winant, whose talent is familiar to all music lovers, was heard again as contralto of St. Thomas' Church last Sunday.

Mr. Parson Price has received a commission from Wales to compose four numbers, which if accepted will be produced at the Welsh National Festival. The numbers are to consist of one male chorus with small orchestral accompaniment, and three pieces in the form of a suite for female voices, with piano accompaniment.

The solo quartet of the First Presbyterian Church of New York, consisting of Miss Mary H. Mansfield, Mrs. Antonia H. Sawyer, Mr. E. Ellsworth Giles and Mr. Luther Gail Allen, under the direction of Mr. William C. Carl, the eminent organist, will give Sunday evening services in different churches in the vicinity of New York during the coming season.

After a summer outing Signor E. De Stefani has returned to his duties in Brooklyn.

The Brooklyn Institute is trying to arrange for the appearance of Joseffy and Rosenthal together at one of their concerts, as they did some years ago.

Colonel Chapman, who is the recognized artists' friend of Brooklyn, is in receipt of a letter from Remenyi, wherein he states that he will soon return to New York after his tour as far West as San Francisco.

The Brooklyn Lyceum of Music and Drama will eventually become the hall for all the large musical affairs, as its location, appointments and acoustics are of a superior order.

The Oratorio Club of Brooklyn, under the efficient direction of Mr. Walter Henry Hall, commenced rehearsals of *Elijah*, to be presented under the auspices of the Brooklyn Institute. This club certainly deserves to prosper, and if energy and determination will count for anything the result will be flattering to Mr. Hall, who has put all his talents and force to making an effort to keep the best music before the people. The club will give two concerts on its own account after the *Elijah*.

Mr. Kimberly Ferris presided at the organ during the

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summer months at the Baptist Temple, acquitting himself most satisfactorily.

Mr. Julian Jordan, of Mt. Vernon, has taken charge of the choir of St. John's Episcopal Church in Yonkers during the month of October, succeeding Dr. J. Albert Jeffery, the distinguished organist, who has accepted a professorship at the New England Conservatory, of Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Eldon Hole took a remarkable bicycle trip this summer. They rode from John O'Groat's House, the extreme northern end of Scotland, to Land's End, the southern point of England, covering 921 miles inside of two weeks, an average of about 80 miles a day. This journey had never been accomplished by a woman before, and Mrs. Hole was rewarded by a handsome medal by the newspaper organ of the bicyclists of the British Isles, which paper published a daily bulletin of the route. Mr. Hole has long been regarded in New York as an expert on the wheel, and now it develops that his wife shares this distinction. Mr. Hole, as tenor of Trinity Chapel for many years, is a well-known singer.

Miss Lillian Carlsmith, the popular contralto, formerly of Boston, but now of New York, has just returned from a visit to her relatives in Old Orchard, Me. Miss Carlsmith was the leading contralto last season with the Francis Wilson Company, but she will not appear in histrionic musical affairs this season, preferring oratorio and concert work.

Mr. William H. Raymond, solo tenor of the Heavenly Rest Church, has joined the De Koven-Smith Opera Company as understudy to Joseph Sheehan. The company plays at Cleveland, Ohio, this week. Few churches show courtesy to such an extent to their singers as is extended in this instance to Mr. Raymond. He is allowed to furnish a substitute while he is away, so as to enable him to continue his church work while the company will be at the Herald Square. Should Mr. Raymond decide to travel permanently he will be allowed to resign.

Miss Clara Aline Jewell, the contralto of St. Marks Episcopal Church, resumed her work after a highly successful season at Coney Island, where she appeared in the title rôle of Evangeline.

Mr. John Francis Gilder has inaugurated a series of concerts to be given weekly at the People's Church Club House in the cause of advancement of music among the poorer classes. The programs are composed of music within the scope of untrained minds, and yet with the end in view to effect by degrees some successful advancement. All the talent, of course, is contributed by those who, actuated by the same spirit, are willing to extend their services gratis. The proceeds from a 10 cent admittance go to the club house work.

The Manuscript Society, of New York, about to enter its eighth year, has assumed a position of value to its members and to the cause of musical composition in general. In order that all members may attend at least one of the six informal evenings which they will give during the season, the dates have been set as follows: Monday, November 9, 1896; Tuesday, December 8, 1896; Wednesday, January 6, 1897; Thursday, February 4, 1897; Friday, March 7, 1897; Saturday, April 8, 1897. Mr. Eduardo Marzo is chairman, and Miss Laura Sedgwick Collins is the corresponding secretary.

A sight singing class of 400 voices has been organized by the Brooklyn Institute and placed in the hands of Mr. Tallie Morgan, the chorus trainer of the Baptist Temple and assistant to Mr. E. M. Bowman.

Mr. G. Waring Stebbins, organist of the Emanuel Baptist Church, a pupil of Guilmant, will resume his Wednesday evening musicales at his studio.

Mr. Robert Thallon, well known as the "Beethoven of Kings County," has resumed the Saturday morning musicales at his studio in Brooklyn.

The Brooklyn Institute department of music has added over 400 new members during the last year, bringing the total membership up to nearly 1,100.

Miss Elinor Comstock has returned from a European visit, where she spent two years, and is to teach at the National Conservatory.

Mr. Arthur Whiting has returned to New York to remain.

Mrs. Antonia H. Sawyer, not less charming as a hostess than in the world of artists, will be at home to her friends the first and third Tuesdays through the winter.

A Saenger Pupil.—Mrs. Josephine S. Jacoby, who achieved such marked success in the Seidl concerts recently given at the Madison Square Garden, is a pupil of Mr. Oscar Saenger. She was very enthusiastically received by the audience and highly commended by the press. Mrs. Jacoby has a rarely beautiful voice and sings well. She has been engaged for some of the largest concerts of the coming season, and will also be heard in oratorio.

Godowsky at Worcester.—Mr. Leopold Godowsky, who played the Chopin E minor concerto at the afternoon concert, September 24, of the Worcester Festival, achieved a distinguished success. The occasion was one of genuine triumph for this highly gifted artist. The following are from among some press notices received:

Mr. Godowsky is a pianist of marked distinction. Technique is taken for granted in these days, and it would be impertinent to this pianist to insist on his fluency and command of mechanism. His touch is delightful; his cantabile is expressive; his bravura is elegant. His rubato was artistic and free from exaggeration. In the romance he showed the temperament of the true poet. His phrasing throughout was musical. He gave unalloyed pleasure from the beginning to the end of the concerto. He was applauded most heartily, and he was recalled again and again. Mr. Godowsky may well plume himself on his success.

The original instrumentation of Chopin, with perhaps a very few changes, was used, much to my personal gratification. For only with the appearance of the formidable instrument and the athletic pianist came the demand for fuller orchestration. Mr. Godowsky introduced emendations in text based on the Tausig version. His playing was so delightful that I shall not spend time in quarreling with him about his "improvements."—*Boston Journal, September 25.*

The event of this afternoon's festival concert was the performance of Chopin's E minor piano concerto by Mr. Leopold Godowsky. The artist gave the work in the Tausig version, and he gave a rendering of it that surprised and delighted by his sustained charm of technique and of style. The reading was healthily poetic, free from all trace of affectation, and was exquisitely pure in taste. No attempt was made to discover new readings or to astonish by pretentious showiness. Attention was never diverted from the music by eccentricities of gesture or by posing for effect.

On the contrary, the personality of the artist was obliterated, as far as it was possible to achieve that result, and, possessing as he does, such uncommon brilliancy and mastery in all the essentials of the technical demands of his art, he is to be the more complimented on his discreet reserve in refraining from courting applause by means that are resorted to by too often by pianists who can well afford to trust to their artistic worth alone for success.

Mr. Godowsky well deserves to become known in this section of the country, for it is not often that a better skilled and more refined player, who is also a thorough artist, is heard here. It was wholly good Chopin playing, in which the rubato, though freely used, never marred justness of phrasing. He has wonderful fingers, and their work is crystal clear. His touch is musical and sympathetic; his legato is perfect. He plays without effort and his methods of execution have all the grace and repose, even fluency, of what is known as the Hummel school.

In point of expression he is chastely warm and fluent, and in all that he did there was a winning absence of all that even distantly suggested trickiness. His success was instantaneous, and for once an artist was vigorously honored for the modest honesty with which he convincingly emphasized and made known his worth. The spontaneous salvo of discriminating applause and the recalls that rewarded him were the more valuable because they were not stimulated by anything save the simple evidences afforded of the skill of the artist. It is to be hoped that M. Godowsky may have an early hearing in Boston.—*Boston Herald, September 25.*



Louis V. Saar.—Louis V. Saar, of the National Conservatory of Music, has returned from Europe.

Vanderveer-Green.—In reply to an inquiry regarding Mme. Vanderveer-Green we can state that that artist is expected to arrive here from England early in November.

Marguerite Hall.—Miss Marguerite Hall is to be the vocalist in a concert to be given shortly by the Arion Club, Columbus, Ohio. Halir is to be the instrumentalist.

Madame Medora Henson.—Madame Medora Henson will be the soprano for the Arion Club, Milwaukee, on February 9, and for the Apollo Club, Chicago, on February 11.

Jan Van Oordt.—The wonderful young Dutch violinist, Jan Van Oordt, will be in Chicago in November, when he will be heard with the Chicago Orchestra and at a number of social musicales.

Alice Verlet and Leo Stern.—Mlle. Alice Verlet, of the Opera Comique, Paris, and Mr. Leo Stern, the English cellist, are to give a recital for the St. Cecilia Club, Grand Rapids, in February.

Lillian Blauvelt.—We find much regret expressed at the determination of Lillian Blauvelt not to sing in public this season, but in pursuance of a certain plan she will not appear in concert this season either in Europe or America.

Steinway Hall, Chicago.—Steinway Hall is at last rehabilitated and ready for the coming musical season. The removal of the front half of the balcony and the addition of balconies on either side have greatly improved the acoustic properties of the hall.

Julie Wyman.—Mme. Julie Wyman, singer, musician and artist, is living at New Rochelle, near this city, with her sister, Mrs. Moran, a gifted pianist. She will sing at Silas G. Pratt's concert on October 19, and at Hartford, Conn., at the recital of Harry L. Brainard, the pianist, a pupil of Klindworth, who is about to return to Europe.

Mme. Ogden Crane Returned.—Mme. Ogden Crane has returned from Asbury Park after a brilliant and successful season, and begins work at her New York studio under most favorable auspices, having enrolled more pupils at this time of the season than ever before.

The Ogden Musical Club, under her sole direction and management and consisting entirely of her pupils, will give their first concert at Chickering Hall in November; the date is not yet decided.

The People's Choral Union.—The People's Singing Classes, under the direction of Mr. Frank Damsch, reopened on Sunday last, October 4. No previous knowledge of music and no fine voice is required for these classes, whose object is to teach at nominal cost how to read music from printed notes. Ten cents for each lesson of a series of thirty is the charge, which barely covers the cost of music in use. From 2:30 to 4 every Sunday afternoon those who are truly in earnest and anxious to learn will find capable instructors, selected by Mr. Frank Damsch, in Botanic Hall, 68 East Broadway; Caledonian Hall, 10 Horatio street; New York Turn Hall, 66 East Fourth

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SPECIAL NOTICE.

Owing to the unprecedented number of applications for instruction at the September examination, on account of which many failed to obtain a hearing, the Board of Trustees has determined to hold a **Supplementary Entrance Examination.**

SINGING—October 14 (Wednesday), from 9 to 12 M.

OPERA—2 to 5 P. M., and
OPERATIC CHORUS—8 to 10 P. M.

VIOLIN, ORCHESTRA and ALL WIND INSTRUMENTS—October 15 (Thursday), 2 to 5 P. M.

PIANO and ORGAN—October 16 (Friday), 10 to 12 M., and 2 to 4 P. M.

CHILDREN DAY—October 17 (Saturday).

PIANO and VIOLIN—9 to 12 M., and 2 to 4 P. M.

street; Adelphi Hall, 201 West Fifty-second street; Maen-nerchor Hall, 203 East Fifty-sixth street; Majestic Hall, 117 East 125th street.

All creeds, nationalities and social degrees are equally welcome.

Application for all classes may be made to the secretary of the People's Choral Union, 41 University place, or at halls above mentioned. This is a rare opportunity for lovers of music to learn how to sing well the most beautiful choral music. The advanced classes have already reached works of the highest order.

George W. Fergusson.—Mr. George W. Fergusson, the New York baritone, has booked several engagements in London, which will prevent his returning to America until late in October.

Credit Due.—The handsome photograph of Mme. Eleonore Meredith reproduced on our front page last week was taken by B. J. Falk, of this city, and was such an excellent likeness that we are glad to now give the credit for it, which should have been mentioned in our last issue.

Villa Whitney White.—Miss Villa Whitney White, recitationist, returns from Europe with Miss Dillingham the last of October, and will be heard in Chicago about the middle of November, after which she returns to the East for a number of engagements during December.

Halir, the Violinist.—Carl Halir, the German violinist, who makes his American debut in the first concert of the New York Philharmonic Society, November 13 and 14, will play the Beethoven concerto on that occasion. It is in this particular composition he is said to excel any of the great violinists of the present day.

George Ellsworth Holmes.—George Ellsworth Holmes, the baritone, who returns to America in the spring, is to sing at a number of festivals and leading musical events in the United Kingdom, among which are: Glasgow Ballad Concert, October 9 and 10; Cardiff Festival (Damnation of Faust), November 25; with Scottish Orchestra in Glasgow and Edinburgh, January 11 and 12; London Symphony Orchestra, (Henschel), January 14 and February 4; Gravesend Ballad Concert, February 17; Hallé Concert, Manchester, February 18, and a number of minor engagements. He will sail for the United States February 20.

Madame Moriani, Vocal Teacher.—Mme. Moriani, the great vocal teacher from Brussels, has just returned from a two weeks' stay in Chicago, where she was consulted by scores of singers. She gave a lecture in Steinway Hall to a large audience, and created considerable enthusiasm by her vigorous denunciation of charlatan vocal teachers, exposing many of their absurd theories by apt illustrations of principles based on common sense.

Mme. Moriani is now at the Hotel Normandie, New York, giving consultations. She sails for Brussels October 14.

Mme. Van Duyn's Success.—Madame Marian Van Duyn has been singing with great success recently in the Eastern States. The following is from among press notices received:

It may at once be said that Mme. Van Duyn's singing fully justified the very complimentary reports received of her voice and ability as a contralto of the first rank.

We have not found in recent years the deep contralto quality of voice formerly exhibited at the festivals by such singers as Antoinette Sterling, Anna Drasdil, Emily Winant, Annie Louise Cary and our own Mrs. Munroe. Later contraltos, while excellent singers, have had voices of a large kind of mezzo soprano in color. Mme. Van Duyn has the real contralto quality, of great volume and of extended range, and sings with fire and intelligence. She is a Western woman, young in years, of fine presence, and is well studied. She has had the advantage of study with Marchesi, Sbriglia and Vorobeychik.—*Worcester Spy.*

M. Leon Jancey Entertained.—Mrs. Antonia H. Sawyer, the contralto, gave a delightful reception for Monsieur Jancey, the eminent master in diction, on Tuesday evening, September 20, at her residence, 218 West Forty-fourth street. The evening was a most interesting and charming one, Monsieur Jancey himself fascinating everybody by a number of recitations in which his pre-eminence in his art was obviously apparent. The following clipping appeared next day:

Mrs. Antonia H. Sawyer, solo contralto in the First Presbyterian Church, gave an interesting musicale last evening at her home, No. 218 West Forty-fourth street, in honor of Prof. Léon Jancey, of Paris. The professor is on his first visit to the United States, but hereafter intends spending the month of October of each year here. He has been an actor of no little repute, having for years been connected

with the Odéon, in Paris. He read selections from French authors at Mrs. Sawyer's very entertainingly. Mrs. Sawyer sang several numbers, as did Miss Hilke and Miss Douglass, both sopranos. Mrs. William Hunter Brown and Mr. William C. Carl, pianists, also contributed to the evening's program.—*New York Herald, September 30.*

Mrs. Sawyer, who has a busy season before her, has enlarged her song repertoire and has arranged a new series of recital programs.

Nita Carritte's Chicago Success.—The following press notices from the leading Chicago papers refer to Miss Nita Carritte's recent brilliant work in light opera at the Chicago Tivoli:

Vocally he did his work well. This was also the case with the prima donna of the company, Miss Nita Carritte, a newcomer to Chicago, but familiar to London audiences both in the Carl Rosa and D'Oyle Carte organizations. Miss Carritte's voice is strong, mellow and well trained. She has spirit; that she evidenced in the drinking song in the second act, which she sang delightfully, but animation of the kind that is chic is foreign to her possession. In presence she is unusually handsome and refined.

Miss Nita Carritte is the new prima donna soprano, and she has made a good impression. Her voice is rich and well trained and her beauty of form and face, especially her eyes, commend her highly. Miss Carritte, though born in Halifax, N. S., was educated in London and Paris. In the latter city, while pursuing her musical education under La Grange and Marchesi, Gounod heard her sing, and so well pleased with her voice was the great composer that he advised her to study for the stage. Miss Carritte has made but few public appearances in this country, her reputation having been principally gained with the Carl Rosa Opera Company, with which organization she was for some time.

Miss Nita Carritte, a cantatrice from Nova Scotia, is new to this city, but quickly established herself as a favorite. She is graceful and attractive, acting with discretion. Her voice is of excellent quality, more sympathetic than brilliant, and she sings without effort. Miss Carritte carried the dual rôle of *Girofle-Girofla* with unaffected, jolly good spirit, and she is apparently a happy selection for prima donna rôles in this class of work.

The company, headed by Nita Carritte, Payne Clarke and Charles Bigelow, is a good one and made a fine impression in the opening performances of *Girofle-Girofla*.

Miss Carritte has returned to New York.

New Compositions by Whitney Coombs.—Eight new compositions by this composer have just been issued by G. Schirmer.

There are four songs for mezzo soprano: Open Your Leaves, In the Dark, in the Dew, Four Leaf Clover, and On Wings of Love. An Ave Maria for soprano, with accompaniment for violin, piano and organ. Two sacred duets—Emmanuel (soprano and baritone), The Angel of Light (contralto and tenor), and a festival anthem, How Lovely Upon the Mountains, written for the semi-centennial of the Church of the Holy Communion.

The John Church Company has also just published two songs by the same composer, Amaryllyis, and Only a Rose, the former for contralto and the latter for tenor.

Mr. Coombs has returned from a long holiday spent on the Massachusetts coast and Lake Champlain, and has resumed teaching at the Church of the Holy Communion (49 West Twentieth street), where he offers special advantages for the study of the organ, church music and the training of boys' voices.

Mapleson Opera Company.—Colonel J. H. Mapleson and some members of the Imperial Opera Company were expected to arrive here yesterday. The roster of the company includes Mmes. Hariclee Darclee, Bonaplate-Bau, Dotti, Giuseppina Huguet, Miss Susan Strong and Mlles. Toulinguet, Margherita-Albini and du Bedat, soprani; Mmes. Parsi, Meyenheim and Scalchi, and Mlle. Nilde Ponzano, mezzo soprani and contralti; Signori de Marchi, Durot, Randacio, Gino Betti and Oliveri, tenori; Signori Ughetto, Alberti and de Anna, baritoni, and Signori Pinto, Terzi, Giordani, Borelli and Dado, bassi. All are new to America excepting Scalchi, de Anna and Pinto. None, excepting the first two of these and Susan Strong, have London or Paris reputations. They are labeled as hailing from Milan, Madrid, "the principal theatres of Italy" and St. Petersburg. The chorus is said to include the principal singers of La Scala chorus, and its director is Signor Venturi. The conductors will be Signori Bombini and Tango. Nahan Franko will be concertmeister. Giordano's Andrea Chenier is the only new work promised. All the old stand-bys are in the repertory. The season will begin October 26 with *Aida*, cast as follows: *Rhadames*, Durot; *Amonas-ro*, de Anna; *Ramfis*, Pinto; *Il Re*, Dado; *Amneris*,

Parsi; *Aida*, Bonaplate-Bau. The American debut of Mme. Darclee is announced for Wednesday, October 28.

Januschowsky Engagements.—Mr. Ellis has engaged Mme. Januschowsky for two concerts with the Boston Symphony Orchestra on January 6 and 14. Engagements are also pending for concerts in Cincinnati, Chicago, Montreal and New York, in conjunction with the local orchestral organizations.

Dorscht Loge Concert.—Following is the program of the Dorscht Loge concert to be given on Sunday evening in the Central Opera House, Sixty-seventh street, near Third avenue, this city. Soloists, Mme. Georgine von Januschowsky, Mr. Barron Berthald. Orchestra of sixty-five of the best musicians of New York, members of the lodge. Conductor, Ad. Neuendorff.

Overture, *Carneval Roman*.....Berlioz
Adagio from Second Symphony.....Schumann
Rhapsody No. 1.....Hallén
Suite, *Mignon* (string orchestra).....Chas. Becker
Three orchestral pieces from Sigurd Jorsalfar.....Grieg
Brünnhilde's Awakening, from Wagner's *Siegfried*, Act III.
Brünnhilde.....Georgine von Januschowsky
Siegfried.....Barron Berthald

Alice Garrigue.—Miss Alice Garrigue, the popular vocal teacher, has returned from Long Island and the Adirondacks, and resumed teaching on October 1 at her new studio, 3 East Forty-first street. Miss Garrigue has been growing steadily in professional favor, the results of her teaching being invariably successful. Besides her large class of New York pupils, Miss Garrigue has students who come to her from all parts of the provinces, her careful method of tone production having obtained for her a wide and flattering reputation.

Boston Quintet Club.—It is a pleasure to record the fact that the Boston Quintet Club, with Louis Blumenberg, the eminent 'cellist, is meeting with an unparalleled success in its tour, something, by the way, which seldom rewards an organization of this kind, and the first one to visit Canada, conquer it and secure re-engagements. The club's dates for this month are as follows:

October 7, Erie, Pa.; 8th, Jamestown, N. Y.; 9th, London, Ont.; 12th, Toronto, Ont.; 13th, Port Hope, Ont.; 14th, Coburg, Ont.; 15th, Trenton, Ont.; 16th, Belleville, Ont.; 17th., Napanee; 19th, Kingston; 20th, Brockville; 23d, Montreal.

Carlotta Desvignes.—Miss Carlotta Desvignes, the eminent contralto, sang yesterday, October 6, with great success at a fashionable musicale in Troy, N. Y. Miss Desvignes will join Mme. Camilla Urso and her party at Cleveland, Ohio, on Sunday next, October 11, and will open their tour on Monday, the 12th.

National Conservatory Examinations.—Owing to the unprecedented number of applicants for instruction at the annual September examinations, on account of which many failed to obtain a hearing, the board of trustees has determined to hold a supplementary entrance examination as follows: Singing, October 14 (Wednesday), from 9 to 12 m.; opera, 2 to 5 p. m.; operatic chorus, 8 to 10 p. m.; violin, orchestra and all wind instruments, October 15 (Thursday), 2 to 5 p. m.; piano and organ, October 16 (Friday), 10 to 12 m., and 2 to 4 p. m.; children's day, October 17 (Saturday), piano and violin, 9 to 12 m., 2 to 4 p. m.

It is the desire of the board to gather from all parts of the United States pupils whose after labors will advance the cause of music in their native land. In view of this, and of the further fact that the National Conservatory was founded and is maintained with no other purpose, and by the liberal contributions of a few patrons, the board requests publication of the above notice.

A VIOLONCELLO ARTIST desires to become acquainted with a lady or gentleman, associating in the leading German and American society who would undertake the management of musical soirées for New York or vicinity. Address "K. A.," care of THE MUSICAL COURIER, Union square west, New York.

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The School of Vocal Science.

DEPARTMENT OF THE SPEAKING VOICE.

IT may seem a trifle out of place to write in a musical journal on the subject of the speaking voice, or to introduce into a school of music a department for training people to talk. It is not usual to class schools of oratory or of acting as musical institutions, nor has this journal been devoted in even the smallest degree to the music of conversation or of public speaking.

Moreover, of vocal instruction it is not generally expected that it shall have the slightest effect upon talking. Such absence of expectation, it might be added, is natural and most commendable; experience has shown the folly of any other state of mind.

This state of affairs has existed, however, simply because methods of instruction have not been based upon a knowledge of the parts which are the causes of tone or the scientific laws in accordance with which they act. The same causes determine the character of the voice in all its uses, and changing the action of those causes will change their effect, whether that effect finds its expression in the Webster Bunker Hill speech, a remark on the weather, or the Salve dimora from Faust. They are all varying developments of one and the same thing.

It is submitted then that the voice in its two manifestations of speech and song should be treated together in the same way by the same methods. Moreover, any method that does not help it in both manifestations is of little value. Such method must be fundamentally wrong, or, to say the least, radically weak and impotent, else it would affect that which has for its cause the very thing which is the cause of that which it is working to effect. And, conversely, a method of voice production that can affect the voice in singing and talking and can eradicate impediments of speech must be at least on the right track and at any rate approaching the positively scientific; for to do this it must have an exact and absolute knowledge of the causes of voice, and must concentrate its efforts upon those causes and not upon their effects. This is the inductive method of modern science.

The School of Vocal Science, though having for its chief aim the making of great singers, has as an aim hardly secondary to that the making of great public speakers and conversationalists, so far as the possession of a great medium for the expression of what the mind conceives has to do with greatness.

This department is divided into two branches:

1. Eradicating defects like lisping, stammering and stuttering. Though little experience has been had in this line, what has been done and, still more, what reason demands make it fairly safe to maintain that these defects can be done away with by working on the same lines used in training the voice for singing.

2. The actual adjustment and development of the voice with reference to speaking. This is done by working at the causes of voice exactly as in the singing department. The development required, however, is not so high as in great singing; it is more of an amateurish use.

It is hardly necessary to add that the success of this department will mean the supply of a most crying need. It is one of the disappointing facts which public speakers, lawyers, clergymen, actors and all the rest, have to face—this fact that though capable of taking a high place so far as mental ability is concerned, they are unable to take that place on account of the lack of a fit medium for the expression of that ability. Other men of poorer brain but better voice go ahead of them.

Hardly less important is the question of the ordinary talking voice. Assuredly there has been good reason for not associating talking and music. All the infinite varieties of disagreeable changes that can be rung in the human voice are too everyday misfortunes to require further notice. It is sadly true that "the music of her voice" is more often met with between the covers of the novel than in ordinary conversation. And to these voices people have become so hardened that they are endured with hardly a passing comment. The day is coming, however, it is strongly believed, when these voices will not be *au fait*; when they will not be tolerated by society, but banished,

along with the unutterable squeak of the embryo violinist, to the remotest parts, until endurable. Society will then take a much needed rest.

Closely bound up with this subject, and proving still further its importance, is a question of health. It is folly to suppose that one can go through life violating the laws of muscular action and not feel the ill effects. Wrong use of the causes of voice in speaking and in singing is, no doubt, the reason for a large portion of the throat trouble so prevalent. Moreover, it is believed that the general health is dependent more upon the condition of these delicate muscles of the throat than upon that of the grosser ones, that usually receive all the attention and get all the exercise.

The School of Vocal Science is striving to hasten the time when, for the sake of all the interests involved—æsthetic, hygienic, artistic, &c.—perfection of vocal development, manifesting itself in singing, in public speaking and in conversation, will be an absolute requirement of a liberal education and of true culture.

Boston Quintet.

THE world famous Boston Quintet Club opened the musical season for Buffalo with a concert last evening. An appreciative audience greeted their appearance, and from the opening note to the close of the program the listeners were held enchanted by the perfect blending of musical sounds. That each member of the club is an artist was shown by the solo numbers, and the concerted pieces were rendered with a perfection that showed hard study and long association. The club, as a whole, is far superior to most organizations of this kind, and that they have won an international reputation does not seem marvelous when one hears them.

To mention individually and speak in detail of the quintet would be quite superfluous; it is sufficient to say that no one could hear them once without desiring to hear them again.

The club will give another concert here in the spring of 1897.—*Buffalo Courier, October 4.*

A Clavier Experiment.

TO espouse any new art method or theory demands firm conviction in the soundness of that theory, the benefits to be derived from its practice, and also presupposes a thorough knowledge of its advantages. When such a new method or theory has been met with, taken up, studied, put to practical use and found to be in every way good, then comes the desire to share this good with fellow workers.

These are times throbbing with new and inventive thought, with discovery and investigation. But we must put ourselves in the way if we would feel the benefits; we must enter the new thought currents in order to keep abreast of what has been done already; we must be willing to investigate the new, the untried, to study ceaselessly, if we would be invigorated and inspired. Else the most advanced thought will pass us by unheeded. What matters it to us what has been thought and wrought if we be "deaf and dumb"?

A practical illustration is drawn from the Virgil practice clavier and the clavier method. It is but a few years since this instrument was given to the world, but it is not too much to say that its right use, together with the clavier method, is revolutionizing piano practice and piano technic, and the end is not yet.

It was a fight at first. The teachers said: "You expect us to give up our hoary and time honored ways and use this machine. It is mechanical, of course, and above all it is new; we will have none of it." But the truth was in this little instrument, and truth could not be crushed. A few began to see what could be accomplished by the correct use of the clavier, and these few told others. It was like a new religion.

In the heart of our musical life the clavier established

itself. Artists and beginners came to learn the clavier method. They found in the principles taught the utmost simplicity, together with certainty clear as noonday. A standard of touch was established at the outset and the watchword was "perfection."

But while New York and a few other musical centres were enjoying these advantages the smaller cities seemed to know nothing of the new light which had arisen.

It was with a great desire to enlighten even a few others during the vacation in regard to the clavier system of study that I left New York in June after a busy professional season. The city where I was to spend most of the summer is not very far from the metropolis, measured by the number of miles, but is immeasurably distant when knowledge of the clavier and its use is taken into the account. Most of the teachers and others with whom I conversed on the subject had never even seen a clavier, and the method was entirely unknown. "The old ways are best."

I wanted them to hear at least of the new way. A clavier talk was given one warm July afternoon. A part of Mr. Virgil's excellent paper on A Positive and Accurate Technic was read, the clavier was shown and explained and the method discussed. Some technical work and the Prelude in E minor, Mendelssohn, were played, first on the clavier and then on the piano. Chopin's nocturne in F, lately memorized at the clavier, was played on the piano, all present remarking on the beautiful tone and depth of expression shown, which proved to them that the clavier need not induce mechanical playing. All seemed deeply interested by what they heard, and several expressed a desire to study the method. A little later a second talk was given and the following pieces memorized, at the clavier during the hottest summer weather, were given:

Nocturne, C sharp minor Chopin
Mazurka, B flat minor
Scherzo Arensky
Berceuse Iljinaky
Etude in C Rubinstein

A class for clavier study has been formed and it will grow. Next year it will be larger, the good work will go on. This city does not deserve its unfortunate reputation for apathy in some lines of musical progress. You will no doubt hear from us again.

ALBANY, N. Y.

H. M. B.

Virgil Practice Clavier Company.—This company expects to open an office in Chicago in the French & Potter Building, corner Wabash avenue and Washington street, with Mr. H. M. Bruns, of New York, as manager. This office will be the Western headquarters of the Virgil Practice Clavier Company.

Townsend H. Fellows.—Townsend H. Fellows, the popular baritone and eminent vocal instructor, has resumed teaching at his studio, 401 Carnegie Hall, after a busy summer spent in singing and teaching at Saratoga Springs, N. Y. Owing to the increase of pupils in New York he has been obliged to discontinue teaching at Albany, N. Y., and has turned over his large class of pupils in that city to Mr. Charles Abercrombie.

Clementine de Vere-Sapio.—Madame Clementine de Vere-Sapio, prima donna soprano, sang with brilliant success on the evening of October 1 at the reception to General and Mrs. Harrison given by Mrs. R. Ogden Doremus. Following is a press notice of the affair:

About 100 guests were present last evening at the residence of Prof. and Mrs. R. Ogden Doremus, No. 341 Madison avenue, to meet Gen. and Mrs. Benjamin Harrison.

The occasion also marked the forty-sixth wedding anniversary of host and hostess. An excellent musical program was given by Mme. Clementine de Vere Sapio, soprano, and Camilla Urso, violinist, and an elaborate supper was served.—*Herald, October 2.*

Mme. Sapio is engaged to give a recital on next Friday, October 9, for the Art Society at Pittsburgh, Pa.

THIRTEENTH ANNUAL CONCERT of the DORSCHT LODGE No. 1, New York.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 11, 8 P. M.

CENTRAL OPERA HOUSE, East 67th St., near Third Ave.

SOLOISTS—Frl. GEORGINE JANUSCHOWSKY, Herr BARRON BERTHALD and a Grand Orchestra comprising sixty-five of the best musicians of New York, conducted by Herr AD. NEUKENDORF.

TICKETS, EACH, - 50 CENTS.
Ball after the Concert. THE COMMITTEE.

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GEORGE W. COLBY,

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No. 866.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1896.

The London MUSICAL COURIER is published every Thursday from 21 Princes street, Cavendish Square, Oxford Circus, W. London, England. This paper, while containing the salient points of THE MUSICAL COURIER of New York, devotes special attention to music and trade matters throughout Great Britain and the British Colonies.

Specimen copies, subscriptions and advertising rates can be obtained by addressing the London office, or
THE MUSICAL COURIER COMPANY,
 Union Square, West,
 New York City.

44 Pages.

VOSE CHANGE IN CHICAGO.

NO question is more difficult of solution for the piano manufacturer than that of territorial representation. It is difficult not only to find proper direct agency representation, but to secure a house that will "work" the direct as well as the indirect territory charged to its operations. Jobbing firms are always anxious to get control of large sections, and in most cases they are actually unable to supervise the distribution of the instruments in such quantities as the manufacturer requires, for, it must not be forgotten, the manufacturer is always figuring upon the possibilities of each section, and it is not often that he is satisfied.

It is wise, in case of disappointments in such event, to do as the Vose & Sons Piano Company and Lyon, Potter & Co., of Chicago, have done, and that is agree to separate. The Vose & Sons Piano Company after due deliberation concluded that it could dispose of a larger number of pianos in the territory heretofore assigned to Lyon, Potter & Co. than the Chicago house felt it agreeable to handle. As a manufacturing concern, selling direct to the dealer, the Vose & Sons Piano Company calculates upon securing larger outlets by opening a branch in Chicago itself, from which it will be able to dispose of its instruments in larger quantities in the territory formerly held by a jobbing house. This is a natural, an evolutionary and progressive step, the forerunner of similar steps by other firms that are finding large sections virtually tied up by the agencies representing the jobbing interests of the manufacturers in the respective sections.

Piano manufacturers are constantly figuring on the possibilities of territory; they know the houses in each part of the country or in each of the better class of States, and they calculate the approximate number of pianos each of these smaller firms would be apt to purchase per year. From this they conclude that the jobber controlling a given section should sell of their makes about so many pianos per year and if the jobber, for many

reasons, fails to approximate they must, particularly if they are strong in finance, take the territorial representation into their own hands and cultivate the smaller or retail dealer directly.

This process is apt to develop more and more if for no other reason than the fact that Chicago manufacturers are direct sellers to the smaller dealers, and hence the Chicago jobber is apt to lose his more vigorous Eastern houses unless he is prepared to make a large distribution, which signifies a large organization. There are not many purely jobbing houses that have or care to have such an organization and hence the Eastern houses must go into the field as Vose & Sons now do.

Some years ago this paper tabulated the number of Eastern piano concerns that had a Chicago jobbing representation, and while the list was at that time already small it is now insignificant. Lyon & Healy have the Knabe, the Fischer, the Jewett; Lyon, Potter & Co. now have the Steinway, A. B. Chase and Sterling, and outside of these half dozen Eastern makes there is no jobbing representation of Eastern pianos, and even all these are not direct jobbing representation. There is virtually an end of Eastern jobbing representation in Chicago and the Vose move will stimulate the theory of direct representation more than ever.

WEBER'S FINALE.

THE daily papers of this city owe a lot of money to that unfortunate young man Albert Weber. He has been furnishing them with material for weeks past, which, notwithstanding a plethora of political information, not sufficient, however, to fill their columns, has given them substance to feed upon; and how they did feed! And how unreliable it all was and is that they print about this otherwise indifferent person; for what, after all, was poor Al Weber, as he was called, but an irresponsible, uncontrollable waif and an individual who certainly never occupied a social position that called for any serious comment on his habits and his morals.

Now he is accused of squandering a parent's fortune which never existed, and in their unsavory story of him, told with all the glee of unsympathetic fiends, the papers give in detail his hallucinations in the insane pavilion at Bellevue, whither he was taken last week. And then they preach morality and point to the lesson. A most inspiring and hopeful civilization this is in which we live, fully exploited every day, nearly every hour, in illustrated papers that publish pictures of actual events which never could have been witnessed by anyone attached to the papers, and which are represented as truths when they are actual, constant lies. Such are also the lies about Weber. But let that go; these crimes against society, next to which Albert Weber's are like fly specks to a cloud, will necessarily bring about their own punishment.

Two days before Weber was taken to Bellevue we sought him and found that his mental territory had been invaded by that cruel enemy that never recedes a step after once getting a foothold. The unsteady gait, the shifting glance, the unhinged tongue, the drooping jaw supplemented by arms cutting the air

told the whole story. And what a sad story; how wretched the history preceding it!

After all, let us admit that the boy never had a proper training, and that when yet a boy he entered into control of affairs that usually fall to men of experience. No moral force was ever applied to the correction of habits readily acquired in cosmopolitan centres by even greater men than this irresponsible youth ever promised to become.

Excuse or apology—there is none. The world does not permit it. Weber went to pieces in all directions and such a fate brooks no excuse, but the reasons for this tragic fiasco can readily be found and stated. The boy had no moral basis to work on. He did not know what it meant, and taking that into consideration it is a marvel that he held out so long. What in ordinary cases would be termed temptations were never temptations to him; they were mere matters of course, the natural events transpiring in such a life as he pursued as the normal life.

He was disorganized from the moral point of view, and necessarily moral disorganization means mental decay. Early education and environment are, like in all other cases, to be held responsible for the boy's unmanly manhood. He was not brought up to become a healthy member of society, but down in the heart of hearts Al Weber was by nature a liberal, generous, kind and good fellow, and possessing these ingredients he still had the material in him for moral restoration during one or more stages of his career.

No sooner had the news become general that Weber was *hors de combat* when the speculative piano mind began to assert itself to create the possible results so far as the future of the Weber business is concerned. Weber has been considered by many as the one obstacle to the resuscitation of the business. Whether this is so or not so will now soon be discovered.

It will require at least a half million dollars to revive the Weber house, and if it merely becomes an adjunct of any cheap piano manufacturer it will never be able to pay much of a profit even to such a purchaser.

SOMETHING TO SAY.

AMONG those younger men in the piano trade who will have something to say regarding its future tendencies are, for instance, Mr. C. H. W. Foster, of Chickering & Sons; Mr. Thos. F. Scanlan, of the New England Piano Company; Mr. H. D. Cable, of the Chicago Cottage Organ Company; Mr. James E. Healy, of Wm. Knabe & Co.; Mr. E. S. Conway and Mr. A. G. Cone, of the W. W. Kimball Company, and Mr. A. H. Fischer, of J. & C. Fischer. These are all young men under fifty, and they will be among the forces that will regulate the destiny of this piano business. There are others besides who will be enrolled under the banner of reform and progress, but it is dead sure that the above mentioned are going to have something to say about it.

EX-GOV. LEVI K. FULLER, of the Estey Organ Company, is very ill at his residence in Brattleboro, Vt. He has been suffering for a long time, and great sympathy is universally expressed for him.

MR. MASON.

NOTHING elevates the piano business more than the standing and prestige of its members in the community, and this applies not to the elevation of the individual firm only whose member becomes distinguished, but reflects credit upon the whole trade. Thus a piano manufacturer who succeeds in becoming a citizen of importance aids the piano trade as a whole in becoming a more important factor in the world of industry and commerce.

Mr. E. P. Mason, of the Mason & Hamlin Company, who visited New York lately, is one of the piano manufacturers whose varied functions bring him prominently into the class referred to. Mr. Mason is first of all the president of the Mason & Hamlin Company, of Boston. He is also president of the Mason & Hamlin Company, of New York; president of the O. A. Field Company, of St. Louis; president of the J. A. Norris Company, of Chicago, and president of the Chandler W. Smith Company, of Boston.

Mr. Mason is also engaged in places of significance outside of the music trade, for he is president of the Ashton Valve Company, of Boston, which paid no dividend prior to his accession and since then has paid an 8 per cent. annual dividend.

He has also, for seven years past, been one of the directors of the Central National Bank of Boston and a trustee of the Home Savings Bank of Boston.

These are all positions of responsibility and dignity, and the fact that they are honorably filled by a member of the piano trade is a compliment itself to the trade.

PACKARD

Abroad and At Home.

THE placing of the new Packard piano alongside the celebrated Packard organ at the London Trade Exposition the past summer is having its effect upon the trade in other countries. The Fort Wayne Organ Company, manufacturers of the Packard piano and organ, have recently made a satisfactory deal with a large Australian house, who have been selling their organs for some time, to introduce their pianos in all the Australasian islands. They are now getting ready their first shipment, and it is found that pianos, as well as most American goods, have to be prepared and finished for that trade.

The well established foreign business of the Fort Wayne Organ Company on their organ has been a great help to them in keeping their business alive during these depressed times; they have an eye to the same future for the Packard piano trade.

They, however, don't forget the importance of the home market, and are getting out some new attractions and offering special inducements to that trade, which will be announced in due time:

IN pursuance of the recent change made by the Estey in Chicago and the West the signs of Estey & Camp on the front of the building 916 and 918 Olive street, St. Louis, have been removed and new signs bearing the title "The Estey Co." have been substituted, but there has been no change of management or office force at St. Louis.

SOCIN & SON are progressing rapidly with their new piano factory in Knoxville, Tenn. It looks as though a piano producing plant of good size would be running shortly in Knoxville. C. B. C. Socin, the head of the concern of Socin & Son, is a most capable workman in high grade pianos, and the result of his handiwork, as well as his management, is bound to be good.

MR. G. K. BARNES, of the Smith & Barnes Piano Company, of Chicago, who was in Syracuse last week on Chase & Smith affairs, in which his company is interested, paid a short visit to New York, chiefly to confer with the traveling man of the house, Mr. Charles Becht. The Smith & Barnes piano is one of the stable selling pianos of the day. It is made by piano men and it is handled by business men who have a broad commercial instinct, who can see ahead, who can weigh and balance conditions before deciding upon important matters, and who know just what they are about. Moreover, Mr. Barnes is a straightforward business man, who means

what he says and who says what he means, and this, when once discovered, increases and enhances the standing, prestige and credit of any merchant and manufacturer. The company is bound to be busy this fall—bound to be. Cannot help it.

IT is gratifying to announce that Mr. Louis P. Bach, of Kranich & Bach, has passed the turning point in his serious illness, and, although very weak, is considered by his physician practically out of danger and on the road to recovery. Mr. Bach is ill with typhoid fever.

THE Lindeman & Sons Piano Company is daily in receipt of orders for the Lindeman piano, and these orders are growing in volume as well as improving in quality, showing that a keen appreciation is in existence for the Lindeman piano; 1897 and the fall of 1896 should be a good period of time for the Lindeman piano. It has had an honorable record, it has had hosts of friends in the past, and the present specimens should not only hold old friends but win many new ones.

ROBERT A. WIDENMANN, of the firm of Strich & Zeidler, has been nominated for Congress in the 17th Congressional district on the sound money Democratic ticket. Mr. Widenmann is a well-known Democrat of Rockland County, N. Y., has fought many a successful fight in his district and for the party he adheres to, and the honor comes as a well deserved reward for distinguished services. Mr. Widenmann says that the business interests of Strich & Zeidler make it impossible to make the vigorous canvass he would like to.

MANUFACTURERS of musical instruments that are adapted for foreign markets, such as reed organs, Autoharps, other harps, drums, &c., should advertise in the London MUSICAL COURIER, published every Thursday at 21 Princes street, Cavendish Square, W., London, England. The London MUSICAL COURIER circulates in Great Britain, Australia, Cape Colony, East India, China coast cities, British Guiana and Jamaica, and in all British colonies outside of Canada. It is the best medium for American musical instruments adapted for export.

Advertisements received at this office.

WE have lately seen some old and some new specimens of the Marshall & Wendell piano. While the new and salable specimens show a distinct progress the old pianos show that the knowledge requisite to good construction was known and utilized by those who built them. These old specimens, interesting from the standpoint of antiquity, as would naturally be the case in many instances, are really good pianos to-day, although built in another generation. The new pianos are splendid specimens of piano building for the masses. No wonder they are successful.

IS it good policy for a piano dealer to show his hand, or rather the weak card he holds in his hand? No; certainly not.

Is it good policy for a piano dealer to ask for long credits and boldly affirm that that is the only way pianos can or will be bought henceforth? No.

Is it good policy for a piano dealer to give evidence to his creditors that he has no financial judgment? No.

Is it good policy for a piano dealer to demand terms which he should know would be apt to bankrupt the manufacturer if he should generally grant them? No.

Poor policy all this; poor policy, and yet some dealers wonder why things are as they are. But they are because they must be.

THE Pease piano is one of those instruments that appeal to the great mass of the people who in all times have money. This point should be utilized by the company in selling goods. On second thought there is no use in utilizing it. All dealers know it, and that is why the Pease piano is so popular and so deserving of its advertised sobriquet, viz., Popular Pease Piano.

The recognition of the Pease Piano Company of the crying need of the public for a piano that, fitting both a cultivated ear and a fairly filled purse, has produced this interest that has such a claim on its

clientèle. To recognize this and achieve the results relative to this recognition of principle required brains, and that is a commodity to be found in the Pease establishment. Sound brains, sound, substantial sense are attributes of the Pease forces.

THE selection of the Hazelton piano by Ernest Urchs & Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, for a piano to run next to the Steinway, the leader, was no surprise to the trade. The Hazelton piano is always in the market for plums, and plums it gets, or rather the concern that gets the Hazelton piano gets a plum, and a fat one at that. Hazelton pianos never occasion any trouble in warerooms. The instrument has long enjoyed an enviable reputation. The house of Hazelton Brothers is extremely conservative and seldom makes a move that does not advance the Hazelton piano.

MR. A. P. ROTH, of Roth & Engelhardt, the action makers, of St. Johnsville, N. Y., returned from his summer sojourn at that place about the first of the month, and can now be found at the New York office. "Regarding our summer business," said Mr. Roth, "you remember that we announced that we should keep running and employ sufficient help to keep supplied our regular customers. Contrary to our expectations the demand for actions was underestimated, and the activity at the factory has been more than satisfactory to ourselves and employees. The month of September has been better in trade than any previous month for some time, and the improvement is gradual and exceedingly hopeful."

THE TRADE LOUNGER.

LET'S suppose for the sake of being cheerful in these repellent, dismal days of early fall, when the odor of faded flowers is replaced by the somehow grateful scent of released camphor balls, when on each dank morning the question of a new overcoat is confused with the enthusiastic election bet of the night before—let's suppose that you are rich, not necessarily rich enough to make of you a perfunctory gold bug, but yet not so poor that you must believe that anything to be different is better than anything that is, and suppose that you are on the other side of the deal and your daughter, if you have one, or your wife, even if you haven't one, insists that a parlor grand piano is more or less necessary to replace the upright that has seen such neglected service in the parlor or drawing room or music room.

The question of make or, to be more sincere, the question of name has come up, been discussed, decided by your daughter or wife, and the exchange has been effected, so that the new oddly shaped thing is in the house. It has been paid for (this is pure supposition), and it looks a shingly gruesome object, entirely at odds with its surroundings. You are confronted with it when you return home, and the idea of silver handles is quickly dismissed, but—what shall it be covered with?

Perhaps a handsome scarf—an old Persian shawl thrown over the more exposed expanse of funereal blackness may liven it up a bit, but if it is to be thrown open—the cover lifted, what then? The matter is talked over, and you find the expense ends not with paying for the instrument (this is pure supposition). It can't be permitted to mar the whole scheme of your furnishings; it must not stand a glistening black blot on the cheerfulness of your otherwise tasteful room. It must have clothes—covering of some sort in harmony with its surroundings. Ask your wife or your daughter to "see the salesman about it."

She goes next day. He suggests that she go to such and such a place—a place where they sell piano covers. She goes, of course, and returns to tell you at night that she wouldn't have such things in the house as were shown her there. They are machine embroidered atrocities with front flaps depicting misshapen golden harps surrounded and overrun with blue roses and pink lilies and surmounted with an impossible wreath of purple green leaves, the like of which ne'er grew on bush or tree.

The next day she goes to some upholsterer, who sends a man of taste to look at the difficulty—a man who has but to glance at the surroundings and submit a design which is at once pleasing, appropriate and—expensive. Another \$75 or \$100 is added to the extrinsic cost of the grand, even if you forego the expense of a conforming chair.

Now what I want to say is that a piano should be artistically clothed, as a lounge or a mantel should be draped, and yet there is not to-day in New York within my knowl-

edge a single place where a piano salesman can direct a cultivated customer to obtain a covering that shall be plain, dainty, neat, rich, handsome and elaborate—not a place where a man at Steinway's, say, or Chickering's, say, or Knabe's, say, can send the purchaser of a grand piano with the assurance that he or she will find an assortment or even a suggestion of artistic grand piano covers.

The more miles you go from New York the greater becomes your difficulty. There are good upholsterers in other cities, but they are but upholsterers, and what I wish to impress upon the mind of some enterprising man or woman in this town is the field open to him or her for the designing and making of piano coverings or piano drapings. It's no hard problem from a mechanical or dressmaker's viewpoint. Every instrument has its number, and every number indicates, as on the register of the manufacturer, the scale number, which is the key to the exact cover measurements of the instrument. So that a person in Jamestown, N. Y., or a person at Seattle, would need but send to the New York cover maker the number of his piano, that designs might be submitted and an absolute fit guaranteed.

The idea is not by any means a new one. It was worked out years ago, and many's the time I've seen paper patterns of grand tops made as accurately as the measurements of a woman's bodice; but the idea has fallen into disuse.

There are dollars, good United States dollars, no matter what their pitch when rung, for some one who will come to the fore and present to the trade, and through the trade to the purchasing public, a comprehensive set of piano covers—particularly grand piano covers—that are handsome, serviceable, artistic, individual and expensive.

There are some pianos—uprights—that it would be all but a crime to cover; pianos the casings of which represent such careful selection of veneers, such excellent judgment in "matching up," and such particularly good varnishing work that they are really handsome enough to stand alone. Among these are the Starr pianos, manufactured in Richmond, Ind. Some of the large size Starrs are simply beautiful. It is worth while writing for a catalogue, and worth money to write for a trial instrument, if you're fortunate enough to be in territory not already represented.

A. M. Wright has been to New York from the West, has stopped over night and eluded the newspaper men, and has gone for an unannounced period to Grafton, N. H. Mr. Frank Lee, of the John Church Company, has returned to Cincinnati from Put-in-Bay, Mich., where he has been taking a needed rest, and he will say only that he may decide upon the future of the John Church Company, the Everett Piano Company and the Harvard Piano Company when next he visits New York, which may be November 1, which may be January 1, and which may never be. So there's no definite news to give concerning the new New York wareroom, save that No. 94 Fifth avenue, which is immediately adjoining the Emerson branch, is being redecorated, and that the real estate agents decline to divulge the name of the lessor.

The several trade papers and some Western dailies announced last week that the Smith & Nixon Piano Company had reduced its capital stock from \$300,000 to \$100,000. No one in New York seems to know and no one in Cincinnati will tell what the significance of this announcement is, provided it is true. If the Smith & Nixon Piano Company continues as a corporation it may be that Henry W. Crawford will remain as manager, though he has previously stated that he would embark in business under his own name. The Smith & Nixon Piano Manufacturing Company, which is an entirely separate concern, is now virtually owned by Mr. Glenn, of the Smith & Nixon Piano Company, so there is no telling what combination may yet be made by this most astonishing set of piano men and their feeders.

It seems all but impossible to ascertain what is being done in the affairs of A. D. Coe, of Cleveland, but it is stated on good authority that one creditor to whom no less than \$10,000 was due has forced a settlement, partly in cash and partly in a general assortment of pianos.

Just what the outcome of the numerous suits and counter-suits in which Coe and the assignee and some of the various alliances of these two parties are engaged will be cannot be conjectured, but it looks now as though Mr. Coe's frequently expressed desire to retire from the piano business will be about the only object he will secure from the wreck.

MR. R. O. Burgess, representing the Wegman Piano Co., Auburn, N. Y., passed through this city on Saturday last en route for Boston. Mr. Burgess has been traveling in Pennsylvania and New York States the past few weeks and previous to that time in the West and Northwest.

—The suit brought against Albert Steinert, of the M. Steinert & Sons Company, Providence branch, by Strich & Zeidler, has been continued to November 4.

OBITUARY.

P. G. Anton Dead.

ST. LOUIS, October 4, 1896.

THE death of Mr. P. G. Anton, which occurred on Friday morning, was a shock to his family, friends and musicians in general, as he was in apparent good health, but death is no respecter of persons, and apoplexy removed one of the best known musicians, not only in local circles, but also among artists and dealers in the East.

Mr. Anton was born March 31, 1831, in Darmstadt, and his musical talent, which manifested itself at an early age, was cultivated by such eminent men as J. Christian Heinrich Rinck on the organ, and by Xavier Schnyder von Wartensee, who instructed him on the violin and in theory.

In 1847 he emigrated to America, first settling in Pittsburgh; next he moved to Indianapolis and finally to St. Louis in 1858; here he became soon known and appreciated for his thorough musicianship, being engaged as organist in several prominent churches and having a large patronage as teacher. In the latter capacity he was rather exclusive, preferring few and talented pupils to the drudgery of many who only learn music as a mere matter of amusement; this induced him to open an agency for pianos and other musical instruments, and for many years he was most successful with W. Knabe & Co. and others.

As musical director of the Arion Society he did excellent work; not less noteworthy are the compositions which he wrote, not to overflow the musical market, for very few are published, but to follow the bent of his latent musical talent, which was certainly of a high order, but not overrated by Mr. Anton himself, who contented himself not only in composing symphonies and quartets, &c., but also copying out all the parts for the mere pleasure of hearing them. Mr. Anton was a great admirer of Wagner, Schubert and Schumann, and their influence was of course noticeable in his works, without any plagiarism.

As the founder of quartet clubs for chamber music he was most prominent as the first violinist; the fullness of his tones and sympathetic expression never failed to make a deep impression. His eldest daughter Lina, who married Mr. August Roebbeln, of New York, a well-known musician, was an excellent pianist. His son, P. G. Anton, Jr., is one of our most prominent cello players; two other daughters and a widow mourn his loss.

In compliance with the oft expressed wishes of the deceased, his remains were reduced to ashes this afternoon at the crematory.

W. MALMENE.

Vinet Walker.

Vinet Walker, the blind tuner of Pittsfield, Mass., died there last week. Mr. Walker was a very accomplished musician and a capable tuner.

B. J. Sperry.

B. J. Sperry, formerly a music dealer of St. Louis and latterly of Portland, Ore., died in New York September 23, aged 62 years. He leaves a large family.

The Miller Organ Company Enlarges

THE position which compels the Miller Organ Company, of Lebanon, Pa., to enlarge its plant would seem to be a significant one, taking into consideration the present dullness of the piano and organ trade. Such is the fact, however, and it would indicate, perhaps, that the Miller Organ Company was not groveling in the slough of despond, but was manufacturing its organs in about the usual quantities, and selling them in about the usual way and under about the usual prices and conditions, and that the Miller Organ Company was in a more than fairly contented, in fact in ambitious state of mind, and prospects better.

All this is proven by the enlarging of its plant, because if business wasn't pretty good what would be the need of more capacity?

It may be said that a very profitable part of the trade comes from abroad; and the following from its own State and territory nearby is of a steadfast and reliable nature.

The goods warrant all loyalty from dealers.

Weaver Organ and Piano Company.

A COMMUNICATION under date of October 2 from the Weaver Organ and Piano Company, of York, Pa., states that the prospects for fall trade are equal to that of a year ago, with the advantage that dealers generally are in a better condition as to stock and in a more encouraging way financially, and unless some unforeseen circumstances arise a good season's business should be accomplished.

The county fair began on Monday last, and will con-

tinue during the week. The Weaver people had their exhibit in the large main building, which is 90x350. Unfortunately a severe wind storm wrecked this edifice last week, and the exhibition of musical instruments will be made in a tent.

Considerable attention has been given to these county fairs and with excellent results. "We find by good solid work musical instruments can still be sold, and we are meeting with much better success than had been anticipated. We have just shipped 12 of our finest styles to Port Natal, South Africa."

An English Piano Fake.

THE Liverpool (England) police have arrested a piano deadbeat who has been trading under the firm names of Montgomery, Mills and Brown. He has been working the bicycle instead of the piano dodge in Europe. He advertised in several papers to the effect that "10 of our best £25 bicycles will be given free to the 10 persons sending in the most words made from the word 'Overland.'" This brought tons of answers. A few days after receiving them, he sent another circular letter, in which it was stated that "the writer, an employé of the company, had access to the list of words, and volunteered to mail a complete list on receipt of 30 shillings, thereby making certain the receipt of one of the prize bicycles."

The English police say that had they not discovered Montgomery's plan so quickly he would by means of his circular have obtained hundreds of pounds within a few days. The prisoner says that he came from the United States and that he lived in Indianapolis. In his possession was found a circular offering pianos free, one to each of 20 persons sending in the largest list of words made from the letters forming the two words "Carleton Piano." The circular purported to be issued by the Carleton Piano Company, 77 Fifth avenue, New York city.

Captain O'Brien is investigating the man's career here, and will communicate with the Liverpool police when his history is obtained.—Sun.

There is no such concern as the Carleton Piano Company at 77 Fifth avenue.

In Town.

AMONG the trade visitors who have been in New York the past week and among those who called at the office of THE MUSICAL COURIER were:

Geo. J. Dowling, Vose & Sons Piano Company, Boston, Mass.

C. H. Lichty, Reading, Pa.

Simon Shoninger, B. Shoninger Company, New Haven, Conn.

R. A. Tusting, Asbury Park, N. J.

Mrs. Carrie T. Doan, Cleveland, Ohio.

J. L. Pierce, Boston, Mass.

C. L. Barker, Bellows Falls, Vt.

H. L. Sullivan, Columbus, Ohio.

W. D. Wade, Charleston, S. C.

W. H. Poole, Boston, Mass.

A. M. Wright, Chicago, Ill.

E. P. Mason, Mason & Hamlin Company, Boston, Mass.

W. Johnson, Cluett & Son, Troy, N. Y.

R. O. Burgess, Wegman Piano Company, Auburn, N. Y.

P. H. Powers, Emerson Piano Company, Boston, Mass.

H. M. Chase, Chase & Smith, Syracuse, N. Y.

G. Herzberg, Philadelphia, Pa.

Chase & Smith.

AT the meeting of the stockholders, and at a subsequent meeting of the board of directors, which consists of Carlton Chase, Col. A. C. Chase, F. K. Smith, H. M. Chase and G. K. Barnes, of Smith & Barnes, of Chicago, H. M. Chase was elected president, G. K. Barnes vice-president, Carlton Chase treasurer, and F. K. Smith secretary.

The now thoroughly organized company will push the Chickering as a leader, and other lines will be furnished by the Smith & Barnes Piano Company.

Ketterlinus Press.

THE press of Ketterlinus, Philadelphia, Pa., seems to be the press laureate of the piano trade, as nearly all the great catalogues come from this great Philadelphia house. Their latest work is the catalogue of the Mathushek & Son Piano Company, a work deserving of the highest praise, and therefore on a par with the rest of the Ketterlinus work.

John Friedrich & Brother.

JOHN FRIEDRICH & BROTHER, of Cooper Institute, this city, have received from abroad a more than usually desirable stock of violins, bows, &c., which in addition to their own make of valuable instruments gives them an assortment to select from unsurpassed in the city.

The fall trade opens promisingly for this old and reliable firm of violin manufacturers and merchants.

Current Chat and Changes.

Henry August Willy Sonntag, importer of musical instruments, at No. 58 White street, under the name of Herman Sonntag, made an assignment September 30 to Gottfried Julius Hauser, giving preferences for \$7,725; to Henry Lindemeyer & Sons, \$1,350; Fedor Schmidt, New Brighton, Staten Island, \$2,000; Hermine Murken, Bremen, Germany, \$808; Louise Sonntag, \$2,567; Albert Repp, Brooklyn, \$1,200. The business was established many years ago by his father, Herman Sonntag, who retired in 1886. The son became a partner with his father in 1878, and succeeded to the business when his father retired. Large & Stallknecht, who represent the assignor, said that the assignment was due to the hard times, as musical instruments are a luxury now, and people don't want to buy them. Approximately the liabilities are \$44,000, and nominal assets \$38,000, principally in stock.

There are said to be over 400 pianos in Durango that were carried upon the shoulders of peons more than 200 miles before the railways came this way. There were no cart roads, and burros, mules and men furnished all the transportation. A gang of 16 men, working eight at a time and relieving each other at frequent intervals, can carry a piano a good way if they keep at it long enough and have their load rigged so they can get under it. The heavy machinery in the mines around Durango was all brought in the same way.

Ex-Governor Shepherd who lives at Batopilas, a mining town in the Sierra Madre Mountains 100 miles or so west of Chihuahua, has a piano in the house that was carried over 400 miles on the backs of men, and its transportation from Washington cost \$900.

But I know an even bigger story than that. The only steamboat on Lake Chapala—a body of water in the southern part of the republic that is 100 miles long and 30 miles wide—was built in San Francisco, taken to pieces and brought in parts to San Blas, a port on the Pacific, and from there carried over two ranges of mountains on the backs of peons and burros. The name of this wonderful boat is Liberty.—*Tribune*.

F. E. Tainter, Lewiston, Me., threw the doors of his new music warerooms open to the public September 30. It is reported that they are among the finest warerooms in the State.

C. H. Burdick, Westerly, R. I., is to occupy a store on High street.

M. S. Ludwig, Newburyport, Mass., has moved into the Joy Block on Inn street.

John T. Evans, a collector for D. H. Baldwin & Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, has mysteriously disappeared. He had \$300 of the house's money when last seen. He is believed to have been the victim of foul play.

A. Harz & Sons, Camden, N. J., is the latest New Jersey corporation for the purpose of selling pianos and organs. Capital stock, \$50,000; paid up capital, \$1,000.

Articles of incorporation were filed September 23 in the County Clerk's office for the New York Piano Hammer Company, to manufacture piano hammers. The capital stock is fixed at \$50,000, divided into 500 shares of a par value of \$100 each, and these are the incorporators: Gustav Krueger, of Orange; Albert C. Reuter, New York city, and Oscar Lang, of Jersey City.

Mr. Fuessenich, of Torrington, Conn., who last week purchased at public auction the plant and business of the Alvord & Spear Manufacturing Company, makers of piano stools, has turned the business over to H. J. Hendey, who will manufacture stools.

F. M. Grow, Rutland, Vt., has moved from Merchants row to the Kilburn store on Centre street.

Hugh Stevenson Bangor, Me., has opened warerooms on Water street.

Earl Alden and Harry Dettweiler, Waukegan, Ill., are drawing up partnership papers and will soon open warerooms.

Authonson & Co. will open a music store in Prairie du Chien, Wis.

Anderson & Co. have opened new warerooms in North Mankato, Minn.

Thieves in Schenectady stole a horse and wagon, backed the wagon up to Levi A. Young's store, on the principal street of the city, loaded it with guitars, mandolins, violins, cornets, clarinets and an organ or two, and drove off

before the city guardians were aware of the transaction. The goods have not been recovered.

Geo. Davis, St. John, N. B., is reported closing out business.

Fletcher & Harris, Los Angeles, Cal., have been succeeded by H. C. Fletcher.

Frank Underleak, Chatfield, Minn., has sold out to T. H. Barnes.

The McCoy Music Company, Pittsfield, Mass., has been incorporated. The officers are E. Morse, Auburndale, Mass., president; F. Addison Porter, Austin, Mass., secretary and treasurer.

Geo. H. Fawcett, Charles City, Ia., is reported assigned.

Wm. C. Broadwell & Co. succeed Broadwell & Wolff in Detroit, Mich.

J. M. Hays, Toledo, Ohio, has given a deed for \$950.

J. G. Kennedy, Redlands, Cal., has sold his business to Isbell, Grace & Lienau, who will continue it.

Deputy Sheriff James Early September 30 attached the real estate of Charles L. Gorham and Mary E. Gorham, both of Worcester, copartners, doing business under the firm name of Charles L. Gorham & Co., for \$2,000 in an action of contract brought by the German-American Bank of Rochester, N. Y.

The writ is from the office of Hopkins, Bacon & Smith, and is returnable in the Superior Court the first Monday of November.

The plaintiff in the present action was the second attaching creditor at the time attachments were first placed on the store of Gorham & Co. a few weeks ago, its attachment at that time being for \$3,000.—*Worcester Spy*.

The New York Piano Key Company, Peterboro, N. H., has applied to the court for an attachment on the property of Chas. L. Gorham and Mary E. Gorham, of Worcester, Mass., claiming \$1,500.

M. O. Kelly & Co., Rutland, Vt., have given a real estate mortgage for \$500.

The copartnership of G. H. Tompkins & Co., Limited, has been renewed until September 1, 1897.

Metherin Brothers, Temple, Tex., are reported failed, with liabilities of \$25,000. Assets are unknown.

Muller & Abell, pipe organ builders, corner Twenty-first street and Second avenue, New York, were slightly injured by fire last week.

Alfred Wurm has purchased an interest in the small goods and sheet music department of the Estey Organ Company in Atlanta, Ga. Mr. Wurm was formerly a tuner in this house.

C. A. P. Edwards, of Elizabeth, N. J., who was arrested a couple of weeks ago on two charges of embezzlement, was again taken into custody October 1 at his home by Detective McGrace. Four additional complaints have been sworn out against him by his former employers, Horace Waters & Co., of New York.

The total amount of Edwards' alleged shortage now

reaches nearly \$800. He pleaded not guilty to the new charges. Alderman Voorhees and William H. Reynolds became his bondsmen on all six complaints, and he was released. The examination of his books is not yet finished.

The Grubs Failure.

IT will be remembered that when William A. Grubs, of Columbus, Ohio, failed (August 25) it was given out that the creditors would be paid 100 cents on the dollar. The cause of the failure was the going down of several piano manufacturers and the coming due prematurely of certain obligations.

The assignee, Lawrence R. Pugh, is working hard to bring about a resumption of business and the discharge of Mr. Grubs from insolvency. The committee of appraisers appointed by the court have looked over the stock and make the following report:

Merchandise.....	\$11,890.00
Cash on hand.....	34.35
Securities.....	11,781.47
Claims and accounts.....	8,628.71
Total.....	\$32,334.53

The final schedule of debts and liabilities has not been made up, but it is asserted that it will not exceed \$25,000.

The committee of appraisers consisted of C. W. Botkin, T. H. Schneider and S. S. Hockett. As an evidence of the care these men exercised in computing actual values it is noted that a bunch of securities whose face value was \$13,726.83 the committee returned as their verdict on this item a total of \$11,781.47.

All negotiations tending to a settlement are being met half way by all the creditors, and it is quite probable that these matters will be settled in a few weeks to the satisfaction of everybody.

The Poole Piano.

Few branches of manufacturing can show greater progress during the last few years than piano building, wonderful improvements having been made in style, tone and finish. As an illustration of the above we cite the latest production of the Poole Piano Company, especially their new Style '96, which piano has recently become very popular, principally due to the application of scientific principles of construction. Exceptionally handsome instruments can be seen complete and in course of construction at the Poole factory, 5 and 7 Appleton street.

They have a richness of beauty in appearance that is not surpassed by any regular stock pianos on the market.

The Poole piano attracts high-class trade, for their musical qualities are on a par with their external beauty. See and hear them before you purchase.

THE above from the Boston *Herald* is a tribute well deserved by the Poole piano. Its manufacture was commenced during risky times, and that it has been successful in the trade is due to the hard, persistent and intelligent work of W. H. Poole, whose conservative nature did not allow a new and fresh venture to run away with itself. Mr. Poole is known from one end of the United States to the other, and favorably known at that. He is not given to extravagant statements, but when he discounts on the merits of the Poole piano he is thoroughly at home, needs no prompting and gives a "perfect performance."

The Poole piano, recognized for sound selling qualities, thorough beauty of tone, responsiveness of action, attractiveness of case and solidity of construction, has been brought about by Mr. Poole, and his success in selling it we are glad to record.

WANTED—Traveling position with manufacturer, by reliable man of experience, who can sell goods. At present manager of large house. A. L. B., care of THE MUSICAL COURIER.

The New 1896 Model, Style 6 Autoharp.



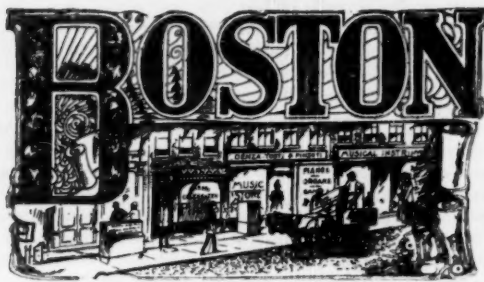
THE accompanying cut represents what is proving to be the most popular selling Autoharp of the year, Style 6 of the 1896 model.

This instrument has a beautiful ebonized finish, being of the same richness in appearance as the ebony piano. The edges of the instruments are inlaid with white holly, forming an attractive contrast. All of the metal parts are nickel plated. Its 16 chords give the major keys of C, F, G and D, with their relative minors. These chords are so inter-related that modulations from one key to another may be effected with great facility.

The cost to the customer is moderate, and it combines enough of musical features to make it of utility to the musician, and as well an article full of delightful possibilities for the amateur and beginner.

ALFRED DOLGE & SON, 110-112 E. 13th St., New York City, GENERAL SALES AGENTS.





BOSTON OFFICE, THE MUSICAL COURIER, 17 Beacon street, October 3, 1896.

THE business of settling the affairs of the Emerson Piano Company progresses rapidly, and the company has already obtained the signatures of all the creditors to the agreement of release.

There are then a few mechanical details to be attended to, which may occupy a day or two, perhaps more, to put things in condition to apply to the court for the discharge of the three trustees. This will probably be done during the coming week, so that by the middle of October the Emerson Piano Company will again be in possession of its factory and stock.

Business continues right along there, and as the improvement in the retail business continues the wholesale must soon feel some decided benefit from it.

Mr. Willard A. Vose's son has just entered Williams College, Williamstown, Mass., and on Saturday last Mr. Vose went up to visit him in his new quarters, remaining over until Monday.

From Williamstown Mr. Vose went to New York, spending three days in that city. He visited several factories not only in New York, but others outside the city, called upon many friends and acquaintances, and altogether had a busy time.

Upon returning home on Friday he found that business had kept up well during the week, making a good beginning for October.

The Sterling Company has sent to its agents a clever advertisement in the shape of a facsimile of a \$10 Confederate note, upon the back of which it is set forth that it is not sterling money to advertise the Sterling piano.

Mr. A. J. Brooks has been in town nearly all the week.

Last Sunday he spent the day at Nantasket with a friend. All the hotels being closed, there was some difficulty experienced in obtaining luncheon but the delightful weather made up for many inconveniences.

From reports that come from several of the warerooms it looks as if there might be a lack of pianos soon. Several firms say they are already short of certain styles, while orders could not be filled until more instruments were finished.

Factories are running more days in the week and more workmen are being employed, straws which show the way the wind is blowing.

The A. H. Stuart Company has made rapid progress the past year, its sales far exceeding anticipations. During the month of September the concern shipped more than a carload of pianos to agents and customers.

Mr. Stuart, being a practical inventor, finds many of his ideas of great use to him in his business. One of his latest inventions is the auto-harp attachment for pianos, which is an entirely new departure from anything that has ever been gotten up of a similar nature. It is operated by a third pedal, and many different varieties of tone can be accomplished with it.

While these attachments are not in strictly artistic musical taste, yet pleasing effects are produced, and two-thirds of the public in purchasing pianos demands something of the kind. In fact the company finds the auto-harp attachment is a great seller. It is put on the pianos to order, as the purchaser may elect.

The company has a nice exhibit of pianos at the Brockton Fair. One of them is furnished with the repeating action attachment, which is a novel affair. It is an upright piano with a French plate glass front instead of the usual wood panel. Through the glass the working of the attachment can be seen, and it has proved most interesting to large numbers of visitors. These pianos are exhibited by J. Q. Beal & Son, agents for the Stuart piano at Rockland, Mass.

Mr. Stuart has also invented machinery and tools which are used in the piano factory—labor saving devices of different kinds.

In selecting veneers particular attention is paid to walnut, as that seems to be the favorite wood just at present, and they have some superb veneers.

A visit to the factory proves to be of much interest,

and Mr. Stuart, in a quiet, unassuming manner, is always ready to explain and answer questions.

At the Michigan State Fair being held at Grand Rapids there is an exhibition of the Norris & Hyde transposing keyboard piano, which is being made by their agents, Herrick & Long, of Grand Rapids.

Mr. A. F. Norris attended the opening of the new Portland wareroom on Monday, where one of the parlors was devoted to the Norris & Hyde pianos. There was a constant stream of visitors to see the working of the instrument, and each one who saw it brought a friend in later on, so the interest seemed never to stop until the reception was over.

If all that is said by those who were present at the opening of the new warerooms of Cressey, Jones & Allen, of Portland, Me., is true, there is nothing in New England that equals them. They are very large, and there is nothing as handsome in the city of Boston.

A tremendous crowd attended the reception, and the anxiety to be present was equal to that at the first night of the opera.

The rooms were beautifully decorated with flowers in the greatest profusion.

Mr. George W. Oakman, representative of Chickering & Sons, was present. Among the Chickering pianos was a beautiful grand that occupied the place of honor in the wareroom.

Mr. A. F. Norris, of Norris & Hyde, was also present.

Mr. Wilcox represented the Wilcox & White Company, the Symphony being one of the attractions of the reception.

Mr. Andrews, of Bangor, also attended the opening.

Mr. Cressey entertained all the visiting dealers at supper in the new hotel just opened in Portland.

Mr. A. J. Brooks, of the Sterling Company, Derby, Conn.; Mr. Cornwall, of Cornwall & Patterson, Bridgeport, Conn., and Mr. Miller, of Hammacher, Schlemmer & Co., New York, are among the visitors this week.

—Mr. N. G. Eggen, of Eggen Brothers, Fargo, N. Dak., has been nominated on the "sound money plank" to represent his district in the State Legislature. Personally Mr. Eggen is one of the most popular men in North Dakota, and his nomination is equivalent to an election. He has never consented to the use of his name for any office until now, and it was only at the earnest solicitation of those interested in sound money and sound government that he consented.

Which to Buy.

That make of Action which has a sympathetic touch, quick, perfect repeat and carefully constructed to withstand climatic influences, is the make to buy.

You can be supplied with just such Actions by applying to

Roth & Engelhardt,

St. Johnsville, New York.

THE ARTISTIC MERRILL PIANO

The highest possible standard in Tone and Workmanship.

118 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

"CROWN."



PIANOS.

The Orchestral Attachment and Practice Clavier are found only in the "Crown" Pianos.



MADE AND SOLD TO THE TRADE ONLY BY

GEO. P. BENT.

COR. WASHINGTON BOULEVARD
AND SANGAMON STREET,

CHICAGO.



ORGANS.

The Most Modern and Salable Reed Organs now on the market.

An Exciting Chase.

THE appended story of a piano chase comes to us from a well-known member of the St. Louis piano trade, who does not wish his name mentioned. The party pursued should be looked out for. If all such swindlers were prosecuted their number would be less:

ST. LOUIS, Mo., September 14, 1896.

Editors The Musical Courier:

I have just finished a very exciting chase after a stolen piano, and the facts may be of interest to the trade in general. On June 16 we sold a Hardman piano, No. 34,089, to W. B. Everingham, of this city, on payments. Several days after delivering piano to his house he borrowed money on it, giving a chattel mortgage for \$45. He raised the number to 81,030. His daughter signed the notes, giving the fictitious name of Grace Clark. Before another day passed he mortgaged his furniture for a loan of \$25 to another party. Thus fixed with money he all at once disappeared—dropped off the earth, no one knew where to. We had several of our salesmen try to find what had become of him, with no success.

I took hold of the matter, learning he had left the city. I found the party who boxed the piano and deliv-

ered it at the depot. There was no address on the box. Everingham even gave him the slip, departing without paying him for boxing the piano. After diligent search through the records at the terminal depot I found on June 27 Wm. Bennett shipped a piano to Geo. Lewis, Cleveland, Ohio. I also found his household goods had been carted to East St. Louis, Ill., and shipped to same address and place as the piano.

With this clue I started, found he had got to Cleveland July 1, and on July 4 reshipped everything to Sandusky, Ohio, and on the 8th again reshipped the whole thing to Geo. Lewis, Toledo, Ohio, and from there no trace of him could be had until September 3 he was reported still in Toledo. I left on the 5th for Toledo, and found W. B. Everingham had just moved to 520 Cincinnati street. We tried every ruse to get into the house, but failed. The neighbors could tell us nothing other than that he had a Steinway & Sons piano. This threw us off for a while. I was unable to get assistance from the chief of police. I devoted two days to learn if an exchange had been made in Cleveland, Sandusky or Toledo. Finding there had been none I concluded it was our piano disguised.

On September 8, at noon, I accompanied a constable, and we gained admission, and our piano was there. They had erased the name of Hardman on the fall board and stenciled that of Steinway & Sons in its place. The number 81,030 was on the pinblock, and the name Hardman on the iron plate was plastered over with putty one-half inch thick, and gold bronze over the putty, obliterating the name on plate entirely. They admitted it was our piano—gave way to the facts. I took the piano and shipped it to St. Louis. They begged for mercy, and after due consideration for his young children I spared him on his agreeing to pay the expenses I was at; also repaying the money he borrowed on the same. It required diligent work, and is one of the strangest transactions in the piano history. I went it all alone from start to finish.

Yours truly,

ST. LOUIS.

Keller Brothers & Blight Affairs.

SEPTEMBER 30 was the last day for claimants to file documents with John I. Davenport, receiver for Keller Brothers & Blight, Bridgeport, Conn., and the last note contracted before the failure came was due September 20.

Mr. Davenport has the affairs of this concern in excellent shape and about December 1 will call a meeting of creditors, at which time a dividend of at least 25 per cent. will be declared, and it is rumored that a plan of complete re-suscitation will be proposed.

The final settlement will be anywhere from 65 cents to 100 cents on the dollar, with the probability that the Keller Brothers will get the concern and run it, paying the latter figure.

Mr. Davenport exhibited in his handling of this matter his usual sound business ability. He brought the affairs of Keller Brothers & Blight to a good basis out of a horrible tangle and deserves great credit for so doing.

**YOU want an Organ that
SELLS WEARS
WELL, WELL.
That's the Weaver Organ.
Weaver Organ and Piano Co.,
YORK, PA.**

THE NEEDHAM

PIANO AND ORGAN COMPANY,
Manufacturers of High Grade
PIANOS AND ORGANS.

CHAS. H. PARSONS,
President.
E. A. COLE,
Secretary.



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with the Trade
solicited.

Our Factory

is one of the largest and most completely equipped in the world, and our facilities are unsurpassed.

Our Instruments

can be obtained at retail of our established agents only.

36 East 14th St., UNION SQUARE, New York City.

BASS STRINGS.

Machine and Hand Carving, Band and Scroll Sawing, Engraving.
PIANO PANELS A SPECIALTY.

FRANCIS RAMACCIOTTI,

162 & 164 West 27th Street, New York.

COVERED STRINGS.

Also reliable tested
Strings. Warranted
for quality of tone
and durability, all
my own production.

Also Genuine Italian Strings.
MANUFACTURER OF STRINGS:

F. JÜHLING,
Dresden, Germany.



"Eufonia" Zither

has a fuller, softer and more melodious tone than all other concert Zithers in consequence of its peculiar construction. The "Eufonia" Zither has for that reason grown to be the favorite Zither in all Zither playing circles. Sole Mfr.,
JOSEF SIEBENHÜNER, Schoenbach (373) BOHEMIA.

DO YOU SING Soprano, Alto, Tenor or Bass?

Whatever your voice, ALL music written, for whatever range, is exactly suited to it, **Played as Written**, by use of the

THE NORRIS & HYDE
TRANS-POSING PIANO.
BOSTON.

FACTORY and WAREHOUSES: 2249-2261 WASHINGTON STREET.



"Adler" :: ::

is the latest novelty in Music Boxes with Steel Combs and INTERCHANGEABLE METAL DISKS.

Simplest Construction.
Round, Full, Soft Tone.
Extensive Repertory.

"Adler," on account of these advantages, is the instrument of the present and the future for the American market.



SCHLOBACH, MALKE & OBERLÄNDER,

LEIPZIG-GOHLIS, GERMANY.

DO NOT CONFUSE THE

LEHR SEVEN OCTAVE ORGAN

PIANO STYLE

WITH OTHER MAKES IMITATING IT.

THE LEHR opened the way for Seven Octave Organs and is far ahead of the procession in appearance, finish, tone and other improved qualities.

More sold than all other makes combined. **THE LEHR IS THE STANDARD.**

Address for Prices and New Catalogue

H. LEHR & CO., Easton, Pa.

NEW WATER MOTORS.

For Organs, Eolians, Sewing Machines and all mechanical work. Give more satisfaction than any ever put on the market before. Perfect in work, strong and durable.

No. 1, \$5.00. No. 2, \$10.00. No. 3, \$15.00.

DISCOUNT TO DEALERS.

BOLGIANO WATER MOTOR CO.,

21 East Lombard St., Baltimore, Md.

MALCOLM LOVE PIANOS.

A High Grade Piano, equal to any!

MANUFACTURED BY

WATERLOO ORGAN CO., WATERLOO, N. Y.

We invite correspondence from Dealers in localities where we are not represented.

DAVENPORT & TREACY,

PIANO PLATES AND

PIANO HARDWARE,

Avenue D and 11th Street,
NEW YORK

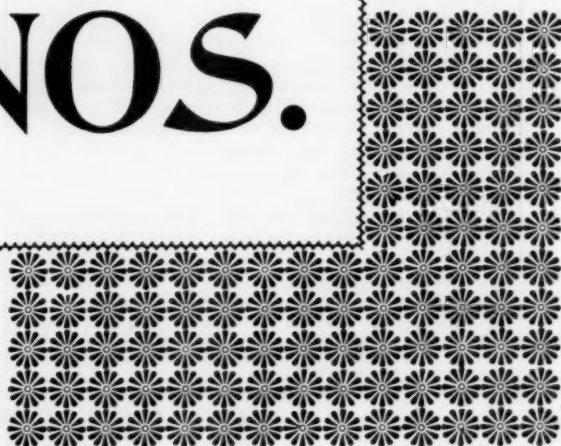
ADAM SCHAAF, MANUFACTURER OF PIANOS.

Factory: 308 & 400 West Monroe Street.

OFFICE AND SALESROOM:

376 WEST MADISON ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

FISCHER .PIANOS.



Established 56 Years.

100,000 Manufactured.

*There is no double standard about the
Fischer Pianos. They are of one quality,
and that the Best.*

*They have received the greatest number
of votes in the public's estimation, and the
100,000 manufactured and sold is proof of
their election to the first place.*

Superiority is their platform.

THE FISCHER PIANO,

110 Fifth Avenue, corner Sixteenth Street,

NEW YORK.



PAUL STARK,

Markneukirchen (Saxony), Germany.

NOTICE WEEKLY CATALOGUE REPRODUCTION.

30 days cash to responsible dealers; 15, 20 and 25 per cent. off
according to amount of orders.

Unknown parties or firms must give references or send cash with orders.



VIOLINS.

Your Nr.	Actual Cat.-Nr.	Old Nr.	Nr. 699	Nr. 698.	Nr. 774	Des. M.	prices do not include bows.		
							1/2	3/4	1/1 size.
908			Amati Model Brownish Yellow varnish	Ebony Trimmings			57	58	59
909			" " Light Brown	"			58	59	60
137		1407	" " Reddish Brown	"			58	59	60
109		1254	" " Red	Imitation			61	62	63
160		1182 1/2	" " Light	"			73	74	75
235		685 1/2	" " Reddish	"			80	81	82
699			" " Nut Color	"			105	106	107
698			" " Brownish Color	shaded			105	106	107
303		631	" " Reddish Brown	"			114	115	116
774			" " Gold Yellow	Imitation Old			123	124	125
1006			" " Yellowish Brown	Ivory Saddle			133	134	135
304			" " Reddish	"			133	134	135
955			" " Light Yellow	"			133	134	135
1116			" " "	"			133	134	135
Conservatory=etc. Brand on Scroll									
237		1214	Amati Model Red Amber varnish	Ebony Trimmings			87	88	89
288			" " Brownish Red	"			111	112	113
307			" " Light Brown	French finish			120	121	122
1049 1/2			" " Red Amber	through the middle light shaded, Ebony Trimmings, Fingerboard, Rosewood Pegs			210	211	212

Your Nr.	Actual Cat.-Nr.	Old Nr.	Nr. 829	Nr. 440	Nr. 828	Des. M.	prices do not include bows.		
							1/2	3/4	1/1 size.
829			Amati Model Chestnut Brown varnish, Imitation Old	Ebony Trimmings			138	141	144
972			" " Yellow	"			156	159	162
946		1405	" " Brownish	French finish			132	133	135
410		1405 1/2	" " Red	shaded Imitation Old			174	177	180
440			" " Light Brown Amber	"	Rosewood Pegs		210	213	216
969 1/2			" " Red Brown	"	Bird's eye maple		180	183	186
828		1497	" " Yellow	"	"		198	201	204
454		1497 1/2	" " Reddish	dull polished	"		210	213	216
453		1264	" " Reddish	Imitation Old	"		210	213	216
1007			" " Bright Red Yellow	Rosewood Pegs	"		225	229	234
1010			" " Brownish	French finish	"		250	253	257
1080			" " Dark Red	"	"		180	183	186
597		1358 1/2	" " Reddish Brown	through the middle light shaded	"		250	253	257
Conservatory=etc. Brand on Scroll									
364			Amati Model Chestnut Brownish varnish, Ebony Trimmings				156	159	162
1000			" " Gold Yellow	"			180	183	186
990			" " Reddish Brown	"			171	180	207

Your Nr.	Actual Cat.-Nr.	Old Nr.	Nr. 778	Nr. 785	Nr. 870	Des. M.	prices do not include bows.		
							1/2	3/4	1/1 size.
108			Jac. Stainer Model highly raised, Top and Back, Brown	varnish shaded,	Ebonized Trimmings		52	53	54
111			" " " " " "	"	"		55	56	57
695			" " " " " "	"	Ebony		55	56	57
870		855	" " " " " "	Red	"		62	63	64
210		1250	" " " " " "	Red and Amber	"		66	67	68
150			" " " " " "	Reddish Brown	"		66	67	68
778			" " " " " "	Bright Red	"		75	76	77
1100			" " " " " "	Light Yellow	French finish		78	79	81
772			" " " " " "	Brown	"		93	94	95
267		665	" " " " " "	Red	shaded,	Brand Stainer on Back	105	106	108
340		668	" " " " " "	Brown	"		105	106	108
329		626	" " " " " "	Reddish Brown	"		102	103	105
309		972	" " " " " "	Red	"		114	117	120
Conservatory=etc. Brand on Scroll									
297		631	Jac. Stainer Model highly raised Top and Back Dark Red	varnish shaded	Ebony Trimmings		130	133	136
785			" " " " " "	Red	French finish		138	141	144
900 1/2			" " " " " "	Red Brownish	shaded		107	108	111
899			" " " " " "	Light Yellow	"		171	175	180

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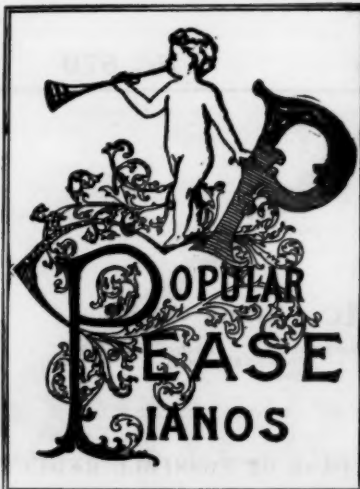
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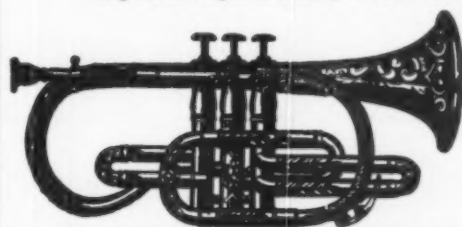
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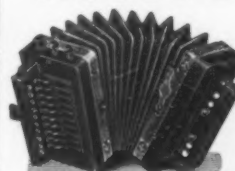
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